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WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND.

THE PATHFINDER OF A NEW LAND OF SONG.

HALF a century ago, when travellers leaving the kindly elm-shaded towns of old New England, or the staid Quaker streets of Philadelphia, or the raw border settlements of Chicago and the Middle West, wore still the halo of romantic adventure about the brow, when Frémont, "the pathfinder," had barely completed his great work of exploration among the majestic solitudes of the virgin Rockies, and when across the interminable plains the prairie schooner still picked its endless solitary way, pathetically trailing hopes of a continent, a very simple natural phenomenon impressed itself on the minds of a handful of wanderers in the lone new land of Nevada. After riding for hours, or it may have well been for days instead of hours, through a sterile and shadeless region, the prey of desolation and alkali dust, or covered with the sad vegetation of the sage-brush, they would come of a sudden upon some little glen, a cup-like depression of the prairie, watered and fertile, whose gentle slopes and nestling hollow were all crowded and friendly with the quaint curtsying blossoms of the columbine, sole flower of the wilderness. For such travellers this blossom, called by the name of a bird, has always possessed the subtle fascination of association, and they do not wonder that more than one of our western States have aspired to adopt it, quaint and unpretentious, for a floral emblem.

Some such feeling as theirs, a feeling of refreshment of the spirit, of a new baptism at the hand of nature, may possess the soul of one among the busy sojourners in the life of an unripened country, with its rush of materialistic aims, its unceasing exploitation of the utilitarian and the commercial, its Chauvinism, and its insensibility to the artistic and the intellectual, when suddenly there is seen to spring out of the heart of the national life, that life so unconscious of itself, a unique and original flower of genius, an oasis of imagination

or of inspiration, in the desert dust of the aggressive and toilsome days.

Such a flower, bizarre and faintly honey-scented, may be seen fitfully blooming beside the dusty ways of the 20th century England, the flower of Keltic genius, a-bloom in the prose and verse of W. B. Yeats, and of Fiona Macleod—to whom it was not given to be interpreters to humanity of a forgotten race of men.

Every poet is indeed of his nature an interpreter, for it is he who must translate the hidden things which lie at the universal heart of mankind, and make them intelligible to the reason and the perceptions. But not to many poets, as to the subject of this sketch, is it given to become speech for a people obscure, outclassed among the nations, a people inarticulate and without national channels of expression, and to make them known to the world of which they form a part.

The French peasant of Canada occupies a position probably unique in the western world. Of him it is truly said that he alone among modern peoples is content to live exactly as his grandfather did; unchanged in faith, unchanged in customs, opinions, outlook and ambitions, he confronts his incredibly narrow world in the beginning of the 20th century with the same gaze of simple and ignorant contentment as did his forefathers of 1850. Segregated amidst his impassable plains of snow throughout the interminable months of his half-yearly winter, separated by difference of language, race and religion from the conquering Saxon and Scot, he pursues, in the same manner, the same avocations that engaged his ancestors, tills the same soil, which he loves as devotedly, swings the axe in the perennial solitudes of the snowy woods, or in company with the Red Indian traps the fur-bearing animals and robs them of their pelt. Perhaps his sole intercourse with the hustling modern world occurs when in the summer season he guides the tourist or the sportsman through the forests of his great wilderness land.

All over the wide province of Quebec, his tiny hamlets, piously named for the saints of the church, are sparsely scattered, well-nigh lost in the wide spaces, each a cluster of little white houses grouped about an immensely disproportionate church, a church which is in every sense the Mecca of these simple lives, round whose glittering tin-spire gathers their every interest, religious, domestic and social.

As a child his church preserves the *habitant* in an ignorance the depth of which as well as of his simple unfaltering devotion to a man, the powerful man, of his own race, may be measured by the recital of a little incident which occurred at the time of the death of the late Queen of England.

In that spring of 1901, a lumberman emerging from the long winter solitude of the logging camps where the great trees are felled and chopped, and hauled over the icy runways made by the packed and frozen snow, heard for the first time the accumulated news of the preceding months. Laurier, the Premier, the "Canadien" in whom "le Canada" trusts, as Scotland trusted the Stuarts, Laurier was asked for, and the neighbourhood news retailed; then it was mentioned that Victoria, the good Queen d'Angleterre, was dead, "there are now some months." The lumberman was interested, but chiefly in the practical point of view, "And who has now her job?" he wished to know. Being answered that it was her eldest son who was now king, his admiring wonder at the power of the divinity of his own race found vent in the ejaculation, "Ma foi! W'at a pull dat man mus' have wit' Laurier!"

But not only is the *habitant* ignorant of the great world which rushes unheeded beyond his solitudes, he is also independent of it. Drawing a sufficient subsistence from the woods, and from his little farm to satisfy the rough needs of himself, his *femme*, and their almost innumerable progeny, clothed in homespun materials woven and knit by the hands of his women, contentedly smoking the rank tobacco grown on his own soil, finding his moderate excitements in saint's day holidays, and the other fêtes of the church, the signing of a contract of marriage, a wedding or funeral ceremony, the peasant of Canada and his family live as free from the cark of anxiety as from the urge of ambition. It has been truly said of him that he both can and will live without care.

Moreover, the world of the *habitant* is separated from the rest of humanity by its employment of a peculiar language, or rather of a speech which is not a language but the degenerate descendant of a dignified and classical ancestor, the peasant posterity, the poor relation, of the courtly tongue of la belle France. Take the speech of the time of Louis XIV., and let it descend on the lips of an isolated and illiterate people, a people who very seldom see the

written form of the words they use, but who hear more or less all the time of other tongues, of English, and of Indian dialects, and you inevitably obtain a speech full of imperfections, of mispronunciations, of archaic words and strange accentuations—the French patois of the *habitant*. Or, take the English language, pronounce it brokenly, with the inflections misplaced, intersperse it liberally with French words and American expressions—and there you have the English of the *habitant*.

It was this mutilated dialect which Dr. Drummond chose as the medium of his verse; all his characteristic work is done, not in an artificial jargon invented for a special purpose, as that of Hans Breitmann, for instance, but in a living language, the speech of the descendants of the men who crossed the seas full of hope, purposive to make of the great New World a wide New France. Although Dr. Drummond's books contain a few creditable pieces of verse outside of the language of French-Canada, all his real success has been attained in this medium which, with the intuition of genius, he made his own, sacrificing what was necessary of form and conventional correctness in order to convey the spirit of life expressed in unusual and naïve forms.

The critic and literary epicure may continue to assume that dialect falls below the level of true art. But the man who has any capacity for genuine emotion will be more likely to agree with Mr. Chesterton that art has no dignity higher than the divine dignity of human nature by virtue of which art exists. If a man is able to transcribe in poetic form the terms of man's life, using the characteristic speech in which men have prayed and loved and struggled, by means of which they have translated their emotions into the business of living, to him cannot be denied the name of poet, though he use the mutilated English of the lowland Scotch, the liquid, slipping, vowel-drowned speech of the Creole, the thickened and hardly articulate burr of the Shropshire or Yorkshire farmer, or the harsh and headlong patois of the *habitant*. Nevertheless, those to whom the ordinary events of life near the ground are common and unclean, whose ideal of poetry is æsthetic, majestic or musical only, such may be well advised not to attempt the fruitless effort of appreciating "The Habitant," "Johnny Courteau," and "The Voyageur." The poems of which these books are composed tell of very simple things,

homely events and the emotions of monotonous lives, lives set in an environment but just brushed by civilisation, whose background is the surge of the wind as it sweeps over the lonely lake, the crackle of the forest trees bent under a burden of new snow, the soft tread of the mocassin, the loud scrunch and scream of the sleigh-runners when the breath of the driver falls in a cloud of ice about him, the music of the great falls in summer-time, the loud laugh of the careless lumberman, the vile smell of his blackened corn-cob pipe, his hereditary instinct of trust in the "curé" and "le bon Dieu," the softening of his rough voice as he croons the baby to sleep in the lonely farmhouse kitchen, his shrewd harvesting of his small hoard, his loud brag of strength and skill at the portage, or in the log jam : their motive is the untutored response of the simple mind to the keynotes of universal life, to birth and death, and love and sorrow. .

Dr. Drummond's poems are not dreams but pictures, the pictures of a literary Millet. No artist's hand is needed to fill in their colours, so vividly do they sketch themselves to the imagination. Their appeal is made first to the visualising faculty, secondly to the heart, the mystic source of tears and laughter, whose twin strands are woven through these poems as tragedy and comedy converge and combine in human life. Above all things, Dr. Drummond was a Kelt. He left untouched indeed that whole field of mystic imagination, of glamour, which Keltic genius has so largely possessed, but he was inspired in full measure by that secret power which is the glory of Keltic genius, the power to draw forth, as a perfume rises from a flower, the poetry which sleeps at the heart of common things, the dramatic fire dormant in the ordinary events of human existence, the power which touches, with pathos, humour which in other hands would be merely grotesque or unkindly, and so envelopes in an ideal atmosphere the sordid facts of man's earthly pilgrimage.

Almost always in his poems Dr. Drummond identifies himself with his subject, speaking in the first person, not of, but as, the individual he desires to present. In common with all dialect poems his work labours under the disadvantage of being unable to attain its distinctive effect except as the voice aids the eyes. To be appreciated at its full value it must be read aloud or recited by one who has grown familiar with the *patois* on the lips of the *habitants*, and has caught its proper inflexions and accentuations. That so rendered it

has power to attract and please those who have never heard its language spoken in its native home, is proved by the great popularity attained by the recitation of the *habitant* poems from the lecture stage in towns of the United States, far removed from, and utterly ignorant of, the life and people of French-Canada.

When in 1897 Dr. Drummond issued his first collection of verse, a French-Canadian poet, M. Louis Fréchette, wrote an introduction to the volume in which, after dwelling on the special difficulties of the author's task, and warmly eulogising the manner in which they had been overcome, the elder poet generously extended to his younger confrère the appropriate title of "the pathfinder of a new land of song," with which Longfellow had greeted himself a quarter of a century earlier, and which now was to find an application of deeper significance.

In a short and characteristically modest preface to his book, the author explained the aim and method of his work as follows:—

"Having lived practically all my life side by side with the French-Canadian people, I have grown to admire and love them, and I have felt that while many of the English-speaking public know perhaps as well as myself the French-Canadian of the cities, yet they have had little opportunity of becoming acquainted with the *habitant*; therefore I have endeavoured to paint a few types, and in doing this it has seemed to me that I could best attain the object in view by having my friends tell their tales in their own way, as they would relate them to English-speaking auditors, not conversant with the French tongue. I feel that my friends, who are already more or less conversant with the work, understand that I have not written the verses as examples of a dialect, or with any thought of ridicule."

This is doubtless the true explanation of the author's success in an untried field, that he did not enter it as a professional writer seeking fresh copy, nor seize upon it as a medium to exhibit his own talent, but quite simply took the life which he himself had found to have charm and interest, and introduced to those to whom it was unknown, in the confidence that its intrinsic value would make an appeal to them also.

This first book, "The Habitant," contains many of the author's most successful narrative poems—the joy of the reciter—in which are sketched with a deft hand the social manners and customs of

the Canadian peasant, his aims, plays, tastes and foibles. In *Le Vieux Temps*, for example, the old farmer, seated beside the blazing winter stove, or beneath the thick shade of the summer maple in the dooryard, recounts the story of his life to the chance visitor:—

“ Venez ici, mon cher ami, an' sit down by me—so,

An' I will tole you story of old tam long ago —

W'en ev't'ing is happy—w'en all de bird is sing,

An' me!—I'm young an' strong lak moose, an' not afraid no't'ing.”

And before the mind of his auditor there drifts the sound of the scythe busy in meadows of those summertimes which died before he was born, the song and chatter of forgotten merrymakings, the squeak of Bonhomme Latour's fiddle, the cheerful voice of the “curé” bidding the departing couples “Bonsoir,” and “Look out for the savages,” as the sleighs drive off in the bitter cold of the moonlight, the runners grinding on the iron of the frozen snow, the great buffalo robes well tucked in against the sides of the clumsy vehicles, and that particular eighteen-year-old girl shyly waiting to be wooed, who, besides being pretty and desirable, is attractive for quite practical reasons, —

“ Ma girl—she's fader beeg farmeur—leev 'noder side St. Flore,

Got five-six honder acre—mebbe a leetle more—

Nice sugar bush—une belle maison—de bes' I never see—

So w'en I go for spark Elmire, I don' be foolish, me—”

so the gay little story progresses to come at the end to the pathetic touch, the touch which elevates it to the dignity of humanity, and the old voice falters in telling how:—

“ We leev happy on de farm for nearly fifty year,

Till wan day on de summertam—she die—ma belle Elmire.

I feel so lonesome lef' behin'—I t'ink 'twas bes' mebbe—

Dat w'en le Bon Dieu tak' ma femme dat he should not leave me.

But dat is heez biz-ness, ma frien', I know dat's all right dere,

I'll wait till he call 'Pol'eon,' den I will be prepare—

An' w'en he fin' me ready for mak' de longue voyage,

He guide me t'roo de wood hese'f upon ma las' portage.”

In other poems the loyalty to the old race ideal, the national pride which still exists, only overlaid by the duty and policy of conforming to the new régime, is exhibited, as in *The Papineau Gun* and *When Albani Sang*. The latter is the story of two farmers, who

in the midst of the pottering chores of the winter season, hear how the girl who left home and country for the sake of the wonderful voice has come back at length, "from singin' on Lunnon an' Paree, havin' beeg tam, I expec'," until the day when "sometin' on her heart bring her back here," because, "she was de Chambly girl." So Jeremie and Antoine decide to leave mending their fences and buy tickets to Montreal, there rapturously to hear Albani sing, a joy finding its culmination when the prima donna chooses a French song, because, we too, "We're pure Canayen."

"An affer de song it is finish, an' crowd is mak' noise wit' its han',
I s'pose dey be t'inkin' I'm crazy, dat mebbe I don' onderstan',
'Cos I'm set on de chair very quiet, mese'f an' poor Jeremie,
An' I see dat hees eye it was cry too, just' sam' way it go wit' me."

When the recital turns to some old weird tale of romance and superstition, such as *Phil-o-rum Juneau*, or *The Rose Delima*, the easy flow of the verse, like a spell, conjures up the group of eager black-eyed faces, bent forward through the haze of tobacco smoke, round the roaring stove, the girls crowded together in the corners, the children clinging frightened to their mother's knees, a sign of the cross or two, furtively, towards the end of the story, the breath of relaxed tension, the sigh of commiseration, and then the burst of lively comment, everyone talking at once. Outside, the wind howls, lashing the leafless tress, and the stars are only points of frozen light in the blackness of a sky which is cold as with the cold of cosmic annihilation. But atmospheric conditions trouble the habitant not at all so long as the woodpile is well built up, the cattle and a good store of fodder safe housed in the barn, the bag of flour and the cask of frozen meat in the little lean-to kitchen. His rustic contentment and dread of change is skilfully delineated in a little poem of Dr. Drummond's entitled *My Leetle Cabane*, wherein an old voyageur, buried in the wintry forest, his dog nestled against his knee, his humble possessions all in sight, indulges in monologue a review of the dangers and discomforts of city life :—

"I'm sittin' to-night on ma leetle cabane, more happier dan de king,
An' ev'ry corner's ringin' out wit' de musique de ole stove sing,
I hear de cry of de winter win', for de stormgate's open wide
But I don' care not'ing for win' or storm, so long I was safe inside.

I wonder how dey get on, mon chien, off on de great beeg town,
 W're house is so high, near touch de sky, mus' be danger of fallin'
 down,

An' worsen too on de night lak dis, ketchin' dat terrible win',—
 O! leetle small place lak de ole cabane was de right place for stayin' in.

I s'pose de got plaintee bodder too, dem feller dat's be riche man,
 For dey're never knowin' w'en t'ief may come and steal all de t'ing
 he can,

An' de monee was kip dem busy too, watchin' it night an' day,
 Dunno but we 're better off here, mon chien, wit' beeg city far
 away.

For I look on de corner over dere, an' see it, ma birch canoc,
 i look on de wall w're ma rifle hang, along wit' de good snowshoe
 An' ev't'ing else on de worl' I got, safe on de place near me.
 An' here you are too, ma brav ole dog, wit' your nose up agen ma
 knee."

Interspersed amongst the collection of poems are some of a pure humour, such as *How Bateese Came Home*, which is the story of an ambitious young fellow who goes off to the States to better himself, and presently comes home to over-awe his old neighbours with his newly acquired taste for luxury, his extravagance in buying five-cent cigars, his change of name from plain Baptiste Trudeau to John B. Waterhole, and his contempt for "w'isky blanc." Or that one entitled *Pride* which is the epic of no less a personage than "the pig-sticker of St. Flore," his haughty spirit, his pretty daughter, and the knight errant who adventured to win her by travelling to Chicago, and there learning to stick pigs better than the champion. In these and in other pieces the author displays his ability to portray humour unmixed with ridicule, free from exaggeration as from coarseness, the unconscious humour of a naïve and lively people.

Of the poems in which pathos predominates there are two at least which call for special mention. In Dr. Drummond's second volume of verse is included a poem of a few short verses entitled *Leetle Bateese*, which is as perfect a picture of simple human life and affection as *The Angelus* is a poem. These verses embody the reflections of the old grandfather as he helps his small, sturdy, mischievous grandson slip off his clothes at the bedtime hour. The

old man's pride and hope for the little fellow, his joy in his strength and liveliness, mingle quaintly with his annoyance at the urchin's misdeeds ; he grumbles away conscientiously, only stopping to grant the boy's unconcerned request to be relieved of the duty of saying the evening prayer, and then muses by the bedside where the sudden slumber of healthy childhood has seized little Bateese as soon as his head felt the pillow. We give below the whole of this beautiful poem :—

LEETLE BATEESE.

You bad leetle boy, not moche you care
 How busy you're kipin' your poor gran'père,
 Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day,
 Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay—
 W'y don' you geev dem a chance to lay ?
Leetle Bateese !

Off on de fiel' you foller de plough,
 Den w'en you're tire you scare de cow,
 Sickin' de dog till dey jomp de wall,
 So de milk ain't good for not'ing at all—
 An' you're only five an' a half dis fall,
Leetle Bateese !

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to-night ?
 Never min', I s'pose it be all right,
 Say dem to-morrow—ah, dere he go !
 Fas' asleep in a minute or so—
 An' he'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow,
Leetle Bateese !

Den wake us up right away, toute suite,
 Lookin' for somet'ing more to eat,
 Makin' me t'ink of dem long-leg crane,
 Soon as dey swaller, dey start again,
 I wonder your stomach don' get no pain,
Leetle Bateese

But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,
 Look at de arm onderneat' hees head ;
 If he grow lak dat till he's twenty year

I bet he'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr,
 An' beat all de voyageurs leevin' here,
 Leetle Bateese!

Jus' feel de muscle along hees back,
 Won't geev heem moche bodder for carry pack,
 On de long portage, any size canoe,
 Dere's not many t'ing dat boy won't do,
 For he's got double joint on hees body too,
 Leetle Bateese!

But Leetle Bateese! please don' forget,
 We're rader you're stayin' de small boy yet,
 So chase de chicken an' mak dem scare,
 An' do w'at you lak wit' your ole gran'père,
 For w'en you're beeg fellow he won't be dere,
 Leetle Bateese!

There is one string in the gamut of human feeling, one of the strangest, the most subtle, among those with which mortality is dowered, which Dr. Drummond touches with a peculiarly skilful hand. And it is one of the endless mysteries of temperament that out of a life in which the home ties played so dominant a part as in his, a life that never swung far from its centre of home, friends, country, that was marked, perhaps, in as small a degree as any mortal lot can ever be by the absence of bitter, heart-rending separations,—that out of such experience should come that infinitely tender touch upon the pain of home-sickness, the mysterious call of the nativity in the blood of the son. Touched faintly in the poem, *Little Lac Grenier*, and lightly sounded in other verses, narrative or lyrical, this passion of regret, this strange, insatiable longing for the familiar and the known, finds full and exquisite expression in a poem contained in the second volume of verse, "Johnny Courteau." Entitled *The Hill of Saint Sebastien*, this poem contains the story of a French settler's wife, a wife who has followed her husband out from the old parish in the east to the fertile western plains, where, by dint of hard labour, they have prospered and made themselves a thrifty farm. But the old soil, the childhood country, keeps sounding its weird call in the soul of the woman, and however she may chide herself for discontent, and count over her blessings, the good husband, the healthy children, the growing prosperity, yet the stifled cry of the

heart will not be stayed or satisfied. Once the *bonhomme* finds her watching the sky of a summer evening, and with a man's inevitable misapprehension, expresses his pleasure at her delight in the good prairie land, "de fines' on top de groun'."

"Jus w'en I'm looking dat beeg cloud too, standin' dere lak a wall !
 Sam' as de hill I know so well, home on ma own countree,—
 Good job I was cryin' quiet den, an' Louis don' hear at all,
 But I kiss de poor feller an' laugh, an' never say not'ing—me.
 W'at can you do wit' man lak dat, an' wh'y am I bodder so ?
 De firse t'ing he might fin' it out, den hees heart will feel it sore,
 An' if he say, 'Come home, Toinette,' I'm sure I mus' answer, 'No,'
 For if I'm seein' dat place again, I never return no more !
 So let de heart break—I don' care, I won' say not'ing—me—
 I'll mak dat promesse on mese'f, an' kip it night an' day,
 But O! mon Dieu ! how glad, how glad, an' happy I could be
 If de hill of St. Sebastien was not so far away."

The life-story of this poet of an unknown people may be very briefly related here.

William Henry Drummond was born in April of the year 1854, in the county of Leitrim, being the eldest child of his parents, and, though only the first decade of his life was spent in the land of his birth, he remained both unconsciously and of choice a thorough Kelt all his days. His warm heart and quick sensibilities, the true Irish blend of humour and pathos in his mind, no less than his outspoken natural preferences, allied and held him to the land of his birth. He always objected to the name of Drummond being supposed to indicate Scotch origin, maintaining that the Drummonds, lock, stock, and barrel, belonged to the Emerald Isle.

There is a touch of old-world romance recalling pictures painted by the Wizard of the North, in a circumstance sometimes related in after years by the venerable mother of the poet, that at the time of her son's birth, a friend, possibly one who amongst the lonely hills and glens of Donegal had learnt to dream dreams and see visions, occupied himself by marking the aspect of the stars, and from them prophesied a notable career for the new-born infant.

Fortunate in the beauty and healthfulness of his surroundings amidst the gentle climate and the open-air life on the shores of the lovely bay of Donegal, the boy was equally so in the parents and

instructors by whom his early childhood was surrounded. Of his first schoolmaster he retained an affectionate remembrance all his life—a circumstance unusual enough to be recorded. As soon as he was of an age to endure fatigue, his father, an officer in the Irish constabulary, a sportsman, and a lover of nature and the open air, carried him a-field on fishing and riding expeditions, in the course of which he filled the receptive mind of the child with the knowledge which he loved himself, the rich and varied legends and folklore of the Kelt. Meanwhile, the mother, like so many other pious souls before her, destined her quiet, imaginative and dreamy boy to the ministry of religion.

In 1864 the Irish life of the Drummond family was brought to an end ; short and few as its years had been for the future poet, they had left an indelible impress on his sensitive nature.

Judging that the immense new country of Canada would offer better prospects of advancement for his young family than were to be found in unprogressive and poverty-stricken Ireland, Captain Drummond carried his wife and four sons to Montreal, when the eldest of the children was but ten years of age. Unhappily, the father of the family survived the change less than a year, leaving to his widow the stern task of rearing a young family in a strange country and with very limited means.

Fortunately, Mrs. Drummond's strength of character was equal to the demand, and she succeeded not only in educating her sons, and well equipping them for the battle of life, but also in maintaining in her home an atmosphere of mutual affection and confidence, an intimacy between mother and sons unusual in Anglo-Saxon households. In after years it could never be truly said of Mrs. Drummond as of so many mothers that her sons married and left her ; on the contrary, they made their home so near, and nearly hers, that the increasing family became with years a sort of clan, instead of being gradually reduced to its primitive elements of two as happens in most western homes. In her old age, for, she passed away hardly a year before her gifted son, it seldom happened that a day passed without a visit of solicitude and affection paid to the aged lady by sons who had now become extremely busy and important men of affairs in the developing commercial interests of the growing country

Up to the age of fourteen years William Henry Drummond attended the Montreal High School, then took a course in telegraphy, which when completed, led to his being sent out into the little French villages around the city where he was stationed for different periods as an operator, and where he was for the first time brought into contact with the French inhabitants, and unconsciously began his study of the various types, learning to know the boatman, the farmers, the lumbermen, and even some of the old fighters of the rebellion of '37.

The stage of life was early set for him with unusual scenery and actors, and before this brief phase of youth was over, his mind was well stored with the characteristic features of country life in Canada.

At the age of eighteen he resumed his studies, entering McGill University in Montreal, and afterwards taking his physician's degree from Bishop's Medical College.

At college, as formerly among the unlettered peasantry, his qualities of good-heartedness and good-fellowship made him extremely popular. No man ever lived who realised better than he the meaning of Burns's declaration, "The rank is but the guinea stamp, The man's the man for a' that." As formerly among the country farmers, and small storekeepers, the varied classes which make up a little settlement in a new country, so among his fellow students, he was always *bon camarade*, ready to enter into their interests, and especially ready and eager for the feats of athletic skill and endurance, for which his fine health and splendid physique well fitted him. He carried away many prizes for throwing the weight and the hammer, and was for a long time the champion amateur walker of Canada within the three-mile limit. In after years the sportsman's life attracted him by its elements of adventure and freedom, and the contact with nature and the wilderness; he was a fine fisherman and a good shot, though but little inclined to pursue this latter form of sport.

After graduating in medicine Dr. Drummond began his practice in the village of Stornoway, "one of the eastern townships," as Montreal people say. It was a primitive, and not over-civilised community, settled chiefly by the descendants of Scotch Highlanders, "a purty tough place" reputedly. An incident which occurred to the young doctor in the early days of his practice in Stornoway seems to have been used by him as foundation for one of the most

popular of his poems, *The Curé of Calumette*. In this poem the new curé is introduced by a member of his flock as the best shooter of the rapids, and the finest snow-shoer to be found, but as having impressed his parishioners in the beginning as too young and too small to be fit for the rough life and rough people. Still, he has advantages, for,—

“Hees fader is full-blooded Irish, and hees moder is pure Canayenne,
Not offen dat stock go togedder, but she s fine combination, ma frien’.
For de Irish he’s full of de devil, an’ de French dey got savoir faire,
Dat’s mak it a very good balance, an’ tak’ you mos’ ev’ryw’ere.”

In the sequel Leetle Fader O’Hara wins his spurs, and the hearts of his people, by knocking out a big bully who attempts to deny him his lawful way on the country road where the curé’s calèche or cutter has by unwritten law precedence over all other traffic.

“Maudit! he was strong leetle curé, an’ he go for Jozeph en masse,
An’ w’en he is mak it a finish poor Joe isn’t feel it firse class;
So nex’ tam de Curé he’s goin’ for visit de shantee encore
Of course he was mak beeges’ mission never seen on dat place before.”

In the original episode the bully of the village, Red John, excited by liquor, thought it would redound to his credit to seek out the strange young doctor in his own house, and force a quarrel on him, with the result that he gets his own head broken with surprising promptitude, and the Doctor finds that he has earned the confidence and respect of the whole village, as well as the inextinguishable affection and admiration of Red John.

After several years’ experience in little country towns, Dr. Drummond decided to return to Montreal, partly with the object of building up a more remunerative practice, but chiefly for the sake of being nearer to his mother, and of enjoying once more the comforts of a real home. That his professional reputation steadily increased was demonstrated a few years later when he received the appointment of Professor of Medical Jurisprudence at the University. But his practice would doubtless have proved more lucrative had he been able to exert a less disinterested spirit in its pursuit. Extremely devoted to his patients, he was apt to be more than a little careless about the collection of accounts, nor was he at all able to feign interest in, or even toleration of, imaginary ills, though on more

than one occasion when his quick observation had revealed to him some real though uncomplaining sufferer, a workman, or car-conductor, or carter, he would not hesitate to stop him on the street, give him a prescription and pass on without even telling his name.

In 1894 Dr. Drummond was married to Miss May Isabel Harvey, the only daughter of Dr. O. C. Harvey, of the island of Jamaica, W. I., a union marked by unusual sympathy, and by that strong bond which is formed by congeniality of tastes. Very much in the same way as the Doctor had studied the habitant of Canada, Miss Harvey in her southern home had observed the West Indian negro, a type differing in many particulars even from its nearest neighbours, the negroes of the Southern States of America. And though her gifts were not as his, poetic, she was abundantly able, both by taste and temperament, to appreciate at its full value the interest and significance of work which the author himself held in but slight esteem. Dr. Drummond's early poems, written for the pleasure of expression, or to amuse friends, were quite apt to be carried around in his pocket until they disappeared, or at best found an obscure resting-place in a corner of some newspaper or college periodical. It was not until three years subsequent to his marriage that his first volume of verse was published, the title of which, "The Habitant," has been used since as descriptive of his verse in general. It was artistically illustrated and prefaced by the introduction by M. Louis Fréchette, to which reference has already been made.

The book had an immediate and pronounced success, and when it was followed four years later by a companion volume, "Johnny Courteau," the New York publishing firm of Putnam, which had looked askance on the author's initial venture and declined the risk of publication because poetry was unpopular and a drug on the market, were glad to pay the highest price they had ever given for a volume of verse.

With the issue of this second volume literature began to open up more tempting paths than the well-beaten round of a practising physician. Calls began to come to the doctor to give readings of his poems in the large cities of the United States and of Canada. Those who were privileged to hear such readings remember well the unique charm of the occasion, the leonine personality of the big man, his air of *bon géant* mixed with something of naïve boyish-

ness as the sonorous voice rolled out the cadence of the verse. No man could have resembled less the long-haired sentimental poet of popular satire. That Hibernian element which he liked so well never came out more strongly than in his enjoyment of an honest clean fight, blows without rancour, and combativeness without malice. A French essayist remarks shrewdly that while most modern war-songs express hate and vengeance only, those of Dr. Drummond alone breathe the true Irish combination of love of blows for the sake of the blows themselves, "fighting like devils for conciliation," and for the honour of the enemy as well as of self. The man who wrote *The Dublin Fusiliers* had his combativeness imbued by nature with that spirit of Japanese chivalry which holds it disgraceful to hate the enemy, and obligatory to hate yourself if you cannot conquer the enemy.

For several years the attractions and demands of a literary life continued to make increasing claims on the time and interest of the poet of the *Habitant*. He was engaged in the preparation of his third volume, *The Voyageur*, and became continually more anxious to free himself from the exactions of his profession in order to devote more time to literature and the employment of his special talent. His brothers were all at the head of large enterprises concerned with the development of the natural resources and growing industries of the country. In 1904 they acquired large property rights in a rich mining territory newly discovered in the eastern part of Ontario. Dr. Drummond finally joined them in this venture, becoming vice-president of the company, and managing director at the mines. This position offered him, not only much of the out-door life which he loved, but also the supervision of the miners, responsibility for which he was in all respects exceptionally fitted, his generous and sympathetic nature ensuring him the affection of all who possessed any such capacity, whilst his physical strength and impressiveness served to overawe the perverse and rebellious. Thus when in the early spring of 1907 word reached him in his Montreal home, where he was recovering from a slight indisposition, that small-pox had broken out in the mining camp, and that the men were brooding and sullenly resentful of the necessary restraints, he hurried back immediately to Cobalt to exert his personal influence on the situation.

At the mines he spent himself with characteristic generosity in improving conditions, and in raising the depressed spirits of the workmen, and was able to send home word that all reasons for uneasiness were at an end, when almost at the same moment, he was stricken with cerebral hemorrhage, and after a very few days of unconsciousness, passed silently on to the mystical last portage.

Called away, as it seemed, in the zenith of his powers, before riches or adulation had time to do their corrosive work, he leaves no hand to take up the instrument that is laid down.

“And leetle Lac Grenier all alone
Out on the mountain brow;
You may call in vain to the heart so still,
Oh, who will love you now?
For out on the shining water
He has launched the shadow canoe;
With love and the soul of his little dead son,
His paddlemen safe and true.”

Canada has not shown herself more receptive in the past than other modern commercial countries, absorbed in the exploitation of natural resources, to the claims of creative genius. Those gifted sons whom she has hitherto produced have been forced either to languish in poverty or to seek recognition of their gifts at the hand of a more appreciative people, in a kindlier clime. It was not then the genius of Dr. Drummond, nor his services to the national life, which filled the air of his home city with gloom and apprehension, hushed people's voices and laid a detaining hand on their search for gain or pleasure, during the days when he lay dying in the wilderness. Rather was it the great humanity of the man, that quality of pure kindness by which his life was inspired, and which led him not only to bestow his skill and professional knowledge on any passer-by who might need it, but to be ready also with the cheerful word, the hearty handclasp, the helpful suggestion, things which mean so much to the disheartened and the oppressed. Many a young practitioner, sick at heart with hope deferred, many a nervous student, or lonely stranger from overseas, has gained an uplift of the heart that helped them over the next rough place at the sound of the doctor's cheery voice.

Nor perhaps was he less lovable when his quick Irish temper flamed out in condemnation of some wrong, meanness, injustice, and he would rumble savage things behind his great moustache about the selfishness and pettiness against which travellers on the crowded highway of life must stumble ever and anon.

The poet of the *habitant* lies buried in the Protestant cemetery on the summit of that steep and wooded hill which, hanging cliff-like above the town of Montreal, gives to her citizens an unrivalled natural park whilst they live, and a spot of romantic beauty to lie in when they die. At its feet cluster the roofs of the city, close interwoven with thick green of elms and maples ; beyond, the wide St. Lawrence rolls, and the misty blue of distant hills bounds the horizon. It is a far way from the living green of the Irish turf, the waving of the white bog-cotton over the lonely hillside, the smell of the burning peat, yet the scene is not less fair than that the poet's words enshrine of childhood's days beside the bonny Bay of Donegal :—

The breeze that blows o'er Mullaghmore
I feel against my boyish cheek,
The white-walled huts that strew the shore
From Castlegal to old Belleek,
The fisher-folk of Donegal,
Kindly of heart and strong of arm,
Who plough the ocean's treacherous farm,—
How plainly I behold them all ! ”

The Keltic cross which marks the poet's grave is further linked to his native land by an engraved quotation from this same poem, *Child Thoughts*,—

“ The Shadows pass—I see the light,
Oh ! morning light, so clear and strong.”

as well as by one from his favourite poet, the Irish Moira O'Neill,—

“ Youth's for an hour,
Beauty's a flower,
But Love is the jewel that wins the world.”

Those who have known Dr. Drummond personally recognise his as a life touched to the fine issues of the singer of humanity, a

life indeed eloquent all through of the human touch, united to a nature, simple, kindly, sunlit and sane. The combination is not so common a one that they who have ever known it in any time or place can lightly assent to see it pass into the land of hidden things.

KATHERINE WELLER.

Montreal.

A REVERIE PANTHEISTIC.

Brushing aside the cobwebs of abstractions, I sat in my veranda in an impressionable mood, facing the garden. What I write now is not of it but about it.

The roses were in full bloom and in great profusion. They made the heart rejoice and drew it out towards them in longing desire, and yet this longing lacked the elements of self, and therein lay its power to feel what it had not felt often. But the cup was not without its dregs, the honey not without the sting—I was almost going to say, the rose not without its thorn. But I sat apart, not attempting to pluck them, so the hooked thorns had no meaning for me. Their sting lay in the mind. To-morrow they will fall to the ground in the abundance of their wealth, and perish. Why is this? Why this rousing of adoration and then smashing the object thereof? The Beloved lifts a corner of the veil, and Divine Beauty vouchsafes a glimpse and casts a glance which charms and draws us with irresistible power, and in the next moment, lo! the veil descends and we are left to be consumed in unsatisfied longing. "Thy fire consumes me every night and thy fragrance revives me every morning," says the Sufi Poet. To the soul wrapped in sense, the veil is lifted for the sense, but for a moment. Then we seek and in outward manifestation find the *coming* and *going* of Sentience, Beauty and Power; and the heart longs for and yet wearies already of this passing blandishment. But rarely, if ever, do we catch a hint or suggestion of the Purpose behind. "Seek ME thou, not in the transient," it whispers. "Follow ME rather into the heart of things where I dwell for ever in the power and the mystery of Love, if thou wouldst possess ME and all else thou lovest, and in possessing lose thyself in my being which knows no change, nor sorrow that comes of decay and death. But if thou canst not attain to this, still rejoice; for thou hast recognized ME once in all that lives or seems not to live.

UMRAO SINGH.

Lahore.

A PLEA FOR THE INVESTIGATION AND STUDY OF ASTROLOGY.

(Concluded from our last number.)

III.

ON the last occasion, we discussed the questions how the investigation of Astrology should be carried on ; what attempts have been made in this direction till now, how and with what success ; what the difficulties were in the path, and how they could be removed. This time we propose to deal with questions of the feasibility of such investigation in respect of the several branches of Astrology. We shall discuss their relation and importance, and whether any one of them more than another presents some facilities. Next we must consider the plan to be followed and the aid that is necessary in this regard from the public.

There are six main branches of Astrology : (1) Mundane, (2) Genethliacal, (3) Horary, (4) Arabian system of solar revolutions or annual Horoscopes, (5) Transits and Ingresses, etc., or Lunar Horoscopes, and (6) Elections. It is necessary here to state the subjects they deal with. (1) Mundane Astrology treats of human affairs in general, such as political and social revolutions, natural phenomena (atmospherical and others), natural catastrophes and cataclysms, &c., in accordance with the changes in the positions and motions of stars and planets. (2) Genethliacal Astrology deals with the important events of any one individual life whether of man or woman, that is, it professes to make predictions of important events in the lives of individuals based on the positions of stars and planets at the moment of their birth. (3) Horary Astrology tries to answer various questions concerning human affairs, individual and general, by considering the favourable or unfavourable situations of heavenly bodies at the moment of the question propounded. (4) In the annual Horoscope

system, an attempt is made to predict events, mainly in the life of an individual during a particular year, from the situation of heavenly bodies at the time of the commencement of such year. (5) In the Lunar Horoscope or Transit system as it may be styled, the effect on individuals of the changes in the position and motion of stars and planets as they occur from time to time is sought to be discussed. (6) In the system of elections, the main object is the discovery of opportune moments, viz., moments astrologically the most favourable to commence some undertaking so that its accomplishment may be made certain, or that it may turn out advantageous to the person or persons concerned.

These are the six main branches of Astrology. Each of them is dependent on astrological computations, as all predictions are ultimately based upon the position and motion of heavenly bodies. It is plain that accuracy as well as close approximation should be aimed at as far as possible. Though the velocities of planets are governed by laws, we have not a knowledge of them all or at any rate an accurate knowledge of them. The science of Astronomy is progressive. Not only are new modes of computation being introduced, but new laws and facts are being discovered. It is true that we have now acquired a knowledge of the fundamental laws of dynamics and attractions. But though we may possess the knowledge of the laws of attraction of one body over another, the difficulties that arise in the application of the laws can only be conceived by those who have to deal with such computations. The laws of attraction of several bodies on one may be very easy of comprehension; but the investigation of the nature and extent of the visible effect of such attraction, is a matter involving great labour. In the same way, before the particular results or corollaries, which it is necessary to keep ready for application, can be made use of in practice, they must be made manageably approximate. For instance, suppose we are able to derive the period of the annual revolution of the earth either by the rules of dynamics and attractions or by a series of repeated observations, we shall not get a perfectly accurate period, but even supposing that we do get the exact period, we shall still find it impossible to express it in integers, however small a unit be selected. Thus we must have recourse to unending or unmanageable fractions. How very troublesome such difficult and unwieldy fractions prove,

is a matter painfully known to even an ordinary student of arithmetic. Thus to make our practical work easy of accomplishment, it is necessary to leave out errors, which then make the computations only rough approximations. We are forced to admit such approximations for facility of computation. But when such approximations are repeated from time to time, the error accumulates and widens the breach between computation and observation ; the inevitable result of this is that predictions are not confirmed by facts. Thus vagueness and error are inevitable results attendant upon such computations. It is, therefore, necessary to remove accumulated error now and then, in order that fact and prediction may agree. Astronomers technically call such manipulations change of constants and corrections for errors. At a time when scientific curiosity was vigorous, and when science received encouragement and patronage, scientific men of perseverance regularly introduced such corrections and constants. At the present time our sciences and our exponents of them receive scant encouragement, and as a natural consequence these exponents have lost their old vigour, given up effort and grown indolent and mercenary. It is no wonder that this should be so. There were many among the devotees of the goddess of learning in old times, who did not care for the favour of the goddess of wealth. Times have changed, and people's vision does not go beyond care for the daily bread ; this is due to a vitiated sense of duty, and to the absence of noble ideals. Every one will admit that such a state of things is deplorable. There can be no two opinions on this point. It is doubtless true that all this is the result of absence of such things as a desire for knowledge, habits of application, self-respect, appreciation, money and materials. Such a state of affairs is undesirable, and the serious question before us is, what measures should be undertaken to improve it? There can be no hope of the realisation of our best wishes until we take up such questions in a practical spirit and are prepared to do our duty. At present there appear some signs of a national awakening ; we are becoming alive to our true situation, and there is thus room for hope. It is necessary that we should endeavour to remove the difficulties that have cropped up in the way of the investigation of Astrology on account of overgrowth of the error of computation. But even though we cannot at present hope to remove these

difficulties, it would be an unwise resolve not to accept the ready-made calculations of the Westerns. We must be content with having a loan when we cannot boast of the possession. In short, this difficulty of correct computation can be surmounted by accepting the results of western labour.

It has been mentioned above that all the branches of Astrology must proceed upon the positions and motions of stars. Such positions are expressed in signs, degrees, etc. If we try to map out the positions of the Sun throughout the year on the celestial dome, we shall find that the Sun appears to move in a circle, which is called the Ecliptic, and the positions of stars are referred to this circle. The arc intercepted between some point arbitrarily selected, and any given star, defines its position. Now as to the selection of this point, two choices have been made and two systems of measurement have thus come into vogue. In one of them, the vernal equinox—the receding vernal equinox—has been taken as the point of commencement and this system may be styled the “Precessional system.” In the other a fixed point on the ecliptic, notably a star in or near it, has been selected for the first point. This may be called the “non-precessional system.” It will be noted that in the “Precessional system,” the first point is not a fixed point and therefore the distance of a fixed point from it must vary from year to year; while in the “non-precessional system” this distance must remain constant. Thus the latter system has apparently an advantage over the former. To arrive at the measures in the “Precessional system” one must take account of the annual precessional motion of the equinox. This apparent advantage of the non-precessional system is, however, more than counterbalanced by other advantages which the “Precessional system” offers. All planets move round the Sun, and thus the computation of their apparent places must be made dependent on the position and motion of the Sun. Thus, mathematically as well as theoretically, considerable facility is attained in computations by the adoption of the precessional system. This, together with other reasons, makes the adoption of the “Precessional system” of great advantage. Now it must be clear that the position of any celestial body would be expressed in two different measures according to the two systems and the difference between these measures must increase annually.

If, therefore, one planet is posited in Aries, according to the "non-precessional system" it would often be found in Taurus according to the "precessional system." The effect of planetary position is, however, stated to differ not only in different signs, but also to differ according to its position in any given sign. Such predictions, therefore, as depend on signs must necessarily differ. This difference in the two systems will be found to be another serious difficulty in the investigation of Astrology; some Astrologers adduce their experience to show that the greatest advantage lies in the Precessional signs, while others hold that it lies in the non-precessional signs; there is a third class of astrologers, on the other hand, who follow now the one system and now the other, according as the one or the other suits their convenience. The ancient works were written in different times and we have no means to find out what system was followed in them; modern writers, through want of critical insight, have done nothing more than produce encyclopædic volumes; and have thus jumbled together, in an incongruous whole, the opinions of the ancients. However, the majority of modern Hindu astrologers have been using solely the non-precessional system. In Europe, and to a very limited extent in our own country, the Precessional system has been adopted. Both parties contend that their system alone is acceptable and agreeable to nature. It is necessary that this question should be investigated in a scientific way and settled finally with the test of experience. Thus, even if we remove the difficulty of inexactness in computational astronomy by having recourse to the endeavours of the West, this difficulty of the two rival systems yet confronts us. But these difficulties are common to all the branches of astrology, and it is therefore necessary to remove them as best we can. There are, besides, difficulties of a special nature which present themselves in the way of investigation of every branch of Astrology; the work of removing them is very formidable. But as all the branches of Astrology are not equally important, we may safely omit some for the present. It is necessary, therefore, to see which of them may be left out for the present and which should be taken up for immediate investigation.

The correctness of predictions on "questions" asked (Horary System) mainly depends upon the mental attitude of the question

at the moment when the question is put. The belief is that it is only when the celestial situation can foreshadow an event that the mind of the person, who expects the event, becomes agitated, and not otherwise. The heavenly situation thus becomes an index to the events in which the questioner feels interested. If, therefore, the questioner selects such a moment of agitation to question an astrologer, the judgment of the latter will be generally found correct, but not otherwise. It is on this principle of correspondence between the mental attitude of the person concerned and the astrological situation, that horary astrology lays it down as a rule that questions must only be propounded and answered when they relate to serious matters and when the questioner is in earnest. In practice, this principle is often violated both by the astrologer and the questioner, which is a matter for regret, as such practice leads to incredulity and indifference towards the art and the science. This is one of the main causes why the art is generally discredited. But many people question the correctness of the principle of correspondence above referred to. This branch, therefore, could be safely set aside for the present. What has been said about the principle of correspondence, applies to a certain extent to the branch of elections also. The latter encourages the habit of seeking auspicious moments for the commencement of every kind of work, good or bad, important or trifling, and often brings more evil than good. An elected moment can do little to withstand or perceptibly alter the general trend of man's destiny which is the result of his own acts in this or in previous births. What can a ripple achieve against a strong current? Suppose a murderer seeks a moment of election when proceeding to the place of trial, is it likely that the elected moment would help him beyond his mere safety during his journey to the place of trial? He should not hope for more. In short, an elected moment can seldom have a force sufficient to oppose circumstances and karma. It can achieve but a small change. We may, therefore, safely set aside these two branches for the present.

The importance of the solar revolution is great—both in the eyes of the professional astrologers as well as in those of the people. The popular belief is based not so much on its agreement with nature as on its extended use and practice. The extent of the prac-

tice is due to several causes. The astrologer finds it an easy task and the public feels a greater interest in matters of to-day than in the general course of life. People do not much care either for the past—which is gone—or for the distant future, too distant to excite immediate interest. Moreover, the general course of the life of an individual is settled, and very little can be done by personal effort at the moment. The simple knowledge of the general course of life, therefore, does not give satisfaction to many, and they have not the patience to see if the predictions of events of the distant future will turn out correct. There is thus a general tendency to secure immediate tests of predictions. On account of these and such other reasons, this branch of astrology has acquired a considerable hold on the public mind and almost an undue importance. Just as the Kirtankars depend for their means of subsistence mainly on Moropant, so also our astrologers depend for their support on this branch of astrology. This has led to an unpardonable indifference or neglect of the study of mathematical branches of Astronomy and Astrology. The astrologers find that such pursuits do not pay well, and it is no wonder, therefore, that we do not find them contributing to the progress of the science or exercising any critical powers. It is a fundamental theorem of the science of Astrology that the annual horoscope can achieve nothing that is not foreshadowed in the natal horoscope and that the former must be subject to the influence of the latter and must be read in conformity with the same. Thus nativities are of prime importance and annual horoscopes of secondary importance ; again, the uncertainty about the length of the Ayanamsa arc and of the sidereal year, has contributed to the difficulties of the investigation of this branch. It will not matter much if we omit this branch also.

The transit system or the Lunar Horoscope is of secondary importance in Astrology. There are two theories on which astrology is based. The first theory premises that the stars and the planets shed a peculiar influence, through their rays of light, depending on their situation and thus affecting human affairs.* As their positions differ from moment to moment, they signify good or evil to individuals. The other theory accepts the truth of the above principle but gives a very great importance to three moments in the history of the human ego on this earth : namely (1) the moment of

etnercourse (2) the moment of conception and (3) the moment of parturition of the child. This theory lays down that these moments are so important that the general course or outline of the career of the ego on the earth is then formed, and the subsequent change in the heavenly configuration only modifies, or rather fills in the details ; that is, it may only be effectual in bringing about small changes or may confirm the original outlook. Of these two theories the second is evidently less acceptable to the scientific men of the present day than the first. The first theory, it is hoped, will soon force itself on their attention. However, astrology as such is based on the second hypothesis (and this is probably the reason why astrology does not attract the scientist). The effect of transits is to be gauged in conformity with the natal situation. Even in the Transit System the second theory has to be assumed or else Transits cannot be understood to affect individual concerns ; they can only govern general human affairs. The second theory then does not lose its importance even in the Transit System, which thus must be only of secondary importance.

There now remain only two branches to be discussed (1) Mundane Astrology and (2) Genethliacal Astrology. It must be admitted that at all times from the national point of view as opposed to the personal, Mundane Astrology must be of greater importance than Genethliacal. Science must recognise the extreme importance of the former, however important the latter may be to an individual. But though its importance may be perfectly indisputable, the task of investigating it is of proportionate difficulty. To test the correctness of Mundane Astrology and to collate experience, involve vast labour and extensive material. Not only must the past records be collected and collated but a careful register of phenomena kept for the future. Arrangements have been made by the Government of India, at considerable expense, to register Meteorological phenomena and thus keep a very valuable record. But whenever the accredited officers of Government venture to make forecasts with the help of such records, they expose themselves to popular ridicule as their forecasts are seldom confirmed by experience. Astrology professes to do more than make mere weather forecasts and has its own way of dealing with these questions. It has arrived at certain conclusions, and though they may be accept-

able, they are often wrongly applied to make local forecasts. Thus Astrology also has had its failures in this respect though not so miserable as those of Meteorology. The monsoon forecasts of 1899 made by Indian Astrologers and the Meteorological Department of the Government of India furnish a good illustration. We believe that this branch of Astrology as well as of physical science is yet incomplete. Repeated observations and old and new theories must be made to contribute to its progress. We have reason to hope that some principles will be evolved if we bring into use in combination with Astrology, meteorology and our observations. Those who combine in them a knowledge of modern Astrology with that of modern Meteorology are likely to succeed in the attempt of building up a true science of Meteorology. Indian Mundane Astrology generally deals with abnormal phenomena, and is thus of little practical use in every-day life. Correct monsoon forecasts must be of special interest and value to an agricultural country like India. The writer has been engaged for many years in making local forecasts of weather and the monsoon ; he has often privately communicated these to his friends and they were found correct except in the years 1897 and 1899. He believes that the failure was due to inattention to general causes then prevailing. This statement is not to be taken to imply that his rules have acquired any scientific value. He has had no time, material and facilities, to make a long series of observations which alone can supply material either to test or to build up a science. Evidently then, the rules on which he works are not reliable ; that many of his predictions prove to be correct is itself a wonder. To construct provisional rules or theories in the light of experience is conducive to the progress of science, but at the same time, it must be remembered that a narrow or limited experience rather hinders its progress ; at any rate, the venture draws public ridicule on itself. The study of Mundane Astrology is certainly very interesting and useful ; but it would be almost unwise for a single man or a small body of workers to undertake the task of construction or reconstruction in the absence of an adequate aid in men and money. We are, therefore, led to think that, though Genethliology is of secondary importance in relation to Mundane Astrology, the former presents special facilities and interest and its investigation must precede that of the other branches of Astrology.

As the investigation of Genethliology seems to us not only useful but feasible, we must next consider the directions in which we should make our attempts and see what we must do in the immediate future. As the knowledge of the moment of conception can in all probability be seldom attained, we must depend upon the moment of birth only. Though the observation of the precise moment of birth is possible, it cannot be made carefully by those who have not realised its importance and who feel no interest in the work. To realise the practical difficulty of the work, we need only consider how impossible it is to make a collection of horoscopes in which the time of birth is reliably correct within a minute or two. In the first place, clocks and watches are very often not adjusted to correct time. Next is the difficulty of carefully recording it. But even if clocks and watches be correctly adjusted and time be carefully observed and noted down, what guarantee is there that it has not been manipulated by the astrologer who is left with full power to deal with it as best he likes? Besides, there is no trace left to be afterwards discovered as to the alteration in the time made by the Astrologer to suit his own views. In short, such records of times of birth are not thoroughly reliable. Astrologers generally correct the time supplied, in order to secure agreement of fact with the rules of the science; but in doing so they leave no way open to discover any errors due to their own wrong notions and errors in computation due to oversight. Even if the times are correctly observed, they are not made accessible to every investigator; again, the accounts of the lives corresponding to those natal times are not published so that he cannot verify the predictions made from the natal times. It would, therefore, appear highly desirable and necessary to collect reliable natal data and reliable accounts of the corresponding lives and to publish or make them accessible to all; until this is done, the task of investigation will remain as difficult as ever. It is necessary to instruct the public as to how the times of birth may be correctly observed and recorded and how they can be verified or confirmed by independent tests; it is necessary also to correct any wrong notions they may probably have and to seek their valuable and intelligent co-operation.

In this work the horoscopes of eminent and well-known persons will appear to be most useful as the times of their birth can

be collected very easily, and as their careers are for the most part before the public. It is necessary to direct our attempts to get such a collection made. But we should not depend upon these only, partly because the times of birth are not always correctly noted and partly because their number is very small and therefore the scope of investigation would be very limited and will lose in scientific importance.

When a collection of natal data and corresponding accounts is made as above indicated, we can make predictions from these data in accordance with the different system now in vogue ; and we can examine whether these are in agreement with the events recorded and thus investigate the truth of Genethliology and also demonstrate the superiority or otherwise of the systems employed.

It is clear that such a radical and thorough investigation requires the collection to be both varied and extensive and a thorough knowledge of the science as it is at present constituted. When such a collection is made available, some gifted persons will, it is hoped, be inspired to come forward. In such hope our present duty is to make the preliminary preparation, and with this object an "Association of Astrology" has been formed at Indore. We, therefore, beg to conclude by expressing a hope that the rich, the learned and the energetic will come forward to assist in the task with money, knowledge and labour, as the success of the undertaking mainly depends upon their co-operation and sympathy.

R. S. ATHAVLE

Indore.

THE ELEMENTAL PLACE OF JESUS IN CHRISTIANITY.

THE following is intended to present only an elementary view of Jesus as portrayed in the Synoptic Gospels. It does not profess to go on to discuss the deeper aspects of his relation to his fellows. It is suggested by the questionings of some who are unable to accept the traditional view on trust, and ask for some simple and verifiable evidence.

The silent but sure process of Biblical Criticism, that has been going on in our time, seems to be passing out of the academic stage, and begins to make itself felt in the market-place. To the ordinary mind Christianity represents a fixed and settled system that centres round the figure of Jesus. 'His great personality is beyond human criticism, for at no essential point does it enter within the categories of human understanding. He is unique in the sense of being abnormal: divine, as being different in essential constitution from the rest of the human race. This is the great postulate of traditional Christianity: wherever else the great tide of human questioning may legitimately spread, here at any rate, round the great central personality, validity of criticism can no longer be admitted. He remains, and must remain, unintelligible, unexplained, apart. Yet it is just this very postulate that is itself being questioned to-day, with fresh vigour and force. Rightly is it being felt on all sides that the whole importance lies in the question, "Who is He?": an answer is being sought that shall be an answer indeed, given in terms that shall enter into the mind, the conscience and the very life of the men of to-day. It is felt, too, that adherence to mere tradition in the matter may be the chief hindrance to that new outpouring of spiritual life which is everywhere craved for. For the questioning I am speaking of is not merely the occupation and interest of the learned, engaged with theories that are but the

product of highly developed reasoning power. It represents a vital and searching process. It springs from the inner life of man and belongs to his constitutional enlargement. It is not excrescence ; it is growth. And growth in all its genuine manifestations is the standing wonder of life, for it is evidence of the mighty transcending power that indwells. There is something awesome in the universe, that makes men, on the one hand, afraid of immediate touch with its mighty spirit, and drives them for protection to the shelter of something already familiar and homely. On the other hand, along with this, it appeals to something in man that is venturesome and daring, that will not be denied. It finds him willing, if need be, to give up life itself as the price of some new discovery in the unknown, or of the solution of some problem that haunts him. Perhaps it is in the resultant of the opposing motives of self-preservation and self-abandonment that human growth and the consciousness of that growth consist. In other words, tradition and criticism or judgment are the two elements in the interaction of which progress consists, and they form the double witness by which, in the union of the two, truth needs to be established. The royal road to learning consists in the double process of hearing and asking questions.

In coming closer to our subject, we must first distinguish between the terms "Jesus," with which we are immediately concerned, and "Christ," not confounding them as though they stood for identical concepts, but recognising that the two together connote a richer and completer idea than either taken separately. To speak of Jesus as the *founder* of Christianity always seems to me to be inadequate, if not misleading. It seems to involve a confusion of terms between a manifestation in time and a truth of eternity. "The Christ" is historically the older term. It means for us the perennial instinct that humanity is anointed with the Divine promise of realising the truth of its Divine origin, and the potency to enter into the full fruition of all that its origin implies. Jesus was called the Christ when it came to be felt that this instinct had in him been raised into the actuality of personal human consciousness, and when the vision of him was transfigured into a revived hope and power for all mankind. The term "Jesus" alone and by itself stands for a particular human individual in the region of history,

related to the before and after, related too—as are all men—to his contemporaries ; submitted, as are we all, to their judgment for the estimation of his character and conduct. There was nothing more for them to go upon than just the impression he made upon them. Theories as to his nature, character and mission would come later. No doubt the grace that pervaded him, the unerring quickness of his spiritual insight, his readiness of sympathy with, and his loyal adherence to, whatever was noblest in men, however it might be at the time undervalued or despised—no doubt all this would strike deep into the conscience and affections of his contemporaries ; but how should they be able to think of him as other than a man like themselves, however far beyond and above them in attainment ? It seems strange to many that this should have to be insisted on, and yet it is hardly strange when we consider the nature of the records that have come down to us containing the account of his life.

It is just here where, as is being increasingly felt, we ought to recover the true perspective. The assumption too long has been that the Gospels contain but plain statements of outer fact. When, however, we look into them, it becomes evident that they are not so, in the sense in which we ordinarily speak of fact. We usually mean a mere photograph of events, a stereotyping for all time of things as they occurred to outward view. Taken so, the simplest stories in the Gospels give the account of a man quite abnormal, using in natural fashion powers that are entirely superhuman. He speaks but a word and rough seas become magically calm, diseases leave the oppressed, dead bodies are re-animated. The literal judgment on them must be either that the stories are false or that Jesus was more than man. From one or other of these alternatives there is, on the literal plane, no escape. In consequence, either one or other of the alternatives is, or is supposed to be, accepted, or else a further investigation of the matter is pursued. In the course of this further investigation, further facts come into view, which redeem us from this dilemma. They are but matters of common experience. We know as a matter of fact that the mind is not a mere passive receiver of impressions, but that everything experienced is judged by each individual according to his own prepossessions. He reads and interprets his impressions as he can ;

that is to say, as he finds them affecting the thoughts, feelings and desires that are already in him. To serious thinking subjective impressions and external facts are not in reality distinct. Every new experience has to stand at the bar of all that is already in possession before it can take any real place in the personality of the man. So with the Jesus of history. It may be true to say that his real place in the general human consciousness is not yet attained; that the meaning of the facts recorded of him is still open to debate. And it is well so; for no fact is rightly judged or valued until it is transfigured into a revelation; raised, that is to say, into power in that growing process, which is revelation. It is true, not only of Jesus but of every individual in the whole world, that no one is intelligible apart and by himself. We only know ourselves through the reaction that comes to us from others. The only fatal way to meet such questionings as we are dealing with, is to be possessed by the spirit that denies that any answer can be given in the terms of the question, and that it is in man to ask what it is not in man to answer.

If the religion of Jesus is declared to be an impotent thing to-day, not dealing with or throwing light upon real human affairs and real human needs, it is, I am convinced, not because the tradition as to Jesus is, at the base of it, false, but because we, his official witnesses, have not entered into its real significance. Zealous for its letter, we have abstracted it from its human setting. Impatient of the great questioning of the world, and satisfied with an inadequate reply, we have practically banned the questioning by declaring the answer to be beyond our reach. The Jesus of history has been largely lost to the touch of human hearts and minds in the haze of unverifiable metaphysic, and the loss has been declared to be the witness to his divinity. This is in fact but scepticism posing as revelation, abstraction put in the place of God. Agnosticism is the inevitable and the saving result, for it is the protest of the searching and enquiring spirit against being confronted by a locked chamber without a key, being offered a stone when it asks for bread. Blessed, always blessed, are they who hunger and thirst for righteousness—for *that* righteousness which is the very ground and source of their hunger. Search, criticism, hunger—these are but various terms expressing the growing process

in human life. The ministry of life is abused if it check or thwart them, or fail to give them welcome : it is, on the other hand, being fulfilled in so far as it encourages and directs them, going to meet them in the way. It is help and encouragement *in the way* rather than the attainment of particular ends that is, as I believe, the vital need in the ministry of man to man, as it is the way of the Spirit.

Although the saying is often scoffed at, I cannot but fancy still that *why* you believe is of more importance than *what* you believe ; just as *why* you do a thing matters more than *what* you do ; and this because the former springs from deeper regions in your being, because too, after all, the two are not independent. If you believe rightly, that is in accordance with your true nature, the right object and the right action are necessarily included. Life is process ; revelation is continuous ; the accepted time is always now ; the day of salvation is always to-day. Permanent and exclusive value belongs not to any particular fact, however impressive, to any particular human life, however radiant, nor to any particular revelation, however sublime. That which gives permanent and age-long meaning to life is the inner persistence of the pressure, the hunger, the search that makes us men. *There* must divinity be found, for *there* is the abiding presence that endures. Jesus, then, to become a revelation, must be in and of this divine process, part of it, one with it, revealing it ; and it is in this way that the records present him to us.

If the Gospel accounts were mere history in the outer sense in which we usually speak of it, they would be incredible indeed : if they were mere biography, again in the outer sense in which we usually speak of it, long ago interest in them and indeed memory of them might have faded away in the lapsing, crowded years. The unfading, and indeed growing interest they undoubtedly maintain is owing to the fact, instinctively kept alive, that they are neither of these.

What are they, then, when we look into them ? How is he presented to us ?

They are based on the ground of the spiritual nature of man, and are only incidentally concerned—as on a background of outward fact—with him as physically clothed. They spring from

spiritual experience, and deal with spiritual problems, clothed of course, as everything is clothed, with the language and ideas of the age from which they spring. They present, not in the language of the schools, but in the language of every day, spiritual problems. Their main subject is the conflict aroused by the contact of the spirit in Jesus with the spirits in possession in the men of his time. He was a free and frank critic of everything that he found. "His fan was in his hand,"—"For judgment came he into the world," were amongst the comments of those who thought about it. "He shall judge the quick and the dead" is the impression about his work that still retains a place in the Christian world's creed. And judgment is a name for that divine process which is life. Whenever that same spirit of judgment, the sense of the divine process, possesses a man in his conscious soul, it links him with the divine and makes him a revelation. Vital union with God for any man is secured when the universal spirit transforms him into itself. By this quickening into new life he comes to recognise himself as an eternal fact in God, and not merely as a passing manifestation in time.

Let me pause for a moment upon this word "judgment," which has come to hand to express the divine process, because it links itself on with the word "criticism" with which we started, and redeems it from its mere surface connotation of destructiveness. In its external manifestation indeed it looks like that, and is so presented, as in the legend of the Flood, or the destruction of the cities of the Plain. It rises by degrees through the better meaning of purification through trial and suffering into its fullest ideal sense, in which it can be called the judgment of God. In this sense nothing is rightly judged until it be fully manifested in its glory as the work of God's hands, clean from all suspicion of evil. It is in this sense that St. Paul says, "Judge nothing before the time until the Lord come, who will both bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and make manifest the counsels of the hearts; and then shall each man have his praise from God."

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England.

(To be concluded.)

OUR SOCIAL RELATIONS WITH OUR RULERS.

MUCH has been lately heard of unrest in India. Volumes of criticism, informed and uninformed, have been written on the subject. On the one hand, there is the Yellow Journalism of Bengal with its wild and reckless exaggerations. On the other hand, we have the Government organs with their baneful and persistent ignoring of facts. Between these two it becomes a little difficult to determine the precise extent of the unrest in India. Our late Viceroy would have it that it is merely "skin-deep." But while the existence of unrest may be doubted by many, it will be conceded by all that there is a widespread feeling of dissatisfaction with British rule. Why is this so? Is it all due to defects in the administration? Few people will venture to say that British rule is perfect. No foreign domination ever was or will be. But while this is admitted, all sober-minded people are agreed that the system of Government in this country, despite its many imperfections and shortcomings, is, on the whole, just and benevolent. It follows, then, that the unpopularity of our rulers is not altogether due to defects in their administration, and that we must seek elsewhere for some of the causes which have contributed to it. In this article, I propose to deal with the social side of our relations with Englishmen, and to show that much of the present trouble is due to the want of sympathy between the two classes.

As far back as 1825, the celebrated Bishop Heber wrote: "I have not been led to believe that our Government is generally popular, or advancing towards popularity. It is, perhaps, impossible that we should be so in any great degree; yet I really think there are some causes of discontent which it is in our own power, and which it is our duty, to remove or diminish. One of these is the distance and haughtiness with which a very large proportion of the civil and military servants of the Company treat the upper and middling class of natives." These words were written eighty years ago. But who that is acquainted with current history will fail to perceive how faithful a picture the Bishop has given of the India of the Twentieth Century? Since those early days of British power, the country has witnessed a marvellous transformation.

It is no longer the India of gross superstitions and barbaric ignorance. Thanks to a liberal policy, education has made wonderful strides. Our universities are turning out every year hundreds of graduates who glibly prate of Macaulay and Mill, and quote Shakespeare and Tennyson with amazing eloquence. More than twenty thousand miles of railroad have brought the most distant parts of India within easy reach of each other, and facilitated intercourse between its vastly different peoples. A fifteen days' voyage places within the reach of all the glories of the West, its wonderful achievements in Science, Arts, and Industries. All this civilising influence brought to bear upon minds by nature quick and intelligent, has achieved such wonderful results, that the educated native of to-day can well hold his own with the average Englishman in point of culture and refinement. To put it shortly, modern India—at least that part of it which has come under the influence of the West—can show a state of civilisation not much inferior to that of any European country. Has the Anglo-Indian changed with the changing times, and come to regard us with less contempt than he did in the early days of his power? Does he extend a more considerate treatment to natives of rank and position? In short, has a century of progress and reform brought us any nearer to our rulers, and knit together the bonds of friendship and good-will on which alone rest the true foundations of an empire? Who shall say yes? It is not long since the Prince of Wales, in a statesmanlike speech, deplored the want of sympathy between the people and their rulers, and Lord Lamington, in his farewell to Bombay, declared that the non-official classes might do a great deal more than they are doing to improve the relations between the two elements. Apologists of the "heaven-born service" may say what they like, but the fact stands undisputed. It has received confirmation from all shades of opinion. The responsible organs of public opinion in both countries have at one time or other borne testimony to the growing aloofness of the governing class. If the "Bengalee" and the "Amrita Bazar Patrika" are denounced as red Radicals no one will accuse the "Daily News" or the "Manchester Guardian" of any special leanings towards Congress doctrines. Yet these papers and many others which hold no special brief for the people of this country, have been the foremost to denounce the racial prejudice of the majority of Englishmen in India. They have been supported by men who have made their mark in this country and elsewhere, notably civilians who have held the highest positions in the administration. These high-minded men have naturally made many enemies among the class to which they once belonged, for nothing irritates a man so much

as to be criticised by his own kith and kin. Their testimony naturally carries great weight, which is vainly sought to be discounted by dubbing them as "disappointed civilians." In the same way, when foreigners come to this country with a view to study some of its problems, and indulge in a little plain-speaking, no epithet is too bad for them. In this connection, I well remember the amusement created by the antics of a leading Anglo-Indian paper, which hailed Mr. Bryan as a demi-god on his arrival, and within six months cursed him as an unscrupulous demagogue. The reason was not far to seek. The famous democrat, on his return to America, had delivered as scathing a criticism of British rule as the wildest Bengali agitator could wish. Let us add, Mr. Bryan was not the only foreign visitor of distinction who came to learn and left to condemn.

But let us return to our point, and from generalities come down to everyday experiences. How many institutions are there in this country which are not labelled "For Europeans Only?" Is there a single club in all India where Europeans and natives mix together freely? There are, I admit, cosmopolitan institutions founded by a few well-meaning Englishmen, but their fate has always been the same. For a few days, there are moving exhibitions of fraternity and good fellowship, and much drinking of champagne. Then the English element slowly evaporates, and the club becomes a native institution. Bombay can furnish at least one example in support of my statement. Let alone admission, there are clubs where natives are not even allowed to go by the front door when they wish to speak to members on matters of business. Verily, we have come to a fine state of things under the Pax Britannica! Again, in the field of sports we are told that racial differences vanish and all stand on one common ground. If that be so, how many gymkhanas are there which are open to natives? Nothing is a surer sign of the degeneration of the true sporting instinct in the Anglo-Saxon race than the intrusion of questions of colour and creed in the domain of sports. So it is with everything else. In the railway train, on board the steamer, in hotels and dak bungalows, and, in fact, wherever there is a likelihood of an Englishman and a native coming together, the Englishman flies, and if he does not, his company often proves to be worse than no company. There are scenes which sometimes end in the Law Courts and the usual apology. Nowadays, the Anglo-Indian frequently meets with his match, and then dialogues take place, full of picturesque phrases and expressive epithets. The attitude of the English journals towards these unpleasant incidents is one of pious indignation. They cannot bear the

thought that the cloud-compelling Briton cannot with impunity indulge his sportive instincts. The magistrate who tries to do impartial justice in such cases, is sure of receiving a warm reception at their hands. Not even Lord Curzon was spared, when he had the rare courage on a notable occasion to hold the scales of justice even. But to proceed with our subject. At public functions the native element is welcome, but, that is for reasons which are too obvious to need mention. On all other occasions, the estrangement between the two classes is as complete as that which existed between the Brahmin and the Pariah of old.

I think I have said enough to show, both from general opinions and concrete instances, that there is very little of sympathy or social intercourse between the two elements. Is the blame to be laid all at the door of the Englishman? I for one will not venture to say so. The native has his ways, and sometimes very disagreeable ones, too. As regards general appearance, he is careless almost to the point of slovenliness. In his habits, though he is not such a sinner as he is painted by his enemies, he often falls short of the standard of cleanliness. Then, again, he has naturally not the polish and bearing which distinguish the drawing-room man. His movements are awkward, his speech halting, and his general demeanour shy and diffident. With all that, he is a genuine fellow of quick sympathies and an affectionate disposition, altogether a man to be respected when once allowance is made for his idiosyncracies. Still, if the Englishman, with his polished manner, objected to mix with people of this type whom he cannot help regarding as bores. I should not call it prejudice or unfounded antipathy. We cannot stretch his patience too far, when we know our own would not stand the test. What I have said here applies to the stay-at-home native of ordinary education. When you go higher up the scale, especially among those whose education has been supplemented by travels in many lands—and in these progressive days there are not a few of them—much of what strikes disagreeable to European ways of thinking vanishes. You have before you a gentleman, cultured and refined, possessed of a wide acquaintance with the arts and learning of the West, and an urbanity of manner that is not the conventional mask it usually is, but seems to be a part and parcel of his very being. Men of this type command respect wherever they go. But the Anglo-Indian makes no distinctions. To his narrow and insular mind, the word native conjures up visions of gross superstitions, idolatrous practices, and polygamous habits. He never pauses to consider that the ordinary, simple-minded betel-chewing native is as different from his civilised, highly-gifted brother as the Cossack is

from the Russian. He treats them all alike, and herein lies his cardinal mistake. The educated classes must naturally resent the contemptuous treatment meted out to them by their alien rulers. They are irritated at the Anglo-Indian's pretensions to superior wisdom, specially as they have opportunities of judging the results of his administration. The consequences are most serious. Much of the unrest in India is due to the want of consideration shown to the feelings of the educated classes. As an English principal of a Calcutta College lately remarked, "we are goading these men into disloyalty by our brutal lack of sympathy. Is that to be wondered at? When you trample on a man's tenderest feelings and sentiments, do you expect him to be grateful for it? Our Radical philosopher has wisely observed that there is a root of statesmanship as well as of humanity contained in the lines, 'Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, affections and passions?' You have educated the natives of India in the principles of Burke and Bright, Macaulay and Mill, and when they are imbued with the ideas of freedom and self-government which those great teachers promulgate, you laugh at their pretensions and hold them up to ridicule. In your social relations, you treat them worse still. You forget that the people of this country will bear their political inferiority with greater patience, if socially you do not quite treat them as outcasts." "A high European official," lately writing in the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore, most admirably sums up the situation, and I make no apology for quoting at length sentiments so honourable to their author: "The whole of the Indian population—excepting a few Chiefs and Rajas here and there—whatever their birth, whatever their education, whatever their official position, is excluded from social equality with the ruling class. This is a cleavage determined entirely by colour. We do not pretend even to ourselves that the exclusion of Indians from our everyday social life is based on anything but colour and race. Let no one demur and say that it is not so, and that it is because of customs and habits which we regard as unpleasant that we bar Indians from our clubs. We know too well that not even to those Indians who have been members of Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, is meted out the treatment they were accustomed to in England. . . . The fact is that this haughty aloofness is not so much a British trait as an Anglo-Indian one It is the constant assumption of superiority over those who are our equals either in official rank, or in education, or in morals, or in birth, which is the real enemy of our popularity, and in great measure of our success. If only we were popular, how much more readily our governance would be accepted! Can we not realise that many of the people of

India are our equals in everything but push ? Can we not get below the superficial social eccentricities which annoy us, try to ignore differences of custom, and understand that class for class, the Indian is as well-mannered, as intelligent and as civilised as ourselves ?" For clear discernment, absolute impartiality and nobility of thought, I earnestly commend the above to all who have the good of India at heart.

I have dwelt at some length on the unsatisfactory relations subsisting between the people of this country and their rulers after a hundred years of close intercourse. Is there no remedy? Must we go on hating and hated? The difficulty that confronts us is great, and it cannot be coped with by an act of the legislature. By a stroke of the pen you can remove anomalies in the administration. The force of circumstances, the pressure of public opinion, even the promptings of your own conscience, may lead you in a happy moment to frame a measure which, when once passed, remains an instrument of good. But you cannot with equal ease reform the *temper* of a whole nation. The roots of character always run deep, and much must be uprooted by a slow process before the soil is ready for a new growth. A generation cannot achieve what a century has failed to do. At the same time, if the question were approached in a proper spirit, something might be done which would pave the way for a better understanding in the future. I cannot speak too highly of the efforts which our popular Governor is making, both in public and in private, to bring about a better understanding between the Anglo-Indian and the Indian. In his speech at the laying of the foundation-stone of the new building for the Orient Club, he gave utterance to thoughts which do honour alike to his heart and his head. India wants more men of the type of Sir George Clarke, Sir Lawrence Jenkins, and Sir Walter Lawrence. A lifeless and soulless bureaucracy, seized with the fetish of efficiency, can never become popular. What we need is more sympathy in our rulers, and less of this so-called efficiency. If Bombay is the most loyal and contented portion of the Empire, it is due to the conciliatory policy of its rulers no less than to the political sobriety of its natural leaders. But to proceed with our subject, how shall we break down the social barriers which divide the two elements? The obvious answer would be, by freely mixing with each other. A cosmopolitan club or gymkhana would at first sight appear to serve the purpose admirably. But practical experience has shown otherwise. A visitors' day once a week at English clubs and gymkhanas is more desirable. Admission being of course dependent on friendship with members, a friendly gathering would always be assured. Again, the hospitality of English tables might with

greater frequency be extended to cultured natives. Not the least of all, it should be impressed on the minds of the young officers coming out to this country that they have certain obligations which impose upon them "the duty of self-restraint when provoked, and of a uniformly courteous attitude at all times." Let it be made clear to all officials and non-officials that when they leave Aden behind, it is not incumbent on them to leave their manners as well. There is a world of wisdom in Mr. Morley's remark that, "India is perhaps the one country—bad manners, overbearing manners are very disagreeable in all countries—India is the only country where bad and overbearing manners are a political crime." You do not come out to this country, my friends, solely in order to rescue us from darkness and misery. That would be an act of benevolence, which neither you nor any other nation is capable of. You have your share, and more than your share, of the milk and honey of the land. Do not forget this when you talk of "the white man's burden." When you accuse us of base ingratitude, turn the searchlight of criticism a little towards your own selves. Maybe you will find a few black spots. You have given us peace and good government ; but you have also eaten the salt of those you despise. Wealth has flowed to your country in rich streams since the lucky event which made you masters of Bengal. If we are to believe your own politicians, we constitute the bulwark of your empire. Surely, these are substantial returns for all the good you have done to us. Pause and reflect on this. Reflect also on what Landor has said : "In less than half a century it is probable we shall lose that empire ; but shall lose it like every other we have lost and are about to lose, by alienating the affections of the people."

H. P. MODY.

Bombay.

SEX WARFARE IN ENGLAND.

IT may be difficult for an Anglo-Indian, or indeed for any colonist, to realise sex warfare in England. When newly arrived from Australia, however, I was impressed by the pronounced antagonism between the sexes noticeable before suffragist tactics gave any excuse for the sentiment. Such antagonism is, of course, unknown in the colonies, and the causes of its existence in Great Britain lie deeper than is generally imagined. To some extent, it may be ascribed to the preponderance of the female sex, and to the result of that preponderance, the increase of wage-earning women whose inroad, because of inept legislation, causes irritating industrial disorganisation. These, however, are not the chief reasons, for in certain parts of the colonies, contrary to general belief, the difference between the sexes is almost the same as here, while the women of Australia and Canada are often quicker in their grasp of so-called male privileges than their sisters of England. It is not too fanciful to assert that this antagonism is partly due to the Anglo-Saxon's need of helots as well as heroes—a class to despise as well as a class to admire. In the colonies there is generally a native alien population to whom, rightly or wrongly, some measure of contempt is meted. England, however, has no native race, while owing to the spread of democracy, class contempt is becoming a thing of the past. Human nature, however, still requires its helot, so sex takes the position otherwise given to class or race. Woman, in some respects, at least, is the kaffir of England!

In making this statement one must, of course, guard against exaggerations, and differentiate between the consequences of old laws for which no modern mind is responsible, and the deliberate unchivalry emanating from the character of the modern man himself. Taking this fully into consideration, one yet sees a marked difference between the general treatment of women both in America and the enfranchised colonies, and the measure meted out to them in the Homeland—a difference affecting social and home life as well as

politics. Thus in America, though business honour is there much lower than in England, a woman entering the life is frequently safe from sharp practice, if she be not actually assisted. In England, in spite of higher traditions in general, she suffers more than her male colleagues. I am myself acquainted with several quite astute women of business who, as a matter of course, employ lawyers for comparatively simple transactions, because they know serious attempts will be made to defraud them on account of their sex. In the professional world the same unfairness is to be found, while one sees it even more clearly in English family life, where the young woman, expected as a matter of course to fend for herself, yet finds her career put aside for the more important training of her brother. The Englishwoman suffers in fact because she stands midway between two ideals. She has lost the home protection and financial security (implied in the daughter's dowry) of the older countries, while she has not attained the civic dignity of those colonies where woman, to a large extent, enjoys not only the vote but the other benefits arising from the justice and fairplay which prompted the bestowal of that boon.

It is the absence of this boasted justice which is arousing so much indignation in the hearts of Homeland women to-day. Englishmen, it must be admitted, are not far wrong in their assumption of this virtue in general, but as every man evidently requires to be unjust to some one, he makes this exception with regard to woman. He does not refuse the vote, it must be remembered, from any old-fashioned notion that she is too good for the suffrage, still less, as was for some time the case in the colonies, because he held that she did not want it. He refuses it because she *does* want it ! He refuses it sometimes because, though a democrat, he will not have her vote imperil his at the ballot box, often merely for the reason that his pride will not permit that he shall no longer have some one to look down upon.

As a consequence of this lower motive, English sex antagonism has a bitterness unknown in countries where the suffrage is denied from sentimentality rather than from intentional injustice. On the feminine side we see this antagonism illustrated amusingly enough in the case of one well-known English novelist who, because she cannot vote herself, will not permit her gardener to do

so, and keeps a strict surveillance over him on election day till the polls close. It is shown more seriously in the number of women who now refrain from assisting at Government elections, and who threaten to refuse all donations to charities save such as benefit their sex alone. On the other side, feeling runs quite as high, as is proved in matters both small and great, and often in a trend of feeling that existed before suffrage tactics were begun. It was before the suffrage came to the fore, for instance, that the scheme for a certain mixed club in London fell through because the gentlemen wished the lady members to leave and enter by a side door ! It is to the suffrage agitation itself, however, that we owe certain street scenes when suffragists, merely holding out money boxes for the cause, are subjected to the jeers and insults not of hooligans, but of well-dressed men. Parliament itself is not exempt from the charge of ungentlemanliness as well as injustice. We see it equally in the aristocrat Winston Churchill, M.P., standing out by Parliament to smile at the arrest of suffragettes, as in the foolish vulgarisms of the democrat John Burns during the ejection of disturbing suffragettes from his meeting ; in the poor witticisms of Asquith over the ever lengthening prison sentences given to women "raiders," and to the disgraceful cheers that rose in the House when it was decreed that Mrs. Pankhurst, the distinguished leader of our League, should serve her full term in Holloway. In England, in spite of a male league for woman's suffrage, it can be alleged that men and women are far more in opposition camps than was ever the fact in the now enfranchised colonies, or than may ever be the case in the older countries.

That this sex warfare is no temporary matter the beginning of this session has already shown, and as the year goes on there are certain to occur still stormier scenes between Woman and Politician. So far the battle, on the former's side, has been a mere affair of passive resistance, prison being always the final end in view. Thus one league besieges cabinet ministers' doorsteps till the inevitable policeman is sent for, while another attempts the doors at Downing Street to disappear later in the *Black Maria*. Larger raids on Parliament House itself occasionally land some fifty or sixty protesters in Holloway, but since the short sentences of two weeks, which as I know from experience are fairly endurable, have been lengthened to six weeks in the second division, there has naturally

occurred some increase of bitterness in the minds of the suffragist martyrs. It is small wonder, therefore, if some fury of indignation is at times perceivable, and if some of the suffragist women are not whispering of taking more active and violent steps! Let no one smile at this. Muscular inferiority means so little in these days when bolts and bars can be as easily manipulated by a woman's hand as by a man's, when the machinery of modern life is as much at the disposal of one sex as of the other. Colonists must remember, again, that Englishwomen are now well used to working together; and also that they have moved quite beyond the "ladylike" ideals of the Charlotte Yonge period. It is usual to speak of colonial women as if they were advanced in all respects. As a matter of fact they are quite behind Englishwomen in their clinging to the genteel traditions of the Victorian age, and consequently can hardly understand the great unyielding force that is behind the woman's movement here.

This force perhaps is exemplified no more surely than in Mrs. Pankhurst, who with a few others began the new tactics. In the movement there are women more intellectual, maybe even wider minded than Mrs. Pankhurst, but none with that compelling magnetism which keeps thousands of women metaphorically at her prison bedside during her present detention in Holloway gaol. Like all successful enthusiasts Mrs. Pankhurst is somewhat devoid of humour. It is related of her that she once finished up a magnificent peroration on the wrongs men had done women throughout the ages by an allusion to what her words seemed to indicate as the greatest wrong of all—this proving, after all, to be nothing but a reference to the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill! This defect, however, adds to her power and to the power of her sisters in arms, enabling them to go through what are seemingly the most foolish antics without a tremor. They have realised the great psychological truth that to be absurd more than once is to cease being absurd; the act, however irrational itself, often takes on dignity by mere repetition.

It must be confessed, however, that the Woman's Movement has still many difficulties to encounter, these being also of quite an exceptional nature. This is partly owing to the fact that the Englishman's prejudice against woman is on lines very different from those of other countries. The South European nations and most

LIPTONS' LEAFLETS.

A ROMANCE OF INDUSTRY.

Take such a business as that which I have chosen for my present theme—that of Messrs. Lipton—and let us consider what there is of romance in its history—its rise from small beginnings to its present greatness, the mission its founder set before himself, and how it has succeeded. Nothing very romantic, on the face of it, you say? Let us consider a little. To me the only trouble is to know where to begin. Take the personal side of it all, though it is not that upon which I propose to dwell most fully. We have all heard of Dick Whittington, and from our cradles we have accepted him as in every way a fitting hero of romance. In what does the story of his career strike a more romantic note than that of Sir Thomas Lipton? Sir Richard had a cat, it is true, but historians tell us that that romantic animal was, in actual fact, nothing more than a coal-barge; who knows whether, in centuries to come, Sir Thomas's yachts may not be transformed by the mists of history into animals or fish more romantic than any cat could be? Consider the story of Sir Thomas Lipton's life; he will be a dull man who can find nothing romantic in it. Consider the contrast between his first start out in the world of business and the position he has now attained to, between the child of nine getting a position as an errand-boy with a wage of 2s. 6d. a week, and the man of fifty-seven—one of the best-known men of his time, the head of the greatest firm of its kind in England, perhaps in the world. Consider, again, the steps upon the ladder of success

which he has trodden in those forty-eight years—how he went to America, at fifteen—how he opened a little shop, a poor little shop enough, such as you may see by the thousand in the poorer parts of any of our great cities to-day, in a poor part of Glasgow, eleven years later, hoping to profit, doubtless, by the commercial lessons learnt during his stay in America; how the one little shop grew into two, and the two into three, and the three into—well, every one knows what Liptons, Limited, has become to-day.

THE FEEDING OF A PEOPLE.

If we leave the past and come to the present, consider the business of Liptons, as it is rather than how it has grown, can we not here also find the material for a romance of reality? Think of the millions of people cooped up in Gt. Britain, forty million mouths waiting to be fed morning by morning, forty million bodies waiting to be nurtured year by year. They have long outgrown the food-resources of their little island home. All over the world industrious hands are working that those mouths may be fed; from every port long lines of ships are hastening day by day with the wherewithal to feed them. And such a firm as Liptons is the connecting-link between the toiling hands and the hungry mouths. Wherever food is being raised for the English table we may be sure that there also is some branch of Liptons' vast organization collecting it, shipping it to England, that it may be warehoused, purified, manufactured, distributed through a myriad channels to satisfy those hungry mouths.

(To be continued in next issue.)

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of those in the East enslave the sex largely through a sincere dread of their moral untrustworthiness. The Englishman, however, has entire faith in the Englishwoman's moral superiority, therefore his dislike of her power in political and public life is, paradoxically, more of an insult. In combating this dislike, she has to fight something vague, irrational, hardly to be defined. Nevertheless, for this state of affairs woman has been herself largely to blame. She has hitherto made a fetish of her mankind, even as the American man has made an idol of his female counterpart. For instance, it is quite usual to hear women in this country declare that they could never marry anyone but an Englishman, and certain it is that to accept a foreigner or a colonial is to confess oneself more or less of a failure, even though the party in question be socially and otherwise quite the equal of the Britisher. The Englishman himself, be it noted, pays no such compliment to the women of these isles, but contemplates the bestowal of his hand without any insular prejudice whatever. This illustration I have given may seem somewhat trivial and feminine, but much results not from such facts themselves but from the state of ethics they indicate. Beneath all her sex antagonism the Englishwoman has an admiration for the man of her country as distinguished from the men of other countries which is beyond all reason. She exaggerates, somewhat, his nationally superior sense of honour (regarding which George Meredith defines him as existing on the reputation of his ancestors.) She overrates to a considerable extent the greater rectitude of his moral life and in particular the staidness of his sex ideals. The Englishwoman will never truly take her proper place till she believes in herself more and in the Englishman less. She must remember that it is she and not he who shows national superiority in many of the broader virtues. In the industrial and civic world he has been notably less successful than his sex in certain other countries, such as Germany, Holland and so forth, while the Englishwoman, on the other hand, is acknowledged to be much superior to her continental sisters in that social and charitable work which she has performed so unostentatiously and quietly these fifty years, when she has so often asked for enfranchisement—and asked in vain.

CONSTANCE CLYDE.

London.

A FEW WORDS ON ISLAM.

(Concluded from our last issue.)

IN almost all the religions of the world there has always existed a class of people known as the Clergy, who hold the reins of religion in their hands and are regarded as special religious persons. But it will surprise many to hear that there is no such special class of the Clergy in Islam. Every Mohamadan is his own priest. He has to perform his duties as a priest, as a soldier, as a student, and so on. There is no division of duties. The orders of God are meant for all Musalmans and not for any special class. Of course, you will hear of Moulvis, Kazis, Mullas, &c., and these high offices are open to any Mohamadan who proves himself worthy of them. It is, therefore, wrong for a Musalman to say, "The namaz and roza is the work of Moulvis and it is not my business." It follows that no Mohamadan should remain ignorant, for how can he say his namaz and read the Koran, without knowing something of reading and writing. God has given clear orders to this effect in the Koran—"the search of knowledge is incumbent upon every Musulman, male or female." Mohamad says, "Go in search of knowledge, though you may have to go to China for it." In the Books of the Traditions, we often read that the Prophet had insisted on the point of acquiring knowledge. I have mentioned before that the sayings of Mohamad have been collected in the Books of Traditions. A few of these sayings will give us an idea of his teachings.

1. Wine is the key of all evils, so abstain from it always.
2. The Faith of Islam consists of two parts, one is contentment, the other is patience.
3. The best of men is one who is always ready to do good to others.
4. Knowledge and forbearance, when combined together, are matchless.
5. One who earns by the sweat of his brow is the friend of God.
6. There is a time for everything.

7. Humanity is like a string of beads, so that if one falls down, the others must fall also.

Thousands of such sayings have been collected together for the guidance of his followers, and so long as the Mohamadans acted according to these instructions, their rise and progress knew no bounds. Unfortunately, that line of conduct has been given up and as a consequence of it they have received the title of "a backward class." Neither God nor His Prophet desires that the Musalmans should give up their worldly affairs. Celibacy is prohibited in Islam. A Musalman must face all the temptations and not run away from them. He should seek the pleasure of his Lord in the performance of his duties and not in a hermitage. He must earn wealth whereby he may be able to serve his brethren and thus get Paradise, for does not the Prophet say, "This world is the field for the next world," so that whatever you sow here, you will reap there? Mohamad taught these lessons to his followers not by words only, but by his own actions. We read that he himself worked as a water-carrier to a Jew and thus earned his wages. What does it show? He could have commanded the whole wealth of Arabia to be laid at his feet, but he had to set the example. Similarly, his companions were doing different sort of work, though as Caliphs they were masters of millions. The Prophet hated the idea that one should live on the bounty of another. The meaning of charity has been misunderstood in our days, and this is the source of idleness in the community.

This is the exoteric side of Islam. As for its esoteric side, I am afraid I shall not be able to do justice to the subject, as I am not much of a philosopher. I shall, however, try to give you an idea of it:—

There are four grades in the progress of a Musalman towards "Union with God" which is known by the term "Wasal." They are Shariat, Tarikat, Hakikat and Marifat.

1. Shariat is the path laid down by Mohamad. It consists of the performance of religious duties such as the Namaz, Roza, Haj, &c. When a Musalman is perfect in his Shariat, he is entitled to join a school of philosophy, and he thus enters the second grade.

2. There are many schools of philosophy, and they have different modes of teaching. Some of these schools are Kadarya, Chistiya, Sabiriya, Soharwardiya, Nakshbandia, &c. Times are now changed, and we do not hear much of these schools, though in the days of their prime, each school contained thousands of students, and Wasal was the ambition of many pious Musalmans. A candidate entered one of these schools by becoming the Mureed or Chela of his Murshad (Guru). He received the necessary

lessons in asceticism and had to continue his studies till he reached the level of his Guru. He was then entitled to enter the third grade of Hakikat, which means the stage of Truth (from the word Hak, truth).

3. By the time the Sufi enters this grade, he has gained an insight into the Reality. The Divine Mystery is revealed to him, and he is known as the Lover of God. He sees through the past and the future, and is able to perform miracles. He is then known as a Wali, a Pir, a Saint. Only one more stage is to be reached. The following story will illustrate the progress of a Sufi through different stages. A woman brought her son before His Holiness Syed Mohiaddin Jilani of Baghdad with the object of putting him in his school. After being duly examined, the boy was admitted into the circle of students and his mother went away. She paid a visit to the school after a few months in order to see what progress her son had made. It was the time of dinner and members of the institution were taking their meals. She was astonished to see that the saint was feasting on rich dishes of pulao and fowls, while her son was eating dried bread and simple curry. She asked him how was it that, being a saint, he was eating rich food, while his poor student was given such a coarse meal. In reply, the Pirsahab collected together the bones of the fowl that was eaten and placing his hand on the bones, he said "Get up, O fowl." The dead bird came to life immediately and flew away. Then, turning to the woman he said, "Until your son reaches this stage, he must dine off dry bread."

4. Thus the power of the Sufi varies with the stage. The fourth and last stage is that of Marifat. Here he is not a separate individual. He has been blessed with the Union and forms part of his Beloved. The learned Moulvi Rumi says: "When the water of a river is mixed with that of the ocean, do not expect to get back the river from the ocean." The story of Mansur Hallaj is well known. He used to say "Anal Hak," *viz.*, I am God. Some Moulvies arrested him for this blasphemy and he was hanged. On the gibbet he continued to say Anal Hak. It was then decided that he should be burnt, but his ashes also said Anal Hak. This last stage is also called the stage of "Fana Fillah."

Students of Persian must be familiar with this mysticism, for the writings of many Sufi poets such as Saadi, Hafiz, Rumi, Attar, &c., are full of love songs. There you read about the lover, his Beloved, the pangs of Love, the cup-bearer who gives him a dose of (Divine) drink, the ecstasy, and the final Union with the Beloved. As we all understand, the progress through these stages is not within the reach of everybody. Many of us cannot pass through the very first stage of Shariat. How

many Musalmans are there that perform their religious duties regularly and abstain from sins? How can a Musalman be said to have passed the examination of Shariat unless he possesses in him such virtues as honesty, chastity, sincerity, charity, patience, self-sacrifice, temperance, love, philanthropy, &c.? Let him control his passions, let him conquer the devil and let him come forward to help his brethren if he desires to start on this journey towards Union.

A word about the position of women in Islam. I have mentioned in the beginning of this paper that the position of woman was a miserable one before the rise of Islam in Arabia. The first blow to the cruelties of the Arabs was dealt by the following verse from the Koran: "Marry from among women two or three or four or those whom your right hand has purchased. But if you are afraid of doing justice between them, one is sufficient for you." Thus, strictly speaking, this holy verse sanctions only one wife, for our daily experience tells us how difficult it is for the poor husband to do justice in the matter of his rival wives. The permission for more than one wife is meant for special cases. Islam is the advocate of monogamy. A friend once asked me, "Why did God not limit the number to one, so that no Mohamadan could have married more than one wife?" If that was the case, what would be the fate of the husband whose wife was sickly, or blind or otherwise defective? Only two courses are open to him, either to divorce her and drive her out of the house, or to take a mistress. It is under such circumstances that a Musalman is permitted to have another legal wife instead of having recourse to either of these shameful acts. The Koran has also settled the rights of women. They have to perform the religious duties of Islam just like men. As for their claims to property, those who are conversant with Mohamadan Law will agree with me when I say that a Mohamadan lady can claim a greater share in the property of her relatives than her other sisters. Education and moral conduct are as compulsory for her as for man; and her male relatives (father, brother, husband, &c.) are responsible for her education. God says, "O Musalmans! save yourself and your families from the Fire of Hell." I think I am quite justified in drawing the conclusion that a Mohamadan father will be taken to task by his Creator on the Day of Judgment for having neglected the education of his daughters. These are the orders of God mentioned in the Koran. Let us now see what Mohamad says about women. "Paradise is under the feet of your mothers." "Be obedient to your fathers so that your sons may obey you; and be chaste towards your wives so that they may also remain chaste." Again he says, "He who

abstains from sin at my advice, man or woman, will get my recommendation to God on the Day of Judgment." The Prophet always paid great respect to his daughter Fatima, and it is related that he used to get up whenever she came to pay him a visit. He often advised his followers to be obedient to the elders and kind to the youthful. The following story will illustrate this:—It is well known that the Mahim Urus is held in Bombay every year, in honour of the saint Makhdum Sahib. When he was a boy, his mother asked him to fetch water for her. It was night time and Makhdum Sahib took some time in finding out the glass and bringing the water. During this interval the lady fell asleep. The boy was in an awkward position, for he could not disturb her sleep. So he stood there with the glass of water in his hands, that he might present it when desired. His mother slept the whole night, and when she awoke early in the morning for her prayers, she found her obedient son standing with the glass of water in his hands. She blessed him from the bottom of her heart, and that dutiful son afterwards became one of the great saints of Islam.

Before concluding this article, I may mention a few interesting points in Islam which deserve notice:—

1. Taking interest on money is prohibited.
2. Loud laughter and unwelcome jokes are forbidden.
3. Singing and dancing is prohibited.
4. A Musalman can eat and drink with a person of any religion provided the article of food is not a forbidden one.
5. There is no objection to intermarriages between the different sects of Islam, though it is not the general custom. A Mohamadan can also marry a Christian lady or a Jewish lady without changing her religion.
6. At the time of marriage, the bride and bridegroom must accept each other and their mutual consent is necessary. (Unfortunately, this religious principle has been given up by many Mohamadans, and this is the cause of many unhappy marriages.)
7. Remarriage is allowed in Islam, but if a husband divorces his wife, he cannot marry her again till she is married to another man and is divorced by him.
8. If a Mohamadan dies in debt, his survivors should pay the debt, otherwise the deceased is not entitled to Paradise.
9. Hospitality is a part of Mohamadanism, and the guest should be regarded as a special favour sent by God.
10. Modesty is a part of the Faith.

11. Eat and drink, but do not squander. Verily, God hates the extravagant.

12. This world is like an inn. Consequently, do not give yourself up to luxury, but think of your future.

It is not possible to treat the subject fully in an article. I have, however, tried my best to show the principal features of Islam, and hope that my non-Mohamadan friends have got some idea of the Faith.

KAZI SYED BADINZAMAN.

Rajkot.

GOLDEN SPRING.

Golden March marigolds golden thoughts bring,
Golden, the buttercup, burnished in Spring,
Gold, the marsh-mallow, the goldfinch's wing,
All things are gilt by the gold of the Spring !

Over the valley pale primroses fling '
Glowing in patches, the wealth of the Spring,
Golden the broom where the goldhammers sing,
Gold is the gift of the bountiful Spring !

Golden the crest of the little brown wren,
Gilded the breast of the wild plover hen ;
Humble bees carry a deep yellow ring,
Searching the clover in sunshine of Spring !

Nuggets of gold in the daffodils hide,
Down the dim glen where the rivulets glide,
Yellow the beak of the blackbird—each thing,
Takes up the coinage of bright golden Spring.

Immortal the flower where the honey-bee clings,
Immortal the song that the nightingale sings,
And immortal the praise of the soul of all things
That ascends to the orb whence the golden light springs!.

MARGARET EAGLES SWAYNE.

France.

THE MORAL OF BASSEIN.

THE ruined city of Bassein is in a manner coming to life again, like so many things in India ; the new age has taken pity on its relics. Bassein is no longer given up to snakes and jackals or left to fight its own battle against the monsoon.

When first I saw the place, ten years ago, things were as they long had been. The towers of the old churches ascended above a dense and pathless jungle ; one track alone led down to the bunders. Thickets of all kinds guarded the ruins ; nothing could have dealt with them save a party of Bhils. The wait-a-bit thorns embraced the stranger with pretended affection ; the cow-itch tempted him to stroke its velvety clusters. And such was the climate that the least exertion set one streaming ; not a breath of air stirred in the jungle. In those days Bassein was no place for the globe-trotter.

Who was it that closed this chapter in its history, and opened the new one that is now being written ? One of our late rulers, I suppose ; his name no doubt is on the files in the Record Office. But we remember no one's name in India, and no one desires to be remembered. If, as they say, we live for our pay, at least we do not live for the base consideration of fame. And all we need know about Bassein is that some one saw it was being wasted. Its buildings might be recovered for the moralist or the historian ; its waste ground might be cultivated, and it might be made a little Paradise near the Purgatory of Bombay, where select spirits, released for week ends, might forget the horrors of their prison house.

All this is being accomplished. The Archæological Department has met the Agriculturists, they have delimited their frontiers, and agreed on a policy. The ruins are to stand uninjured, and the ground near them is to be laid out as a park. A grant has been made of Rs. 10,000 a year ; and two years' work shows a marvellous

change in things. Not everywhere, for much time is needed, but so far that one can now perceive the end in view. Thickets have vanished and pleasant tracts of grass appear. Every tree that deserved to live, lives on, neatly named with its botanical name, and proud to display its once hidden graces. Many strangers have come to try the soil, India-rubber trees and others, who if they prosper will send forth scions to enrich our Presidency. And flowers planted out with careful judgment show us use and pleasure equally well served.

The ruins themselves are more picturesque than ever. If this doubtful word means anything, it means, I suppose, "fit to be made a picture of," and this the ruins of Bassein assuredly are. The best time to see them—or to see anything in India—is the last days of the monsoon. Then every tree is in full leaf, every cranny holds its fern; the skies are blue, and the walls,

Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes

As are the tiger-moth's deep damasked wings.

One forgets that the picturesque is so sombre, that squalor and decay are the foundations of its life.

Bassein is a place of memories and sighs; listen there, and you will hear the roll of the ages. Close by the office is a sculptured stone, a doorkeeper from some Chalukyan temple. Where is that temple now? What Mahomedan or Portuguese hand overthrew it? Nothing is left but one stone to say, "I was here before the Feringhi came, I have lived to see him go." Turn aside there to the land gate of the fortress close at hand; a mighty gate, there is no prouder portal in India; in the very centre of it there stands a little house of Maruti. Mean and hideous, it is still a trophy of its faith; for the faith that built it lives, and pious hands renew its vermilion paint. Bassein is an episode in the history of Hinduism.

What would the builders of that gate have said, could they with prophetic eyes have beheld it as it is to-day? What dismay and astonishment would have possessed their souls! For they built, like the Normans, for eternity. Their views in India were not as ours. They came to live and die here. They meant to make the country their own. Their buildings prove it; the excellent stonework, the excellent mortar, the grand solidity of everything. They knew not what forces were arrayed against them.

They fell by the very grandeur of their views. They would make no terms with heathenism. No Hindu was allowed inside their walls, and no measures were spared to exterminate the faith. An army of priests followed their flag, and one impulse directed the spiritual and secular sword. This, it appears, is why they failed. This alone accounts for the strange end of Bassein.

For here alone in India you may look round and say, "On this spot an invader was crushed by native arms, a foreign yoke was thrown off for ever". Others have come and gone, their energy has been spent and they have melted away. But when Bassein fell, she was not yet enfeebled by time; the siege was one of the sternest in Indian history. It was pressed to the end, and that by a Hindu force—an event unparalleled. What was it that nerved their arm? A determination born of religious zeal.

Portugal may, if she will, claim that she followed a higher ideal than ours. I, who do not wish to quarrel with any one's ideals, will not quarrel with hers. Their condemnation is that they failed. Likely enough, when the Portuguese turned their eyes to Bombay, in 1600, or 1700, they thought little of the Bombay traders; and in point of splendour Bombay was a poor place compared to Bassein. But that temple of Maruti in their gateway points the moral of Bombay's success, and tells the tale of Bassein's failure. There it stands; and those who frequent it know that against their will no power in India can move it. However unsightly it may be, however much it may vex the restorer's soul, it stands secure. "The man Curzon"* himself (as "the Sister Nivedita" calls him) would not try to stir it. This is at least one secret of the policy that has saved Bombay.

The Portuguese did not fathom this; and if I read history aright, there were others, enemies of theirs, who failed to fathom it too. For it seems to me that the hostility of Poona to Bombay was probably due to the success of Poona over Bassein. The memory of Chimnaji Appa's triumph was probably in the mind of Nana Phadnavis. He probably thought that history might repeat itself, and the Feringhi might be turned out of Bombay. Herein perhaps

* How curious it is that the word "man" should be used 'to express contempt! 'What a piece of work is man!' says Hamlet; yet this very word serves to insult him.

he made one mistake, in not distinguishing between different sorts of Feringhis ; his intelligence, which was so perfect in India, told him nothing of Great Britain's power. But even in India one condition was changed between Poona and Bombay, as compared with Poona and Bassein. Nothing in the action of Bombay threatened Hinduism ; and the Maratha attack on Bombay was never so concerted or so vigorously sustained as that on Bassein.

If this be so, one may muse a little over the curious turn that history took. For it is certain the traders of Bombay had no desire to climb up the ghats and seize the stony wolds of the Deccan. If Poona had allowed them to trade and left them alone, the Peishwa, as far as I can see, might still have been enjoying his gadi, with the Resident watching him from his quarters at the Sungam.

All this, however, is speculation ; possibly false, as such fancies are wont to be. They proceed from our interest in the present, and are rather evidence of ourselves than veritable light on the past. Their source, in the Anglo-Indian mind, is a curiosity about Anglo-India ; can we explain this freak of destiny ? Can we, by any clairvoyance, follow it to its close ? Is the end of Bombay prefigured in Bassein ? Yes, no doubt, if we look far enough, though its day is not imminently near, and it will not fall through the same errors of policy. But after all this is no ground of confidence ; man never knows what changes time is preparing against him. Scarcely even by accident has the course of history ever been predicted. And what age has been more rudely shaken than our own ? But half a generation ago who anticipated the Straits of Tsushima, or the Hindu missions that are winning America ? We used to read in the poets of the mutability of all things ; and we thought to ourselves, " A thousand shall fall at thy right hand, but it shall not come near thee." To-day a sense of coming change is abroad ; and yet perhaps it will not come.

But " sooner or later " is the lesson of places like Bassein ; so sombre a lesson that it is best hidden from men's eyes. Therefore, when Bassein becomes a playground, and excursion trains run there, let us welcome to the spot, rather than philosophers, the joyous band of Philistines, of prosy optimists and sciolists and æsthetes. They will not misuse their opportunities ; they will escape the philosopher's *tedium vitæ*, and the patriot's vindictive rage. For one

feature of Bassein is its lesson of hatred ; every race and creed of India may find there some cup of bitterness to drink, some incentive to hatred, some good prospect of revenge. They have all, too, something to gloat over ; it is good for the bilious and the choleric temperaments.

'Tis a strange medley that Bombay has taken under its official charge. Would it have been better, after all, to let the dead past bury its dead ? To have spent those few rupees on primary schools in new Bassein ? On sanitation, &c., &c. ? I know not, but this at least is satisfactory, that the business is being well done. Materials for a museum are being collected ; snakes, tiles, stone cannon-balls, and rusty fragments of iron. The landscape gardening, as already said, is admirable. Thus, if there be such a thing as a *genius loci*, his long-wounded pride awhile is solaced, his slumber is lightened by a pleasant dream.

And the citizens of Bombay have an opportunity presented to them. Perhaps they will use it, perhaps not. The occasion of all these reflections was a trip arranged by the Teachers' Association, and designed to provide members with a pleasant and instructive day. It succeeded so far that a few veterans went, who knew Bassein of yore ; the young generation unanimously stayed away. It is ever thus ; yet perhaps a day is coming when education will mean something in Bombay, and will teach men not only how to get their livings, but to live. Then perhaps, not only teachers but children will be taken to Bassein ; the place will be vulgarised, and the masses will be refined. That is the end of modern education ; the living before the dead, as one may say. But why quarrel with it ? The age of democracy is upon us ; " we must educate our masters."

J. NELSON FRASER.

Bombay.

DIARY OF A DERELICT.

5-3-05.

HAVE “the will not to live” in this milieu where He is invisible, and light will come even to thee, oh solitary soul. “The will not to live” means merely the killing of Aham—of the lower ego.

Horace Walpole used to say that the world is a tragedy to those who feel, and a comedy to those who think. How did the old Marwari Balmukand take this tragi-comedy? What feelings had he, and what thought, I wonder. Apparently he must have had a score to settle with a man who, I am told, came from a village to give evidence in connection with his alleged will, but who caught the plague and infected his employer’s wife. Both he and she died. The employer also caught the plague from his wife—but he recovered. The old Marwari had apparently scores to settle with two, and the agents of his vengeance are his widows, his alleged adopted son, the pleaders, the summoning court and the plague. What a complicated machinery!

6-3-05.

North of the Bund there is a projecting block of stone and sitting on it I watched the bubbles in the current, and said to myself: “‘The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,’ and the Cosmos has its bubbles, and God’s mind has its bubbles, and this Cosmos itself is but one of them.” I saw a shoal of little fishes glistening in the water, and I thought the Cosmos also was like a little fish in the waters of God’s mind.

* * *

Voltaire, in his “Candide,” makes six dethroned kings meet together, like the three kalandars in the Arabian Nights, only the six meet to spend the Carnival at Venice. Oh, the vanity of human power!

"Human grandeur," said Pangloss, "is very dangerous if we believe the testimonies of all philosophers ; for we find Eglon, King of Moab, was assassinated by Aod ; Absalom was hung by the hair of his head, and run through with darts ; King Nadab, son of Jeroboam, was slain by Baaza ; King Ela by Zimri ; Ahaziab by Jehu ; Athalia by Jehoiada. The Kings Jehoiakim, Jeconiah and Yedekiah were led into captivity. I need not tell you what was the fate of Croesus, Astyages, Darius, Dionysius of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, Perseus, Hannibal, Jugurtha, Arionistus, Cæsar, Pompey, Nero, Otho, Vitellius, Domitian, Richard II. of England, Edward II., Henry VI., Richard III., Mary Stuart, Charles I., the three Henrys of France, and the Emperor Henry IV." What a long list this is, and the histories of Russia, India and other countries can add many more names to it. Abbas the Great (†) of Persia at the age of eighteen killed one of his own brothers and his own father and mounted the throne. He also subsequently killed one of his own sons and had the eyes of the others taken out.

* * *

The highest on this earth cannot say they are happy. They are themselves but little scintillæ in a microscopic part of an infinitesimal iota of the cosmic bubble, which glows only by His glory, within the limitations of that "ceaseless lacquey to eternity"—Time.

* * *

Evolution is merely the evolution of His freedom—which is His necessity. The little fishes in the water show greater freedom than the foam and the froth—though these also, if you watch them, behave as if they had life. How wonderful are the forms they assume, coalescing and breaking asunder, attracting and repelling, forming Trivenis in one moment, and, in another, spreading themselves out into networks and traceries rich with the gold of the Sun himself and glad with the glories of the Iris of the skies.

7-3-05.

The Maharattas have a pretty way of styling their elders and their sons, and even widows. A father is *Tirith rup* ; a son is *Chiranjiva* ; a widow is *Ganga Bhagirathi*—this last is a beautiful phrase which beats the other two hollow, but now sadly in discord with the treatment meted out to a child-widow :

Poor thing of usages! Coerced, compelled ;
Victim when wrong, and martyr oft when right !

23-3-05.

Says Umar Khayyam,

Oh, thou who for thy pleasure dost impart
A pang of sorrow to thy fellow's heart,
Go! mourn thy perished wit and peace of mind,
Thyself hast slain them ; like the fool thou art.
Better to make one soul rejoice with glee
Than plant a desert with a colony ;
Rather one free man bind with chains of love,
Than set a thousand prisoned captives free.

How many opportunities, alas! we lose of winning the hearts of the humble. One of the boldest personifications of Shakespeare is his address to Opportunity herself. He says to her :

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtained ?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end ?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained ?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd ?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee ;
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps,
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds :
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps ;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds :
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds :
Wrath, envy, treason, rape and murder's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.
When truth and virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid :
They buy thy help ; but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes ; and thou art well appay'd
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.

If Shakespeare had written nothing else, these lines alone would have shown him to be a master. They might be aptly put into the mouth of a Deccan agriculturist, though Shakespeare doubtless never heard of him.

10-6-05.

I long so much to do some *beautiful* deeds. I have had some practice in beautifying my thoughts and words. Now for some beautiful (not merely good) deeds—deeds that may attract Him to the Derelict—deeds done for His sake.

During my holidays I met an advanced Yogi, and he told me : “ Meditate on the *abhed* (indivisibility) of the Vaishwanara and the Vrat, of the Taijasa and the Hiranyagarbha, of the Pragna and the Ishwara ; and meditate not merely upon their *Abhed* but upon the *Adwait Sakhi* in each indivisible set.” This, he said, was the *Sanātana* method of meditation.

11-6-05. *Sunday.*

Read in the Rigveda to-day, “ Ila Saraswati Mahi tisro devi mayor bhava.” What Devis were meant by the Rishi ?

The Devas and the Devis are so little believed in nowadays that a judge, I learn, recently held obsequial services to be no legal consideration. A Hindu before his death told a neighbour, “ My wife is in the family way ; her time is nearly come. Take this sum of Rs. 100. Do my obsequies when I am no more. Spend Rs. 200 in all. Take the remaining Rs. 100 from my wife.” The neighbour spent rupees two hundred, but the widow refused to pay him the extra 100 and the Civil Court decided he could not recover.

* * *

At Prayag the Brahmins truly tell us Saraswati has disappeared. With her disappearance has come deep ignorance, and deep ignorance is the mother of lies. Here is an instance. A man purchased some land at a Court auction. He asked for possession and a bailiff took him to the land and said to him, “ Behold, I give you possession of this land.” The two then came to the village *Chaudi* and there the purchaser passed a receipt to the bailiff to the effect that possession had been duly given to him. The land belonged, however, to five joint Hindu brothers, one of whom was dead. The decree in execution of which it was sold was only against three out of the four living brothers. When the purchaser tried to cultivate the land, the ignorant son of the deceased brother obstructed him and even assaulted him. The purchaser lodged a criminal complaint against him and had the poor fool punished. The purchaser then went to a Mamlatdar and asked to be restored to possession. The Mam -

latdar, another ignorant man, threw out his suit on the ground that the receipt had been passed at the *Chaudi* and not on the land itself, and therefore no possession had been delivered ! On the day after the Mamlatdar's decision, the obstructor passed a sale-deed in favour of a third person and had it registered. He said therein that this particular land had come to his deceased father at a family partition. He could have honestly said, " My father was not a party to the decree and I am not bound by it." But being ignorant of law and of the way of the courts, he invented a partition which had never taken place and concocted false evidence to prove it. Had the case been before his village people, he would never have thought of lying

* * *

The Devas and the Devis have disappeared, but the Japanese and Chinese still look upon India as Holy Land, and when I was at Buddha Gaya I was told that pilgrims came even nowadays to that famous shrine. It occurred to me this morning to write to a friend to try to secure hospitality and courtesy to the pilgrims.

* * *

In his " Work While Ye Have the Light," Tolstoy quotes the following from an old Greek manuscript called " The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles " : " Turn not away from the needy, but have community with thy brother in all things ; call not then anything thine own, for if *all are partakers of that which is incorruptible*, how much more so of that which is corruptible." What do the words I have marked mean ? They rest on Vedanta. Community of goods may be impracticable, but why should not the spirit of the teaching be followed ? If all are seeming parts of the One Undivided, Who appears to be a Divided Self, if we are all Atma, if " we are all the sons of God," why call what is non-Atmic thy own ? Share it freely with thy brother. Be of the world and the world will love it ; own. Be a slave of Maya and Maya will love her own. As is thy love, so will be your reward.

The spiritual experience of Tolstoy is a valuable asset to every Yogabhrishta. He says:—" There is neither small nor great in God's sight, but only crooked and straight . . . God's work is like God himself—infinite. God's work and His kingdom are in you. Come to Him be to Him not a servant, but a son, and you will partake of the infinity of God and of His works." This is Vedanta pure and simple.

In another pamphlet, "The Meaning of Life," Tolstoy says :— "Life has an object which transcends man's comprehension and the service of this inaccessible aim (the establishment of the kingdom of God) is man's destiny. An aim attainable by man would be a finite one. Whereas the aim set before man is an infinite one, and in the approach towards it lies the meaning of human life. The end, attainable only in eternity, which is placed before man, is inaccessible to him, but the direction towards it is attainable. The law of organic life is strife, the law of reasonable conscious life is unity, love. On organic life, the life of strife, is borne the life of reason, connected with it. The object is evident—to abolish strife and introduce unity in the place of discord—unity first of men, then of men and animals, then of animals and plants." A Vedantist would say :— "Unity with the whole of nature, not only men and animals and plants, but even what you wrongly suppose to be inanimate nature." But Tolstoy goes far enough.

In another part of his book, he says :—"To ascertain the will of the father, one should ascertain one's own true fundamental will. The will of the son always corresponds with the Father's." Substitute for 'the father' the beautiful Sanscrit word *paramatma* and for 'the son' *jivatma*, and you have again Vedant pure and simple.

This is how he distinguishes the *Dwait* from the *Adwait* position : "To live to prepare one's soul for its passage to a better world is . . . to express, *in terms of time*, that we should live for the satisfaction of the demands of God, of one's conscience, of one's higher nature (*they are all the same*). To blend one's life with its eternal essence, with righteousness, with love, with God, is to express the same concisely outside of time." This is a paraphrase of Shankara's Paramarthik and Vyawaharik.

* * *

What, again, is impersonal life as distinguished from the personal, and what is Yoga ? "That which appears to us as the movement of our personal life is the form our life takes when we place ourselves *at an angle with the life of God*. But when we place ourselves *in the same direction*, then this life passes through us, we ourselves remaining stationary, the illusion of personal life disappears, and we are conscious that *we are, our life is nothing else than the power of God*. And then we experience the necessity of transferring our consciousness from the envelope to the power. This is difficult, but

when overcome, the problems of immortality and the future life are removed. *The consciousness of life is transferred from the moving form to the essence of the power*, to the very Will of God, eternal, infinite. From the consciousness of the form I have passed to the consciousness of life itself. How, then, can I fear that *that which alone is, has been, and will be*, will perish? I recognise myself as the power of life which passes through me. The movement of my life is the fluctuation of this form which had been standing at an angle with the direction of the power, and is now by degrees establishing itself in conformity with its direction. The conformity is established, the movement ends, corporal personal life ceases and I pass into the power flowing through me.

(To be continued.)

A GENIAL BABOO.

TO say that the College of Fort William in Calcutta was badly managed, upwards of half a century back, would be quite true ; but there would be no profit in dwelling on the fact. Old things have long ago passed away, and the system has been changed. But a brief mention of the position of the students in those days may, perhaps, be allowed to one of themselves, before introducing a native gentleman well known amongst them, and very popular.

The college in the forties of the last century had become a mere spectral institution—the remnant of a dream. That dream had arisen in the active and powerful brain of the celebrated Lord Wellesley. His idea was to educate a body of men especially for the Indian service, and to encourage the cultivation of the Oriental languages ; and he thought that those who were to govern the country, could be best prepared for their work in the capital of the Company's dominions. The slowness of communication with Europe, at that time, enabled his Lordship to actually inaugurate the project, without sanction from home. But the Directors were dead against the plan, when they heard of it ; and though they were stimulated to establish a college of their own in England, they were quite unwilling to support Lord Wellesley's bantling.

The original views, therefore, which suggested the Fort William institution had to be largely modified ; the idea of occupying residential buildings came gradually to be given up ; and though the teaching of the vernaculars was still pursued, the ghost of a corporate faculty was all that remained, and in the early forties, the college's existence was only indicated by the following arrangements. There were examiners, and the students attended once a month at a hall in Writer's Buildings * to show how much or how little knowledge of Orientals they possessed ; and they went on attending till they

* A row of three-storied houses, standing on the north side of Tank (since Dalhousie) Square, and now occupied by commercial offices etc., but by its name, forming a memorial of Lord Wellesley's project.

passed. Many did not wish to succeed, till they had seen a year or more of Calcutta life, and they spent their time exactly as they liked, either chumming together, or residing with friends. Nominally, one of the Secretaries to Government was in charge of students, but at the time referred to, the official Mentor had made an unfortunate mistake, which altogether checked his aspirations to guide the conduct of those who were supposed to be under him.

A student was in the habit of driving a female in his buggy on the course, who affected garments of such alarming colours as to suggest levity of disposition ; and the official thought it right to bring to the student's notice that he was creating rather a scandal. It turned out, however, that the lady of pronounced taste in costume was the student's aunt, who was, for a time, residing in the city. Much society laughter followed the disclosure of this humorous fiasco, and the merriment was increased by the circulation of a record of the incident, from the pen of Henry Torrens, the wittiest man of his day in India, conceived in the style of that Chaldæan manuscript, which years before had startled, and for a time amused, the literary circle of Edinburgh. So the idea of restraining the golden youth was, for the time at least, abandoned. The body of the students, however, was more sybarite than rowdy, and debt was the chief evil generated by the shiftless arrangements in force. Temptations abounded in the shape of goods of all descriptions, offered by agents who professed complete indifference to payment; the Sheik and his arab horses; the China bazar for old books and curios—and a bank which encouraged loans. Yielding to these enticements led, sometimes, to embarrassments which handicapped the first decade of service.

Moonshees were provided by the authorities for instruction in Orientals, but they were of different capacities, as might have been expected ; some knew English and others did not ; and again some had a talent for cramming, whilst others could only look over exercises, or smilingly approve of a rendering of the text in colloquial Hindoostanee, which usually amounted to misapprehension conveyed through mere gibberish.

So, if an intelligent student was provided with an inferior teacher, he would take private lessons, at his own expense, from one who was better equipped for the task.

In the forties, the Moonshee most sought after was a Bengalee baboo named Hurree Mohun. A bright, cheerful looking man, of a comfortable stoutness, though not the least unwieldy; of medium height, and with the regular features and raven hair of his race. His delicate muslin clothes were spotless; a white shawl, with coloured border, lay on his shoulders, and, of course, a silver watch occupied his waistband, with an extended chain; for without a silver watch and chain, at that epoch, no baboo could be considered genuine.

A made-up turban, not capable of being unfolded, surmounted his head, and with its unbending circle, resembled the nimbus of some swarthy saint—say St. Maurice. Though Hurree Mohun could read and write English capitably, he retained his national accent, which added a certain piquancy to his conversation without rendering him at all unintelligible. And he was fond of conversing, and subject after subject was taken up, till the task in hand ran the chance of being forgotten. Still he was a good scholar, and the recollection of studies in the *Bostan* or Orchard of Sadi, presents him as quite at home in Persian, and skilful in explaining and illustrating the text.

Practice in the Law Courts and in public speaking at meetings and lectures, has so improved the Bengalee English, that at the present day, a native of Calcutta could pass for an Englishman, so far as speech goes. But in the early Victorian period, though the desire of mastering our language was great, the spoken and written treatment of it, if sometimes picturesque, was also, occasionally, very droll.* The poet, Baboo Kisto, a few years later, illustrated the fact in composition. His writings had the singular destiny of soothing, with gentle inward laughter, the last illness of the eighth Lord Strangford. That accomplished scholar and philologist conceived that he read them, with the same eyes with which Horace would have perused our public-school Latin verses. A piece particularly enjoyed was of a transcendental character, and had been clearly modelled on the style of Emerson; a single unrhymed quatrain will give a taste of its quality :

Only be moralist,
Prior to extinction;
So shall be effectual
Thy epicedium.

The shrouded days, when the large, gaunt room was "close latticed from the brooding heat," and the punkah, slowly and narcotically swung over our heads, return vividly. Perhaps our conversation, or our studies, would be interrupted by an amazing uproar of crows out of doors; and on peering through the venetians, down on to the glaring ground and the shadows black as Erebus, we should find that an adjutant (the huge heron so common in Calcutta) had resented a thousand insults by slaying a crow, and the victim's comrades were furious in their continued vituperations.

One morning, the baboo having arrived and conversation starting on some ordinary topic, and rambling forward through immeasurable digressions, reached at last the unexpected goal—of Julius Cæsar. Eager to create surprise, a student related* how the first Roman Emperor possessed so clear a head, that it was reported he was able, at one and the same time, to perform three actions, namely, to write, to listen and to dictate.* Hurree Mohun, however, did not appear so astonished as had been expected, and indeed, after a little reflection, exclaimed with confidence,

"I can do."

"Can equal Cæsar, baboo?"

"Yes," he said, in no way appalled by the competition.

"How is that?"

"At home, in the evening, I can read the Dicken,—one; take my turn at round game of cards,—two; and smoke hookah, three."

The Julian star paled its imperial light.

And our Baboo was very fond of his Dicken, as he called the author of *Pickwick*, and spoke freely of that great book, and of *Oliver Tu-wist*, and of *Nicholas*. But perhaps, he would have been plucked if he had been examined in some of the jokes, and especially in the dialect aphorisms.

On another occasion, Hurree Mohun came in with rather a pensive expression on his face. As the conversation commenced, he remarked generally,—

"British are very just, but perhaps, in horse commerce, morals are not so strict."

* Pliny, indeed, adds reading also; but this, surely, is overdoing matters a little.

"Why, baboo?" was asked in some alarm. "You have not been dealing in horses?"

"No, not myself, but friend buys a buggy horse from a European gentleman. He was so swift—he raged through the bazaar like a strong wind. On—on—it was fearful! Close to this object, and then to another,—in drain, over heap, but to restrain,—no man able."

"Your friend was very lucky to get such a stepper, quite a bargain."

"Yes, but the horse had one bad fault."

"What—kicked?"

"No, no—he could not be persuaded to sleep."

"But advice should have been asked from some horse doctor; there are such, we call them Vets."

"My friend went and told the gentleman, from whom he bought. Gentleman said, 'he wants ball.' So ball was made and given to the horse. And then the horse sleeps sound. But he awoke no more."

The baboo said the last words so innocently, that sympathy was lost in unrestrained laughter. Far from feeling disconcerted by the matter being treated as a humorous incident, he joined in the mirth. But then the tragedy only referred to a friend's horse—proverbially an animal claiming little consideration.

In order to amuse the instructor who often amused them, the students would show any little invention or contrivance they had brought with them from *Outremer*. And sometimes books and pictures, but with regard to the latter, it had been often observed that the educated Indian of that day had no eye for illustrations—could with difficulty be brought to even recognise the object represented. A drawing of a three-master under full sail, after being examined in several aspects—one, indeed, an inverted view—was commented on by the remark, "It will be tree, I think." But this disability doubtless arose only from want of practice. For the schools of art have developed a marked faculty for drawing in our fellow-subjects, and they possess, of themselves, a natural sense of colour which has been displayed in Delhi miniatures, and rude frescoes in temples, cenotaphs and other buildings for many generations.

The matter is curious, because it involves the question as to whether unused faculties are not, on occasion, erroneously held to be proof of feeble cerebral organisation. But aborigines—troglo-dyte, naked, unable to count—are sometimes found quick scholars, in Missionary institutions.

The peculiarities observable in the English of the worthy baboo were very seldom due to mistakes in grammar ; they were caused by selection and locations of words, and unusual meanings applied to common phrases. What is laughable in our mistakes on the Continent, is generally attributable to faulty grammar, or unintelligible pronunciation. But what is, or rather what was, droll in Calcutta English, turned on its often being quite right, and yet quite wrong. An old Bengalee clerk, writing to a former official superior, who had gone home on pension, expressed the hope that his son would soon be coming out to India, when, if the writer's humble services were accepted, he would assist in looking after the young man, and in rendering him "as virtuous as is advisable."

But it was very unlikely that this expression was due to any cynical notion, on the clerk's part, that virtue must not be pushed too far. It probably was only a way of saying that he would keep the youth straight as far as advice could effect that object.

Hurree Mohun was essentially what is called a "good fellow,"—willing to work hard, if the student wished it, or to converse on any conceivable topic, with the more discursive and volatile. He was always cheerful and good-tempered, and with a great deal of that unruffled serenity which writers in the West, for purposes of their own, once loved to idealise, when St. Pierre found true philosophy in a pariah's hut, and Krummacher new ethical models in fanciful pictures of Brahminical life.

It could not but be felt, occasionally, in talking so intimately with the genial Baboo, how little, after all, student and teacher knew of each other. With what different associations, for instance one had taken his morning tub, and the other had bathed in the sacred river and gone through his *pooja* (or ritual) with flowers and bells and little brass vessels, before he could commence a meal. And to think that on all the great subjects of life—love, marriage religion, duty, death—there was not only no sympathy between the friendly interlocutors, but no clear understanding whatever.

The old scholars used sometimes to dream of an interview with Cicero, or some other ancient author whose style they had especially fancied; but the distance dividing the general attitude of mind between, say, Joseph Scaliger and Seneca, would have been far less than between an English youth and his Hindoo language-master.

English novels were a good deal read, even then, by Bengalees who knew English well. Hurree Mohun loved his "Dickens," but the farcical incidents seemed the chief attraction; others enjoyed their Scott and Bulwer Lytton, but the interest of the story must have outweighed the value of the sentiments. For a clever Hindoo barrister, on being asked, admitted that the love-making was rather difficult to get through, "because," he said, "we have no experience of the chances and vicissitudes of a love suit, as our women are secluded, and our marriages arranged by our families."

Hurree Mohun was, perhaps, past forty, in those days which have been recalled, and has, probably, long since disappeared and left no memorial. For the rites of his creed efface all external trace of the dead. He must have been cremated, after Indian fashion; and all that remained unconsumed, launched on the turbid river, and so borne down, by eddying currents, to the sea.

J. W. SHERER.

England.

NASRIN : OR AN INDIAN MEDLEY.

(Continued from our last issue.)

CHAPTER XXI.

AS soon as the field force broke up, Balwant Singh obtained two months' leave of absence and turned towards Naini Tal, where his wife with her brother had gone up for the summer. His joy and happiness were boundless ; he had come through the war safe and sound and had been recommended for a first class Order of Merit. God had also blessed him with a son, and he was eager to see his little child. What words can describe the ecstasy of his soul, the soft raptures that swelled his heart as he stepped into the train. The day was clear and cool, the air fresh and fragrant, murmuring love and music in his ears.

His wife, now that he was coming, was impatient for his arrival ; her eyes longed to see him, her heart beat at every footstep, but when the usual time of arrival passed away, and he did not make an appearance, she wearily laid her dainty head on a pillow and tears flowed from her eyes. All of a sudden he rode up ; there was a shout of joy and warm greetings as he hastily jumped down from his panting steed and sprang across the threshold of the jutting porch, where he enfolded Azad in his embrace, then with a swift step he crossed the passage and entered the room of his wife, who fell breathless and overjoyed into his arms.

"My husband ! My love ! My life ! Welcome, a thousand welcomes," she said.

"My wife ! My own ! adored !" said he, "you have pined, you are too gentle for a soldier's love."

"We waited, and waited for you," said she, "and my impatience grew with every moment. It has been truly said that as the time of union approaches, the fire of love gets fiercer still. Where did you tarry so long?"

"I could not get a tonga," said he, "so I had to ride all the way up, that is what made me a little late."

"Thank heaven, the war is over," said she, "and you have come back home, you will not go for a long time now."

"Sweet one, no," he replied, as he bent to kiss the baby who lay sound asleep in his cradle.

"Dearest!" she said, laughing and weeping in a state of perfect beatitude. "You can never know with what impatience I have been waiting for this happy day. I passed the night in counting the stars and the day anxiously waiting for your letter. God has listened to my prayers and sent you back to me."

"Now you have this little fellow to keep you company," he teased her, fondly kissing the babe, "I am already jealous of him."

"Are you?" said she, hugging the babe to her breast, "he is the very image of your own self."

"I am really a happy man," said Balwant Singh, more to himself than to his wife, "my heart is too full to express my gratitude to God for his mercy."

"I am blessed in you," said she, lovingly clinging to him, "how I wish all the world were happy like me."

"Say happy like us," he corrected, "I wish this moment would last for ever."

"For ever," sighed she, "let it be for ever. What dangers you must have passed through. I often blamed myself for living here in comparative comfort when I ought to have been with you to shield you from all harm."

"Your love shielded me always," said he, "I sometimes rode through a shower of bullets. War is a very sad and tragic business."

"It must be awful," she said, "there must be many a mother and bride who have lost the solace of their hearts and light of their eyes. War is cruel, I cannot understand it."

"It is a sad business," he repeated, "but in the middle of it one loses self-consciousness and is obsessed by the idea of victory."

"These wars must come to a close some day," said she, "I shudder when I think of the consequences of war, men pursuing men like beasts, killing and destroying each other without any feeling of pity or emotion."

"One has to die one way or the other," he replied, "it is better to die in a field of battle, fighting like a man, for the glory of one's country and nation than to surrender one's soul in the grip of some mortal disease. You know death on a battlefield is highly commended in our religion."

"I really do not know why our Gurus have so highly spoken of war," said she, "but now that you have come, I am content : my world begins and ends with you."

"And yet they say that Indian marriages cannot be happy. Are not we two as happy as any two beings in this world can be? Do not we love each other with all the ardour of our hearts which seem to have united and are throbbing in unison," he asked.

"I must thank God for giving me a husband like you," said she.

"And I am grateful to Him for giving me a wife like you."

"When they used to talk to me of my marriage," she went on. "I felt no interest in the affair; it all seemed to be a sort of farce which I had to pass through, but when I saw you, life acquired a new meaning for me. It is really a cruel and silly custom which enables parents to throw away their daughters. Sometimes young girls are married to old men and have to lead miserable lives, while some grown-up girls in the heyday of their life are married to boys hardly out of their teens."

"These things would soon disappear," said Balwant Singh. "I for my part bless the custom which has given me my queen."

"You came to me like a magic prince," said she, "all of a sudden unawares, and snatched my heart from me."

Balwant Singh, however, was not selfish enough to spend all his time with his wife; he and Azad took long walks together. They sauntered out when the first rays of the sun glistened on the lake, sometimes to "Cheena" to see the fine scenery which lies beneath it, sometimes out in the jungle round the Alma hill, gathering wild strawberries which grew amid a forest of dahlias, now and then to the Prospect Road watching the mist as it lay like a filmy vapour on the plains below; occasionally they would climb up straight to the top of the Ayarpatta hills and sit there, watching the light and shades on the lake as small, yachts floated like swans over its placid waters.

They used to spend their evenings on the lake, enjoying its calm serenity as the last rays of the sun bathed the hill-tops in a glow of purple and gold. The company of a few good and intimate friends added zest to their pleasure and the long wanderings on Sundays were really enjoyable.

But this did not satisfy Balwant Singh, who loved shooting and was never content without it. He obtained permission from the Forest Officer to shoot in the hills and commenced his rambles in the mountains after all kinds of game. But alas! time flies when joy smiles and illumines its dark course. Already his leave was running out. Two days before his departure he got himself photographed with his wife. Up till late at night they played cards, and yet before sunrise Balwant Singh had gone for a shoot.

He took his shikarees and climbed up "Cheena" after two *ghorails** which he shot dead, and then in the excitement of the moment he took a short cut to climb down the hill; he was walking rapidly, leaning on his gun where he could get no place to rest his foot in, when his foot slipped, his gun went off and the bullet passed through his chest. "O brother, I am dead," were the only words that escaped from his lips as he slid down to the foot of the hill. One of the shikarees brought the news to Azad, who was just returning after seeing the proofs of the photograph. He at once went to the civil surgeon, hoping against hope, and praying that his life might be spared. But when accompanied by the surgeon they reached the spot, he gave a cry of despair, then sank down besides his brother, who lay dead. There he slept on the hill, his hair dishevelled, his eyes shut, and a drop of blood on his coat. Azad could not believe his senses, it all seemed to him a horrid dream. "My brother, my brother," he groaned, "how shall I meet my sister? What shall I take to my home? Why, oh, why have you deserted us so suddenly?"

The shikarees placed his body on a stretcher and carried him away. Azad walked rapidly in front of the stretcher through sultry mountains; the wind moaned and rustled through the trees; even the sun seemed to have turned pale.

"All is over," he said, reaching home, and a wail of anguish rose from every heart. With bated breath they waited for the return home of him who had walked out in the morning with his gun on his shoulder, a buoyant heart and light step. They brought him and placed the stretcher in the room where he used to play cards or take exercise. The mother kissed his forehead as she raised a cry of despair.

"O, my ruby, wake, mother stands at your pillow; was it for this day that you loved me so much? Mother cries over your head. Ah, wake up from your sleep, O God, O God."

"Brother, brother," cried Azad, a stream of tears running down his cheeks, "why have you deserted me; was it for this you came to me? Sister come and see him once again."

"I have seen enough of him," cried she, as she tried to approach the body of her beloved and fell down in a swoon. When she came round, she wondered why life clung to her so tenaciously and prayed for a release from this body which seemed to her to be a source of torments.

The cries of the mother, the wailings of the wife, the silent but all-consuming grief of Azad were beyond description. In the meanwhile, some kind friends with unselfish and touching sympathy had made

* A kind of hill goat.

preparations for carrying the body away. They bathed, clothed and dressed the body, covered it with a red shawl and carried it away. Azad and his friends followed him to Bhowali, where on a pile of wood they placed the body. A man read the last prayers, they set fire to the pyre, and in a minute the body which was so carefully nourished was burning in the flames. A few hours and all physical trace of him who in the morning was hale and hearty had disappeared, except that he dwelt in the hearts which seemed to treasure his memory.

In the meanwhile, the telegraph had carried the news to his widowed mother and sister and his elder brother, who had brought him up like a son of his own, and they came to see the place where the darling of their hearts had talked and slept his last.

"O, why don't I see him with you?" cried Hira Singh, as a flood of tears streamed from his eyes. "Oh, why don't I see him here," he repeated, "was it for this day that I brought him up?"

"He is gone, vanished, no more to return," sobbed Azad. "Oh, why, why, did he desert us so? Oh, why did I let him go shooting, why has this happened?"

"Ah, why?" echoed Hira Singh, "Oh God, why?"

"Here are the cards," said Azad, "which we played overnight, look, the markers still show the scores. But he who played them is no more, he went out hale and hearty in the morning and we brought his dead body home.

"O God, O God," sobbed Hira Singh, "I tried to tell myself that the news must be false, but evil tidings are never false."

"We should not grieve," said Teja Singh, who could see things from a detached standpoint; "in this delusive world there is nothing stable, everything that you see must go."

"Have patience," said another, "one day we too will be sleeping like him, and shall have to drink of this bitter cup."

"Where is the grave of Alexander, where is the tomb of Dara," quoth a third, "but for this life of a day, what anxieties a man passes through."

"Because it seems to him to be infinite," said Teja Singh wisely, "the present seems to be assured to life."

"One does not grieve over flowers," sobbed Azad, "which have shed their fragrance and fade away, but one mourns for the blossoms which drop off unopened. He was only a little over twenty, and so loving."

"He was full of love," murmured Hira Singh, "he was like a child still. I sometimes snubbed him and then he cried like a babe."

"Oh, he was merely a grown-up child," said Azad, "and but for his love of sport he was as innocent as a child. Shooting he loved, passing

whole days without food and feeling very unhappy if no sport was to be had."

"It is God's will," said Teja Singh, "we must submit to his will; what is born must surely die. It is mere matter of time."

Azad looked at Hira Singh, as he thought how easy it was to talk philosophically when the wound rankled in another heart than one's own. It is different when one's own heart is pierced. The vapoury balm of words irritates instead of soothing. Time alone heals the wound or the suffering passes the limit, when its pain fills the whole soul and leaves no room for any sensation or consciousness.

The last prayers for the dead were offered; the unfortunate wife was put in the robes of a widow, and a cloud of sadness settled over the home which a few days before was so happy.

"Mother," said the young widow, "take care of the baby, for he has left him to me to console me as the pledge of his love."

"Child, dear child," said the mother, bursting into tears, her eyes having gone almost blind by constant weeping, "keep heart, God has given you the child and you have everything to live for."

"I have," said she, clasping the baby to her breast. "Don't cry like this, mother, I am quite happy."

"Are you, dear child?" said the mother, heaving a sigh. "Why, Oh, God, did I live to see this day?"

"Mother," she said, with great fortitude, "Don't give way to despair. Look, there are many English ladies who never marry."

"That is different," said the mother, "we are not made like them, our customs are different, and the life of an unprotected girl is extremely miserable, only the mothers know the griefs of their daughters."

"Why was I ever married?" murmured the widow, who was only in her seventeenth year, "why did you press so much for my marriage?"

"How could I know this would happen," said the mother; "who can change the will of God?"

"Indeed! who can?" she said, "but His ways are incomprehensible. What sin have I committed that I should suffer so much? He never gave me so much happiness, to compensate which He has sent this terrible sorrow."

"We are paying for some grievous sin committed in our past life," said the mother.

"But, mother," she replied, "I am not aware of any sin; it is difficult to suffer patiently for a fault which one does not realise. I would be more than patient, utterly resigned, if I knew my offence, but He

metes out punishment from the dark and as He is all-powerful, we cannot complain. He is like a parent beating a child and yet preventing him from crying."

"All that He does is for our good," assured the mother, "He, who, our Gurus tell us, is the fountain of love, can do nothing that is not for our benefit, though we like ignorant children fail to see His love in our suffering."

"It must be so, mother," said the widow, "but though I have argued over and over in my heart, it refuses to listen to all arguments, and clings passionately to his memory, refusing all comfort."

"My poor, dear child," said the mother, sobbing, "you will never see him again."

"Indeed, mother," she replied, "the missionary lady has often told me that we meet again in Heaven. We are sure to meet him: death will lift the curtain which hides him from my eyes."

"I hope you will," said the mother, "but you should not listen to these missionary ladies. They want every one to become a Christian, and all that they say has this inner motive."

"They are so good, mother, they are so sympathetic and so thoughtful, they never intrude and yet I always find some comfort in what they say;"

"They never talk any sense," said the mother, "you should never give ear to what they say. I never received them politely and so they seldom came, but now that you are courteous to them, they come so often. It is not good, my dear daughter."

"And yet, mother, the teachings of Jesus Christ whom they call the Son of God are almost the same as those of our Gurus: they preach the same self-renunciation and devotion which is spoken of so highly in our Granth."

"That may be," said the mother, "but their religion is not our religion, and it is no use listening to that which is not profitable."

"Their talk gives me hope that I will see him again," said the widow, "and it is this which I keep asking them, for far beyond the grave we may still meet never to part again."

"Never to part again," said the mother, "it will be beautiful if we meet."

"Not beautiful for those who forget and become faithless, but it must be joy immeasurable for those who meet in unbroken love and faith."

"Yes, it is a beautiful idea," acknowledged the mother, who thought of her own beloved husband who had gone a few years before the way of all mankind, "yes, it is a sweet hope, and there is nothing in our religion against it."

"There is absolutely nothing," assured the widow. "There are hints which can well be in its favour; they say amongst us that marriage is a spiritual union and as such nothing can break it."

"That is true," said the mother, "and the atma never dies; it is immortal, so the marriage knot can never be sundered."

"I live in the hope of meeting him: I often meet him in my dreams and wish to heaven this waking state would merge into the dreaming state, and then what a happy life it would be."

"Life is a mystery," said the mother, "we are born, we live, we die, without knowing where we came from, or where we go to, or why?"

"But it is enough to know that there is a God and His law is good. I cling to Him and take refuge in Him; sometimes I lose consciousness of myself and then experience an inexpressible peace."

"In Him alone is peace," said the mother, "the more we desire, the more we suffer, but when we surrender ourselves to Him, our sufferings come to an end, and we become partakers of His bliss."

Mother and daughter often sat and talked of future life, whenever they were free from nursing the baby, who was very delicate and required constant attention. They were most devoted to him, and though Azad often hinted that he was an advocate of widow marriage, he never found his idea supported.

Azad often thought over the question and did not see any reason why a Hindu widow should not remarry, for according to the Hindu idea, soul is sexless, and there could be no meeting in after life, yet even he felt a sort of repugnance to the idea. It seemed to him as if to entertain such an idea was to violate the trust of the dead. He had tried in vain to bring some sunshine in the clouded life of his little sister who merely lived on from day to day waiting for deliverance from her prison.

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(To be continued).

THE KATHIS AND KATHIAWAR.

A Sketch.

THE Kathis, from whom the historical province of Saurashtra derives its modern name of Kathiawar, have played an important part in the history of the peninsula, and a short account of their origin, mode of life, manners and customs may not prove uninteresting to students of history as well as to the inhabitants of the province and others interested in its annals. It might also stimulate research in a promising field of historical and ethnographical enquiry.

The Kathis appear to have migrated to Kathiawar in the 14th century from Cutch, having had to retreat before the Sammas or Jadeja Rajputs under their leader Jam Abda, the then ruler of Cutch, who pursued them to Than, but was defeated in a pitched battle. It would be unnecessary to refer, in this short sketch, to the earlier but historically unimportant migrations of the tribe into Kathiawar, which probably took place between the 5th and the 9th centuries (vide *Bombay Gazetteer* Vol. I., Part 1, page 100).

The earlier home of this community appears to have been the Punjab and Sindh, which they were probably compelled to leave before the advancing tide of Mahomedan conquest. Tradition attaches a romantic interest to their migration from Sindh into Kathiawar. The author of the *Rasmala*, or the annals of Gujarat and Kathiawar, alludes to the story of the Kathi immigration in the following words:—

“The Kathis were vassals of the Soomaree King of Sindh and lived in Pawar-land. Once upon a time a female dancer ridiculed the king as she performed before him, upon which she was condemned to banishment from his territories. The Kathi chiefs, however, called the actress to their quarters and amused themselves by causing her to sing the song which had offended the king. The Sindh chief being informed of this behaviour, issued sentence of expulsion against the Kathis also.” (Vide *Rasmala*, page 228.) This reads more like romance than history, and the theory of the Kathis having removed from Sindh to make room for more powerfu

conquerors appears more plausible. It is difficult to say when and whence the Kathis originally arrived with a view to settling in Sindh, but it seems possible that they migrated there from Central Asia, leaving settlements in the Punjab, long before the rise of Islamism, and are probably descendants of the Scythians or other non-Aryan people who continued to pour into India from the North from before the commencement of the Christian era till 500 A. D. (Vide Colonel Tod's "Annals of Rajasthan." Vol. I, page 110). The sun was their tutelary deity and Multan, one of their settlements in the Punjab, was an important place of sunworship. Settled in India, the Kathis assimilated many of India's social and religious ideas, at the same time retaining their own customs and habits.

After their arrival in Kathiawar in the 14th century, the Kathis took up their abode at Than (now under Lakhtar State), driving out their predecessors, the Parmar Rajputs, who ruled at Muli. Here they built a temple of the sun which is held in great veneration by all Kathis even at the present day. Tradition says that at this time, the leader of the Kathis was one Vala Valoji (son of Veravalji), who distinguished himself by several acts of heroism. The village of Gugaliana, about three miles from Than, which still belongs to the Kathi Talukdars of Bhimora in Chotila Thana, contains the ruins of houses, shrines, &c., built by Kathi chieftains when they held Than. Taking advantage of the confusion and disorder, which in later times prevailed in the province owing to the imbecility of the last Mahomedan kings of Gujarat and other internecine strifes and dissensions among the Rajput chiefs of Kathiawar, the Kathis pushed their conquests southwards and eastwards, and the beginning of the eighteenth century witnessed a marked increase in their territorial possessions. Chotila, Anandpur, Chobari, Mewasa, Bhimora and Sanosara or the greater part of the Chotila district, acknowledged the sway of the Khachar Talukdars of Chotila, Jasdan and Savar Kundla were held by Khumans, who, however, were deprived of Jasdan by Vika Khachar, ancestor of the present chief of Jasdan in A. D. 1665, and the Vala branch of the Kathi family ruled at Devalia, Chital, Jetpur, Bilkha, Bagusra, Kotda, Pitha, Mendarda, and Babra. The Khavads; also a branch of the Kathis, established themselves at Sayla, Sudamda, Sejakpur and Dhandhalpur, and the Karpadas were in power at Ramparda and Umarda. The three main branches of the Kathi family, *viz.* Khachars, Khumans and Valas, are called *Shakhsait*, or noble, and are said to have sprung from the marriage of a Kathi woman named Amrabai, daughter of Amra Patgar, with a Vala Rajput chief of Dhank, whose loss of caste, consequent upon this alliance, probably tended to prevent further intermixture of the

Rajput and Kathi blood. They are styled the elders of the caste and cannot intermarry. The inferior branch of the family is named Avaratias or inferior, who are split up into numerous sub-divisions, some of the most important of which are as under :—

- | | |
|---------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Dhadhals. | 7. Jatvadas. |
| 2. Khavads. | 8. Dervas. |
| 3. Bashias. | 9. Hatgardas. |
| 4. Gidas. | 10. Patgars. |
| 5. Jebalias. | 11. Makwanas or Khavads. |
| 6. Manjarias. | 12. Bhabhlas. |

Besides these the Kharpada, Vikma and Bhojak Kathis claim to be *Shakhait*, but they do not appear to be enjoying a footing of equality with the Khachars, Khumans and Valas. Karpada literally means one who has lost his hands, so-called from their bravery on the battlefield. Makwana (alias Khavad) is more a Rajput than a Kathi appellation and suggests the presence of Rajput blood in this off-shoot of the tribe. The Dhadhals trace their lineage to Rathod Rajputs of Marwad in Rajputana. There is one circumstance which supports the presumption that the Dhadhals have possibly got Rajput blood in their veins. The Khachars, Khumans and Valas being debarred by custom or consanguinity from intermarrying, marry their daughters into Dhadhal families and *vice versa*. The Dhadhals are not only held in great esteem, but are often rewarded or favoured with grants of land by the *Shakhait* Kathis.

The Kathi chiefs would perhaps have carried all before them, but their power and incursions were checked by Mogul Viceroy and by Jhala and Gohel Chiefs of Kathiawar. The Mogul Viceroy Sujatkhan drove them from Than in 1692 A. D. Sayla was taken possession of by a Jhala chief, Umarda became absorbed in the Dhrangadhra State, and the Khumans had to relinquish a large portion of their territory and render allegiance to their powerful neighbour the chief of Bhavnagar. There is reason to believe that the Khachar landholders of Gadhdha, the Khumans of Savar Kundla and the Karpadas of Umarda were at one time more or less independent. It is certain, however, that if they lost in one quarter, they made up for the loss by fresh conquests in other directions, and their possessions are at present interspersed throughout Kathiawar with those of Rajput and Mahomedan houses. Being born horsemen and endowed with great physical strength and power of endurance, and being expert in the use of weapons both of offence and defence, they were often able to inflict crushing defeats upon their enemies, after which they retired to their hillforts or strongholds, where they divided the spoils of battle. Of these forts the hill-forts at Jasdan, Bhimora

(named after the great Pandav Bhim), Bamanbor and Mewasa are still extant. Here they were invulnerable and reigned supreme. Here also they and their brave comrades held councils of war and in less troublous times attended to the civil administration of their Talukas. They listened as they do even now, to the soul-stirring ballads of their race recited with fervour by the family bards and conceived and matured plans for winning fresh laurels ; and here again guests were entertained with dinners and music, the music of the *Sitar*, of which the Kathi is perhaps as proud as the Irishman of his harp. There is something in Kathi character which reminds one of the Scotch Highlander also. His love of sports, music and horsebreeding, his unstinted hospitality, his predilection for residence among hills and in mountain fastnesses, and last but not least, his adventurous spirit, are unique, and pervade all his actions, nay, his very being. The territories in the possession of Khachar Chiefs and Talukdars are co-extensive with the romantic Panchal (Chotila), district which is rich in mythological and historical associations, abounds in mountain scenery and caves, and was once the reputed abode of the Pandavs and their queen Draupadi, *alias* Panchali, during their exile. The country in the occupation of the Valas and Khumans is not so picturesque or rich in antiquities, but is more fertile and productive. But for their career of plunder and somewhat indolent habits, the Kathis would stand in the front rank of those who have shone or figured in the history of the province, (Vide *Bombay Gazetteer* Vol. VIII., pages 123, 124 and 127.)

With the decline of the Mahomedan (A.D. 1590) and latterly the Moghul (A.D. 1735) influence in the province, the Kathis fortified their position in their strongholds, but the appearance of the Maratha invaders on the scene proved a source of trouble and anxiety to them for a considerable time (A.D. 1760 to A.D. 1807), though it should be stated to their credit that they fiercely resisted the Marathas in their attacks and often drove them back. The prosperity of the province was, at this time, seriously menaced by the incessant raids of the Marathas and the prevalence of outlawry, when the British Government stepped in and asserted its suzerainty over the ruling chiefs of Kathiawar (A.D. 1807). The country was, as already observed, engulfed in internal feuds and quarrels and overrun by outlaws and partly ruined by the depredations of the bold and adventurous Marathas, and it would perhaps have been swept away had not a foreign power whose watchwords are progress, truth and justice appeared on the scene, and changed the aspect of its history, restoring order and tranquillity and inaugurating those reforms and improvements which make for the

advancement and prosperity of a backward country. The Kathis have fallen under this beneficent influence and shown a laudable disposition to appreciate and take advantage of the new order of things.

There can be no doubt that the Kathis are an off-shoot of a pastoral and nomadic rather than an agricultural community. They are a tall, strong and well-built race. They dress somewhat like the Rajputs, but more heavily and fantastically, and carry a profusion of arms about their person. They are frank and hospitable to a degree, but will not put up with an insult, which they are not slow to avenge. They are indifferent cultivators and this is not to be wondered at when it is borne in mind that freebooting and conquest, and not agriculture, have been their profession, more or less, so far. Some of them are keen sportsmen. Their love of horses and domestic cattle, of which they keep a good stock, is hereditary. They are skilled in horsemanship and in the use of arms, but they do not take so kindly to education. In administrative matters, they are not perhaps quite abreast of the present times, though there are notable exceptions, and a change for the better is slowly taking place in the case of others. Unlike the Rajputs, who adore the gods Shiva and Vishnu and the goddess Shakti, they are worshippers of the sun, who, as stated before, is their tutelary deity. Some of them have lately become followers of the Swaminarayan Sect, and are among the most influential supporters of this Puritanic Vaishnav faith of Western India. The system of primogeniture does not obtain in the community and the continual sub-division of landed property among them has tended to produce a class of land-proprietors, who are scarcely better off than ordinary cultivators. Their family life is simple and conspicuous by the partial absence of the Zenana or seclusion of women, which is a predominant feature of the Rajput social life. "The Kathi women are on a social equality with their husbands and are treated as companions." (Vide *Bombay Gazetteer*, Vol. VIII., page 127). On marriage occasions the Rajput chief does not proceed in person to bring home the bride-elect, but sends a sword as his representative, whereas the Kathi bride-room usually repairs to his father-in-law's house in person. The wedding ceremony in the case of the Kathi chief takes place during the day as a rule, whilst the Rajput chief is married generally at night. The absence of primogeniture, the greater freedom allowed to women, his proverbial hospitality and the other traits of character referred to above, differentiate the Kathi from the Rajput; and there is also a palpable dissimilarity in their physiognomy and speech. Residence in the same climate has naturally produced a likeness of taste^s and habits between the two

communities, but the differences stand out clear and prominent and cannot possibly be accounted for otherwise than on the hypothesis of a separate origin. The presumption is warranted that the Kathis are descendants of a powerful military and pastoral tribe which dwelt in Central Asia for several centuries before the Christian era, and that a love of conquest or struggle for existence drove them into Sindh through the Punjab and thence into Kathiawar through Cutch.

The Kathi houses are a very picture of simplicity and neatness. They are generally built of brick or stone, and are usually one-storeyed with a verandah and a high plinth. There is an open and spacious compound in front, which is usually overshadowed by a spreading nim-tree. The stables for horses are close by and the milch cattle are tethered in an adjoining out-house where they are milked by the lady of the house or under her immediate supervision. The house, which has a tiled roof, is full of ornamental cots and swings. The interior of the house, which discloses a number of silver, brass and copper vessels arranged in a row on the shelf going round the walls, is further beautified with embroidered hangings of cloth (chaklas) inlaid with pearls, the workmanship of Kathi women, who excel in the art. Festoons (torans) for the doorways, ornamental mirrors and fans, swords, daggers, spears and bucklers and bamboo sticks mounted with iron rings, complete the list of the Kathi household furniture or decorations, not to mention richly coloured wooden cradles for babies and lisping children.

The Kathi loves, of a fine evening, to sit under the shade of the nim-tree, hookah in hand and familiarly converse with his friends and relatives. Their chit-chat is often enlivened by ballads sung or stories told by the family bard. *Kasumba*, or liquor of opium, lends further zest to the conversation; and gently intoxicated with the delicious flavour of the tobacco in the hookah, which he now smokes and now hands round to his brethren, the Kathi imagines himself transported to a veritable elysium! The Kathi, rich or poor, will not exchange the precious and delectable hookah for anything in the world. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that the above description applies to the orthodox Kathi of the old school, and not to his educated brother, who will not tolerate opium or tobacco in his house, and whose style of living is different. But nobody will challenge the fact that what the wine is to the European, the *Kasumba* is to the old fashioned Kathi, and the *Kasumba* entertainments at which the taking of *Kasumba* is often followed by courses of fruit and other delicacies, and which are symbolical of genuine Kathi hospitality in its primitive form, present a lively and

enjoyable scene, and will not fail to put the spectator in mind of the following lines of the Irish poet Moore, though I shall leave it to experts to analyse the effects and decide the relative merits of the Western wine and the Eastern *Kasumba*:—

Fill the bumper fair !
Every drop we sprinkle,
Over the brow of care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Wit's electric flame.
Ne'er so swiftly passes
As when through the frame.
It shoots from brimming!glasses.

Fill the bumper fair !
Every drop we sprinkle
Over the brow of care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

RANCHHORDAS N. JEORAJANI

Wadhwan.

EDITORIAL NOTE

A Study in
Contrasts.

It is not East and West that will be contrasted in this Note. That contrast is more interesting, and perhaps helpful, to Europeans who are engaged in transforming the East than to the Asiatics who are undergoing the change, sometimes with, and sometimes without, a consciousness of the metamorphosis. Lord Cromer is the most distinguished of all recent writers who have contrasted the Eastern with the Western character. He does not claim to have said anything that is not "commonplace," in his new and valuable book on Modern Egypt, on this contrast of characters ; but when a statesman of Lord Cromer's reputation sets his seal to a commonplace, its importance is immeasurably enhanced. About the nature of his portrayal, suffice it to say that if Lord Curzon had executed anything like it, with similar freedom and detail, in his famous Convocation address at the Calcutta University, His Excellency would, perhaps, have had to drive home that evening through a riotous crowd: the educated East has become so sensitive about its reputation. It is needless to add that the object of the maker of Modern Egypt has not been to paint the Egyptian black, but only to account for his opinion that, with all the good that England may do in Egypt or in any other oriental country, the oriental will not identify himself with the European, and the gulf between them will remain practically unbridged. Naught is set down in malice, but what is believed to be the fact is stated, without fear and without affectation of a patronising generosity, to convey instruction. To deepen a consciousness of the alleged contrast between Eastern and Western character may not be the best way of drawing Europe and Asia—and we may add, Africa—nearer together ; but if that contrast itself be one of the reasons of the

estrangement, nothing may be gained by ignoring it : on the other hand, something may be gained by recognising it and trying to remove it. This Note will dwell upon some contrasts between the past and the present ; for the progress that is noticeable, and the transformation which has already taken place, will show how the character of a nation is not fixed, and whatever its fundamental composition may be, its outward expression, at least, is liable to change in response to external influences.

About eighty years ago, when the question of admitting the Hindus, Muhammadans and Parsis of Bombay to the Grand Jury was under discussion, and the Supreme Court invited suggestions from the respective communities, the Hindus, headed by Davidas Harjivandas and others, made the following requests to the Supreme Court :—

That we may be exempted from all service on Coroner's Inquests ; the inspection of a dead body being considered a pollution by us, and requiring to be removed by purification before we can attend to any business, domestic or public ;

That we may be exempted from all Juries when a Brahman is tried for a capital crime ; it being our religious duty not to contribute to the death of any Brahman ;

That Hindus of the Jain caste may be exempted from all Juries for the trial of capital crimes ; it being contrary to the Jain religion to contribute to the death of any animal.

Here we get a glimpse into the past which is almost startling, because of the proximity of the time of Davidas Harjivandas to our own, when Brahman judges sentence Brahman felons to be hanged by the neck until they be dead. Davidas lived three generations ago, and what a transformation ! Even now there are some Native States where Brahman murderers are not hanged. In British India European judges often complain that it is difficult to persuade a Hindu jury to return a verdict of guilty against a murderer. The responsibility of a jury is not felt to be as grave as that of a judge, and when the judge has the power to appeal to a higher authority and secure the severest sentence permissible under the law, the temptation to shirk the responsibility, and to effect a compromise between one's civic and one's religious conscience, is great. How a king or an administrator of justice may be a follower of the doctrine of *ahimsa* or no killing, and yet sentence a felon to death, was one

of those questions of casuistry which were much discussed in ancient times. King Milinda, it is represented, found himself in that difficulty, and his instructor, Nagarjuna, solved it by the ingenious explanation that when a felon is sentenced to death for an offence, it is his own *karma* that is the cause of his death, and neither the king who is responsible for the laws of the country, nor the judge who administers those laws. This way of getting out of the moral dilemma is perhaps not generally known, or very likely it is felt to be more ingenious than sound. The Brahmanical teachers and lawyers naturally favoured a literal and unconditional interpretation of the injunction that the blood of a holy man should in no circumstances be shed. While this belief may even now operate on the minds of many jurors, few would openly avow it nowadays as Davidas Harjivandas and others did eighty years ago. Educated Hindus will not acknowledge any religious scruples which may disentitle them to be judges and jurors. The contrast is the result of the slow operation of European ideas. There have always been two schools of statesmen and administrators in India, one holding that the prejudices of the Natives must disappear, and their character improve, before they can be entrusted with responsible duties in administration, and the other that their employment in responsible positions in the public service will be the surest and the most practical way of dispelling their prejudices and reforming their character. Sir John Malcolm, who was Governor of Bombay at the time referred to, belonged to the latter school. He denied the truth of much that was said against Native character, and argued as follows :—

As servants to ignorant, capricious and sometimes violent European masters, they have no doubt often proved full of falsehood, cunning and servility. When judged by their conduct to despots and tyrants of their own tribe, they have been found guilty of the defects and crimes which belong to men in such a condition all over the world. But have we been disappointed in the trials we have made of the natives of India as servants, not of individuals, but of Government ? Has not our native army proved faithful, and brave ? Have not the few native servants we have yet ventured to raise above the will and pleasure of an European superior fully met our expectation ? Assuredly, then, to conclude that they will not perform their duty as jurors is to condemn them without fair and full trial.

Assuming, however, that the servants of Government, too, had their own defects of character, Sir John Malcolm maintained that there were "duties and immunities calculated not merely to change but to form the characters" of people, and that observations formed of men debarred from such duties would not warrant the Government in assuming what the conduct of the same men would be under "the exciting motives of a wiser and a more liberal policy." These exciting motives have produced a vast change in the beliefs and practices of those who wish to enjoy the emoluments and power which fall to the share of the higher ranks of public servants, and the amenities of the functions of Government.

At the last meeting of the Viceregal Council a non-official Native member recommended legislation for the purpose of suppressing "unequal marriages," marriages of girls hardly yet in their teens with grey-haired bridegrooms, and the practice of giving ruinous dowries and expensive dinners. Another member introduced a Bill for the control of religious endowments. Contrast this action of the two Native members with the cautious advice which even Ram-mohan Roy tendered to Lord William Bentinck on the suppression of *sati*. "It was his opinion," says Bentinck in his famous minute on the subject, "that the practice might be suppressed quietly and unobservedly by increasing the difficulties, and by the indirect agency of the police. He apprehended that any public enactment would give rise to a general apprehension" that the English, having once obtained supremacy by a profession of universal toleration, were trying to withdraw from that profession, and would ultimately force their religion upon the people of India. The legislation recommended by the Native members at the last meeting of the Viceregal Council does not involve any interference with the religion of the people, but every student of the social history of India knows how readily, and on what fanciful grounds, the cry of interference with religion is sometimes raised in this country. It was raised not only before the days of the Universities and of higher education, but in the seventies of last century, when the first products of academic training were welcomed and trusted as valuable exponents of Native public opinion, and even in the nineties when the Congress had taught the art of focussing public opinion on public questions. The contrast between the old and the new attitude towards social legis-

lation would have been perceptible in British India earlier, if the Government had not hesitated to interfere with the customs of the people. The Native States stand in less danger of being misunderstood by their subjects and they have, accordingly, led the way, so that Native members of the Legislative Councils now invite the Government to adopt a bolder policy, instead of advising it, like Rammohan Roy, to be cautious and slow in correcting the evils to which the people have been wedded for centuries. Instances of such contrasts between the sentiments of the Native community to-day with those of an earlier generation, when the rays of European civilisation were just gilding the mountain-tops, may be indefinitely multiplied, if we search for them in the private life of the community. The two examples given above have been selected, because they are the public representations of responsible public men.

The hand of Time has improved not only the customs and character of the people : it has brought about a vast change in the character of the administration. And if it is instructive to remember that Indian sentiments and ideals are not what they were three generations ago, it is equally instructive to notice the counterpart of the great truth, that European ideals of government—we are not concerned with their social sentiments—were not what they are. The common instruction derived from both the contrasts is that “progress is not an accident, but a necessity ; it is part of Nature,” in the tropical as in the temperate zone. The latest reform on which the Government of India has decided upon embarking is the separation of judicial and executive functions of magistrates. Let us go back once more to the days of Sir John Malcolm. He was engaged in a mighty tournament with Sir J. P. Grant and the “quill-driving lawyers.” Malcolm contended that the Governor of Bombay should be empowered, in all cases where it appeared to him that the Supreme Court was exceeding its jurisdiction, to suspend the proceeding until a reference could be made to England, and to take a similar step in all cases in which the Governor thought the interference of the Court would be dangerous to the State. The story of Malcolm’s quarrel with Grant is graphically narrated by Kaye. Moro Raghunath, a Hindu minor of Poona, was placed by the local court under the guardianship of Pandurang Ramchander, his uncle, a friend and

relation of the Peishwa. Another relation thought that he had a better right to the guardianship of the boy, and he was advised by lawyers that the Supreme Court had the power of removing the boy from Poona by a writ of Habeas Corpus, and of delivering him into the applicant's custody, if the Court thought fit. An affidavit was preferred to the effect that the boy was under personal restraint injurious to his health, and a writ was issued commanding his body to be produced at Bombay. The Governor thought that the action of the Supreme Court was illegal : he took counsel with his colleagues, and addressed a letter to the Court, informing it that in the opinion of the Governor in Council it had exceeded its jurisdiction, and directing that " no further legal proceedings be admitted in the case of Moro Raghunath, and no returns be made to any writs of Habeas Corpus directed to any officers of the provincial courts, or to any of our native subjects not residing in the island of Bombay." Similar objection was taken to the action of the Supreme Court in having ordered the release and production at Bombay of a person called Bapu Ganesh, who had been sentenced to imprisonment by the criminal judge at Thana. Sir John Grant appealed to His Majesty the King to uphold the dignity and authority of his Court, but the Privy Council came to the conclusion that the Court had exceeded its jurisdiction in issuing the writs of Habeas Corpus in the two cases. It is unnecessary to say that until orders arrived from England the state of feeling in Bombay was one of intense excitement. The Commander-in-Chief had signed the Government's letter to the Supreme Court, but he seems to have changed his mind subsequently, and expressed his willingness to execute the writ if it was issued to him. Malcolm thereupon prepared to arrest and deport the Commander-in-Chief if he dared to execute the writ of the Supreme Court. The powers of the Court and the law-making authority of the Government were not as clearly defined in those days as they have since been, and it is not our present purpose to follow the history of the quarrel. It is interesting at the present moment to notice the considerations urged by Malcolm in favour of empowering the local Government to make laws and regulations which should be binding upon the Supreme Court. He argued that the " primary object of all laws is to maintain the internal order and peace of the country," and if the Supreme Court could release at its own sweet

will turbulent characters kept in custody by the provincial magistrates, until they furnished security for good behaviour, "villages and tracts of cultivation would become waste, peaceable and profitable subjects would be converted into desperate outlaws, the revenue would fall off rapidly, and regularity and public peace and security would be at an end." It may appear to us in these peaceful times that Malcolm was exaggerating, if not romancing. But his times were quite different. It was a new idea to the natives of India that a court of law could be independent of the local Government. The Native Chiefs of the presidency are said to have expressed their surprise and alarm at the authority which the Supreme Court was assuming, and the principal inhabitants of Poona informed the local judge that if the jurisdiction of that Court was established, "they had made up their minds to quit the Company's dominions, rather than leave their property and their honour at the mercy of the informers or corrupt servants, who might league with lawyers' emissaries from Bombay, and bring them before a tribunal, with whose form, rules and language they were unacquainted." Similar conflicts had occurred between the local Government and the Supreme Court in Bengal. In the end, it was decided to empower the Government to make laws binding upon all courts, and now the power of the High Courts to issue a writ of Habeas Corpus is governed by the Criminal Procedure Code passed by the Indian Legislature. Metcalfe was another great administrator who, like Malcolm, contended that the King's Courts in the presidency towns ought not to be allowed to defeat the measures adopted by the Provincial Courts of the Company for the preservation of peace. Malcolm thought that lawyers coming fresh from England, and ignorant of the state of the country, the difficulties of administering it, and of the customs and prejudices of the people, were not fit to be entrusted with the power of interfering with the discretion of the provincial judges who had local experience. Even now the Civilians have generally a similar opinion of the incompetence of Barristers to administer a kind of law which a country like India requires. The subordination of the executive Government to the law of the land, and to the judiciary administering that law, is no longer a matter of dispute, but the executive Government has practically the power of passing any laws it considers suitable to the needs and

circumstances of the country. Principles apart, there is a remarkable contrast between the spirit of the speech delivered by the Hon. Sir Harvey Adamson at the Viceregal Council on the separation of the judicial and executive functions of the District Magistrates, and that of the minutes written years ago by Malcolm and Metcalfe. Sir Harvey is desirous of maintaining unaffected the purity and serenity of the atmosphere of a law court in times of excitement, and he apprehends that the magistrates may not be able to sustain the popular confidence in British justice, the mainstay of British prestige, if they have also executive duties to discharge and are responsible for the reputation of the police. Eighty years ago the broadest-minded administrators were more anxious to inspire respect for the agency employed in the detection and suppression of crime than for the unperturbable impartiality of a judicial officer. Malcolm recognised as much as any one does to-day the necessity for maintaining the independence of the judiciary : the apparent contrast is due to a change in the circumstances. Peace is established, and the occasions of excitement are fewer now than they were in the days of the early administrators and warriors. Special statutes now afford ample protection to the executive, while engaged in a *bonâ fide* discharge of their duties, sometimes even when they exceed their powers, so that there is no longer any possibility of the judiciary paralysing their action by threats of exercising a superior jurisdiction to their personal prejudice. Different times, different manners. No contrast can be more glaring than that between some of the features of the Company's government, and the administration of India under the Crown, and yet both are attributed to the Occident. Why should the superficial contrasts between the Orient and the Occident be ascribed to ineradicable defects, to unchangeable tendencies, and to radical differences between man and man ? Institutions and manners may be the guinea's stamp, and man may be the gold for all that.

CURRENT EVENTS.

It turns out that those who congratulated themselves on the speedy termination of the expedition against the Zakka Khels hol-laed before they were out of the wood. The Mohmunds have taken their place. Not only so, a warlike movement against the British Government is believed to be spreading along the frontier; but its extent seems to be more or less a matter of conjecture. It is possible that the raids of the Zakka Khels were the first signs of an eruption of some magnitude, and were not an isolated phenomenon. But whatever the understanding among the frontier tribes concerned might have been before the expedition into Bazar Valley, there seems to be little doubt that since that event, at least, fanatic Mullahs and other turbulent spirits have been preaching a Jihad against the British Government. It is understood that many a subject of His Majesty the Amir of Afghanistan, who swore eternal friendship to the British while he was touring magnificently through India, has joined the enemy. It was not known for some time that the Amir had tried to dissuade them from the enterprise of raiding the territories of a friendly Government. Naturally, therefore, some connection was sought to be established, among political speculators, between the conduct of the Afghans and the Anglo-Russian Agreement, which was not only concluded without any previous reference to the Amir, but which must have tended to reduce his importance in his own eyes. The Amir's importance as a friend, whom it is inexpedient to lose, varies with the danger of a Russian invasion, if not into India, at least into some region which England wants to keep beyond the sphere of Russian influence. The smaller that danger, the smaller the value of the Amir's sincere and

active friendship. It may, however, be that as a matter of fact, the Amir's delay in the acceptance of the portions of the Agreement relating to him has nothing whatever to do with the sympathy of some Afghans with the hostile frontier tribes. Amir Habibullah is said to have chaffed Sir Louis Dane on the difficulty which our Government constantly experiences in punishing the warlike frontier tribes, and it is not unlikely that he is following the course of events with some degree of interest. It may be too early to cherish the serious suspicion that he looks with approval upon the conduct of his subjects who are said to have joined the Mohmunds. It has authoritatively been stated in Parliament that the Amir has no sympathy with the raiders. It is unnecessary to say that the policy of the Government of India in the present case has been strictly defensive. The most determined critic does not seem to have suggested in Parliament that its conduct was aggressive or smacked of Jingoism. The Indian press, too, has not found the smallest shred of evidence to accuse the Government of having provoked hostilities for the sake of providing employment for the army. Some vague suspicions have been breathed that, possibly, the Mohmunds imagine themselves aggrieved by some tactless piece of behaviour of some officer or other. But no one has been able to discover anything definite which may be charged against the Government. The Mohmunds are rather a numerous tribe, and they are armed with good rifles. But these tribes have no good organisation for a sustained and prolonged war. Up till now one passage of arms has taken place. The casualties on the British side, as one wishes, might have been fewer. But the enemy is believed to have lost heavily and been already disheartened by the losses. The Jihad may fizzle out within a short time. At present it is a matter more for hope than for assurance. It seems that the expedition into Bazaar Valley had certain lessons of a technical nature to convey to the students of military science. The value of certain formations, methods of advance, and strategic movements is said to have been demonstrated, though the price paid for the instruction was not very light. What will the present warfare teach? Is General Willcocks making any experiments? Shall we ever learn, or will it ever be demonstrated as a truth, that India is best defended when our army acts on the defence, and that aggression or a "forward policy" only aggravates the difficulties of defence?

The late lamented Duke of Devonshire, when Secretary of State for India, said that India ought to stand outside the range of party politics on questions of purely internal administration, while the only way of attracting attention to the defence of this country and the foreign relations of the Government of India was to make such large questions of policy party questions. Since those days the tendency has been to exclude problems of imperial defence and imperial administration as much as possible from strictly party politics. The educated classes of India take more interest in the internal administration of the country than in the foreign policy of the Government ; for, while the taxation is materially affected by the foreign policy, the voice of the people is even less regarded on those high themes than on questions of internal administration. It is, therefore, discussed with much keenness and concern whether one party is more likely to favour popular aspirations than another. Mr. Morley and Lord Minto are in close agreement, and disappointment is expressed by many that the Liberal Secretary of State is as submissive to the bureaucracy and as slow to put his ideals into operation in India as the Conservative Viceroy. The changing fortunes of the parties in England are consequently looked upon with practical unconcern by many. Yet the very word Liberal has attractions of its own, and it is believed that Mr. Morley, with all his shortcomings, must be preferable to any Conservative Secretary of State, and hence the recent freaks of the British electorate have caused some amount of apprehension among those who have not entirely lost their faith in Mr. Morley. His party has fallen, or is falling, on evil days. The loss of the old leader is in itself a misfortune. Though he could not be compared with Gladstone, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was reputed to be a stauncher Liberal than Mr. Asquith is up till now known to be. The late Premier was a warmer friend of self-government, it is believed, than his successor, and his attitude on the question of the partition of Bengal made his name more popular with the Bengalis than Mr. Morley's. Lord Curzon has humorously said that the present Government has exhibited symptoms of "juvenile decay." A greater danger than from this decay may come from a possible change in men's opinions on the fiscal policy. The Unionists have admittedly to make much leeway, and Lord Curzon, in speaking on the prospects of his party last month, thought that

more "Peckhams" would be required to return it to power. One more, and more significant, victory for the Unionists has since been scored. If Mr. Winston Churchill proves as unsuccessful at Dundee as at Manchester, the sooner Mr. Morley gets through his reforms, the better.

THE SECOND AFGHAN WAR.*

Although a work on military strategy does not, as a rule, appeal to the general reader, it has a high value for the student of history and diplomacy, not to say that it is the necessary training-ground for the future military officer. In one handy volume Mr. Murray has produced for us a valuable history of the military operations of the second Afghan War; it has an official stamp on it, as it has been compiled from the notes and documents of Major-General Sir Charles Macgregor, who served with the Khyber Field Force, then as Chief of the Staff to General Roberts and Sir Donald Stewart, and finally as a Brigadier in the historic march to Kandahar. It is now revised by the Intelligence Branch of the Military Department and published with the sanction of the Government of India. Even as a purely military history the book throws valuable light upon some of the operations of the Second Afghan War, hitherto involved in doubt and obscurity, and amongst other things, bears valuable testimony to the services of the native regiments. The detailed account of the operations at Maiwand, which ended so disastrously for the British Army, clears up the doubtful conjectures of earlier annalists of the war who confounded the sequence of events and were unable to give a succinct account of the main incidents of the fight. The confusion caused by the counter orders of Brigadier-General Nutall, and the gallant stand made by the 66th Foot, commanded by Colonel Galbraith, are vividly described, as far as practicable in the words of eye-witnesses, and serve to bring out the main features of the unequal struggle. Of the services rendered by native troops, we shall select only one instance, not as illustrating their gallantry in actual fighting but as showing their zeal and sense of duty. "After the advanced force had left Quetta," writes Major-General Phayre, "the drivers of a convoy of 300 carts, laden with food supplies, proceeding to the front, deserted and could not be replaced at the time. In this dilemma

* "The Second Afghan War 1878-80," (London, John Murray, Albemarle Street W, 21/- net.)

Captain Watling arranged with Captain Harpur of his own regiment (23rd Bombay Light Infantry) to have these carts taken on by the sepoys as drivers. Three hundred men, or about half the regiment, readily undertook the work, and brought the convoy safely to its destination."

The book before us will appeal not only to the student of military operations, but to the general reader as well; for amongst other features of interest it contains a graphic and circumstantial account of the events that preceded and led to the massacre of Major Cavagnari and his party at Cabul, and an account of the negotiations that led to the acknowledgment of Abdur Rahman as Amir. Moreover, it throws some light on the policy and conduct of Yakub Khan, and vindicates in this way the British attitude towards that unfortunate man. The number of maps and illustrations that are scattered throughout the book add to its attractiveness, and doubtless account for its comparatively high price.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES OF THE HINDUS.

To the Editor, EAST & WEST.

SIR,—Sometimes a very deep meaning seems to be hidden under the daily usages and religious observances of the Hindus. In Hindu marriages it is usual to point out to the married pair the two stars in the Great Bear or Charles' Wain which are called by the Hindus Vasishtha (Mizar) and Arundhati (Alcor). The object of this ceremony seems to be that the husband and the wife should tread in the footsteps of this ideal pair of ancient India. The Hindu Purans, Itihasas and the immortal works of Kalidas and other Sanskrit poets are full of the praises of the loyalty of Vasishtha and Arundhati to each other and of their consequent domestic felicity. The secret of this domestic felicity lies in the derivative meaning of their names. *Rundhati* is present participle feminine of the Sanskrit root *Rundh*, to obstruct, meaning "obstructive." When *a* is prefixed to it, it means "unobstructive." If a wife does not obstruct the wishes of her husband and never crosses him, all causes of her friction with her lord are at an end. This much regarding the duty of the wife. Let us now turn to the meaning of the husband's name. Professor Taranath Tarkawachaspati in his great lexicon derives the word thus:—*Vashina Shreshtha Vasishtha*, meaning "the greatest of all the Rishis who had conquered their passions, anger amongst them." If nothing rouses the anger of the husband, there is no cause for quarrel on his side. The wife irritates not; the husband is never irritated. Both thus properly perform their duties to each other. The newly-married couple have an object-lesson here. In this lies, in a nutshell, the secret of all domestic bliss upon which volumes have been written. Let husband and wife ponder over this. Vasishtha alone is entitled to have Arundhati and Arundhati alone can have Vasishtha. There must be reciprocity in all human concerns. With it, the world is a bed of roses; without it, it is a bed of thorns.

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THE WANTS OF THE VILLAGER.

GOVERNMENT have not deemed it proper to appoint a Committee for making enquiries into the condition of villagers. And yet it is precisely the inhabitants of villages that form the bulk of the population and are the arteries which supply the life-blood of the heart. Government have their own officers on the spot who are best able to form a correct estimate of the wants and wishes of those who are within their administrative charge. They are honest, able and experienced ; therefore, any views expressed against their opinions by other persons, are generally looked upon with scepticism and distrust. This may be one of the reasons why Government refuses to accept the challenge thrown by the non-official friends of the people for the appointment of a committee of enquiry.

Government, however, ought to be aware that their administrative officers, with all their ability and integrity, are so many Gullivers towering over and moving among a multitude of Lilliputians, with nothing in common between the two. On one side there are power and prestige, on the other, fear and awe. These are not the qualities which make for sympathy and confidence. Besides, the power of the officer of Government is extremely limited in the matter of granting instant and adequate relief. He can, of course, quell a riot, keep the King's peace, impose and collect taxes. He can even obtain scent of conspiracy and disloyalty and with his magisterial powers and resourceful administrative genius strike terror into the hearts of malcontents and mischief-makers. He can, also, when an occasion arises, shut people's mouths. But can he open their hearts ? That is the question. And so long as he does not succeed in opening the hearts of the masses, his views regarding them cannot be accepted as indubitable and indisputable facts. And to maintain that he can open the mainsprings of the hearts of the people over whom he rules with the strict rigidity of the law, is to attribute to

him qualities verging on the Divine. He cannot mix with the people on all festive or mourning occasions when their tongues are loosened. He is of a superior race. He cannot talk freely with the people ; he hardly understands their tongue. He cannot relax his awful authority to assume the rôle of a friend ; he is their superior. He cannot always listen to their long tales ; he has no time. How, then, can he obtain their confidence when he has nothing to give in return ? For the settlement of internal litigation pending between parties, he is resorted to, as the most unprejudiced person in whose honesty and ability full confidence can be placed. But the very reasons which enable him to command the confidence of litigants in internecine quarrels, militate against his being regarded as the right recipient of their confidence in matters relating to the Government which he serves. It is, therefore futile, and might be dangerous in the end, to credit foreign officers of Government with full and exact knowledge of the inner working of the masses over whom they rule.

The officer no doubt is an unbiassed spectator and forms his own conclusions. But, after all, his vision may be faulty and his conclusions, the offspring of his wish. And who can deny that the visits of officers in villages or towns which are, as they ought to be, published beforehand, are preceded by the cleansing of roads, removal of dirt, laying of dust, and keeping everything spruce and nice. The children appear in their holiday dress, because the officer is to distribute prizes. The people wear clean clothes, because they must go to the Sahib's presence or kutcherry in presentable costumes. Even dispensaries and public offices are kept neat and orderly in anticipation of an officer's visit. These loyal attempts to give respect and pleasure to the local representative of the crown are commendable in themselves if they did not cloud the clear vision of the officer or rouse his admiration for the subordinate official, who, if he did anything at all, did make the trip of the officer enjoyable at other peoples' expense. Any opinion, therefore, based on imperfect or tainted observation, though supported by the ingenious and forcible arguments drawn from the fertile brain of a learned and intelligent officer or suggested by some subservient subordinate, must be accepted with caution.

But it is said that an officer generally verifies his ob-

servations by information derived from local leaders. What local leaders? The educated gentlemen who are of the people, who have indivisible permanent partnership with the people, in weal and woe, who have come to the front by dint of studies and sacrifice, and who rightly profess to speak on behalf of the people, have not their claims sufficiently recognised, simply because the ardent zeal of a few outruns their prudence and manifests itself in rash words which can never be tolerated by any authority responsible for the peace of the country. But to flout the opinions of the many level-headed educated Indians in chagrin at the unlicensed vapourings of a few is to throw away the only light capable of penetrating the dense mass of ignorance surrounding the people. Besides, true statesmanship, as true mission-work, lies in removing the sin and reclaiming the sinful, by love, gentleness, and persuasion. There is yet another class of gentlemen who are bound to know the exact position of affairs, but who hold their tongues so long as they are not consulted by an officer of Government. They have their own position in society and generally fight shy of all actions which savour of flattery. They are disinclined to pay constant visits to the officer, to hang about his camps, to load him with garlands and bouquets, on all possible and impossible occasions, to meet him at railway stations, and generally to resort to all the petty devices of the weak to humour the strong—not because they have less respect for the representative of Government, but because they have a better notion of an Englishman's character. Such well-balanced gentlemen are never intrusive and are therefore generally neglected.

There remains that class of gentlemen who strive to retain their position and obtain promotion in the world by rendering even unreasoning worship to the powers that be. They do not fail to be in evidence whenever and wherever an officer or a subordinate who can lead to that officer, turns his attention and activities. It is not the interest of these gentlemen to fearlessly give out unpleasant truths and thus ruffle the serenity of the local fountain of honour. Nor is it convenient or prudent for those who owe their rise to the good-will of an officer to raise what may appear to be a standard of revolt, by opposing his views. And perhaps such gentlemen have neither the time nor the inclination to carefully observe

the undercurrents of society. Occasionally they are likely to echo the sentiments of their benefactor in the honest belief that they are their own. There is nothing very objectionable in the indulgence and gratification of this infirmity of ambition. And there is nothing wrong in the proper utilisation of the services of such gentlemen. The objection comes in only when reliance is placed on their opinions to the exclusion of those of real and disinterested leaders of the people. It is the lowest form of heathenism to raise a fetish and then to consult it as the only oracle able to light the torch of truth.

The result is a tragedy of errors in which the villagers are the sufferers. In the confusion caused by the rival claims of the educated Indian and the experienced officer, by the stirring words of demagogues and the unbroken silence of the villager, by the self-respecting aloofness of the leaders and the self-sustaining forwardness of the ambitious, the real wants of the villager recede from the stage of practical politics in the background, there to be forgotten and neglected. The first and foremost want of the villager, therefore, seems to be the recognition of the representative selected by him. Why should he not be allowed to select his own representative? He has very little intellect and no education, he is unprogressive and indifferent. But he has common sense; at least he has instinct. Can he not differentiate between a friend and foe, an acquaintance and a stranger? Even a dog does that. Let the villagers select their own representatives, able and willing to protect their interests, to explain their wants and wishes and generally to act as their friends, philosophers and guides. An assembly of such representatives of the villagers, if brought into existence and recognised by Government as District Punchayet, will justify the claims of the officers of Government regarding their championship of the people, if they are well founded. If not, the sooner these assemblies are formed and recognised, the better for the good government of the country.

The next want of the villager is education—education not of the type which, like the fruit of knowledge, makes him discontented with his lot and disaffected with the Government—but education that helps him to win his bread and to maintain his position. The art of reading and writing is now made one of the first requisite means of imparting knowledge. A villager, therefore, under the changed conditions of the times, may be taught to read and write. But, after

all, the knowledge of his craft, of the ways and means to prosper in that craft and of comparative methods employed in other countries for success in that craft, is more important to the villager than the knowledge of the speeches of orators or opinions of the Press in which he, at all events, is made "a shuttlecock for party battledore." An agriculturist, for instance, will be better able to benefit himself and society if he is taught the science and economy of agriculture by practical experiments carried on by himself under expert guidance, than if he is made to learn the periphery of the world or the position of planets under incapable masters who do not understand even the A, B, C of agriculture. Government have, of course, started demonstration farms for the benefit of the ryot. They are very good in themselves, where scientific theories can be tested by practical experiments. But they cannot attract the attention of the agriculturist by the very fact of their being in costly experimental stages. Besides, they cannot be opened in many places. The best plan for the spread of agricultural knowledge would seem to be for the Government to invite five or ten intelligent and zealous agriculturists in every village, to sow and grow some specified crops in at least one acre of their fields according to scientific methods, with a promise to remit Government dues thereon in case of failure. Such experiments carried on in five or ten acres in every village will be keenly watched, and if successful will be greedily imitated by other cultivators without demanding any security against failure. This method of imparting agricultural education will cost some money, but it will also bring the officers of Government into closer touch with the villagers. And if for the spread of primary education among girls and boys, fees are remitted, presents and scholarships are given, and other means likely to attract more students to the school-house are adopted, surely, a grant of money for the supply of good seeds, good manure and good implements for the experiment of approved and scientific methods of agriculture, in only five or ten acres in a village, to be recovered in cases of success, is the least that the parental Government can do for the spread of agricultural education among the masses.

It is proposed to make primary education free. But it cannot be free by the mere remission of fees, so long as the educational cess or that part of the local funds cess, which is set apart for educational purposes, continues to be levied. But if the cess is diverted to the

maintenance and spread of this sort of practical or technical education, both Government and the people will be able, at no very distant date, to congratulate themselves on the success of their endeavours for the material well-being of the villager. Similarly, let the weaver, the blacksmith, the carpenter and other artisans be taught to excel in their respective crafts by the practical knowledge of scientific methods proved to be beneficial by experiments carried on by a few intelligent among them, under expert guidance and with Government assistance.

Another pressing want of the villager is freedom from the network of numerous and ever-changing laws, rules, and regulations. Entangled in the unending labyrinth of these knotty productions of the most active and acute brains of Government, the unwary villager progresses and recedes, and finally comes to a *dead-stop*, there to fall an easy prey to the wiles of some astute shuffler. One by one he is made to divest himself of his bullocks or his bellows, his lands or his looms, till at last he stands hopeless and helpless in the midst of progressive prosperity which he thirsts for but cannot touch. Finally, in sheer despair he abandons his fruitless struggles to preserve his independent position, and merges into the ever-increasing crowd of beggars, thieves or labourers. He is charged with stolid indifference and with being the cause of his own ruin. He was not so before. It was his forebear in Gujarat who made the country of his birth prosperous, and the treasury of his Raja full by his unfettered exertions. He is not so now where he is rightly treated. It is he who even now keeps the frontier dacoits at bay and preserves the peace of the country. It is he who even now, when properly equipped, compels the earth to give up its very best for feeding the teeming millions of India. His apparent indifference is the outward coating of the despair of the heart and bitterness of spirit. Nobody who has thoroughly and dispassionately observed the workings of the various laws of Government, can wonder at this unhappy condition of the villager. Fifty years ago the cost of executing a *san-mortgage* bond of Rs. 100, (or a deed of mortgage without possession, but with personal liability), was only 4 annas; now it is over Re. 1-8-0, i. e., more than six times the original expense—thanks to the operation of the Stamp, Limitation and Registration Acts. During that period 4 Civil Procedure Codes, 4 Stamp Acts, 5 Limitation

Acts and 3 Registration Acts appeared and vanished or are vanishing. Besides, the successive Acts relating to land have taken within their hold everything down to the earth of the soil and the leaves of trees which the villager cannot obtain without taking permission or paying a price for it.

The villager sees that an Act is introduced with loud declarations of its being enacted for his benefit ; but before he has reaped any benefit or even adapted himself to it, there appears with the same avowal of its beneficial results another Act which condemns its predecessor and cancels it from the statute-book. But in his own life-time he has again to witness this Act No. 2 sharing the fate of its predecessor to give place to a third Act, brought on the stage by the feverish activities of the Legislative Department. Underlying this constant recurrence of promising births and ignominious deaths of these Laws and Acts, the unfortunate villager sees one great living principle of taxing his scanty purse. Indeed, it is very difficult to point out an Act which, whatever may be its claims to be an improvement on its predecessor, has relaxed its grip on the villager. The villager may be pardoned if he loses all faith in these Acts and Laws which are, or are to be, repealed by the successors of their authors at uncertain intervals, and the interpretations of whose sections change with a frequency unknown in any other department of public business. The Limitation Act has fixed the limitation of san-mortgage bonds to run for a certain number of years. The learned Judges of the High Courts in India, assisted by very able counsel, solemnly decided that the period of limitation on such bonds was sixty years so far as mortgaged property was concerned. The people naturally placed implicit reliance on the judgment of the highest tribunals and postponed the renewal of these bonds within shorter periods even at the cost of losing all claims to the person and personal property of debtors. Then appears on the scene the Privy Council which humbly advises H. M. the King-Emperor that the period of limitation on such bonds ought to run, according to the existing law, to only twelve years. Can there be a greater tragedy of errors? For the correction of these errors, amusing if they were not embarrassing, the august Legislature undertakes the task of enacting a new Limitation Act. Now it decides to provide in unambiguous words for a period of twelve instead of sixty years as the limitation for san-mortgages. Evidently, the

sixty years' limitation, as interpreted by the High Court Judges, was not found to have done any harm. For, if it had, the law would have been amended already. And to a layman there does not appear to be any valid reason why the period of limitation should be reduced when the people are accustomed to a sixty years' limitation. But Government must have thought otherwise. So, while curtailing the period of limitation, they have further provided, as they were bound to provide in justice and equity, for the renewal of san-mortgage bonds or for suing on them within two years, by those who have acted upon the interpretations of the country's High Courts. Have Government considered how much money will be lost to the people in the form of stamps, registration fees, court-fees, etc., etc., within the period of two years? Are they not aware that, after all, sooner or later—it is not the rich mortgagee but the poor mortgagor—generally the villager—who is to pay the bill? Is this the time for consciously or unconsciously, directly or indirectly, thinning the almost empty purses of the poor when famine stares them in the face, when plague distends its jaws, when poverty stalks in villages, and when restlessness pervades the whole society? Simplicity of laws, definiteness of their interpretations, and cheapness of justice ought to be the order of the day if the villager is to be ever liberated from the unbearable fetters of hair-splitting legal conundrums. Laws are made for the masses, not for a fortunate few who have acquired the knack of swimming with the tide. And if the masses are unprogressive, there is no necessity for making fastly progressive laws for those who do not understand them and cannot profit by them except by the payment of fees to vakils and mukhtyars. The interplay of a multiplicity of complex acts of uncertain duration paralyses the activities of the villager and reduces his means of livelihood occasionally threatened with extinction. He cannot fight against nature and man. If nature is unpropitious, let man be sympathetic in words and deeds.

This brings us to the fourth want of the villager, viz. sufficiency of the means of livelihood. It can hardly be denied that the standard and cost of living are steadily increasing without a corresponding rise in the means of living. A villager is a human being, subject to temptations placed at his very door. He sees a railway train; his curiosity is awakened. He sees his fellow creatures travelling by that train, in comfort; his desire is born. The constant sight and

talk of the conveniences and contrivances of the train lend an irresistible force to his desire which throws all prudence to the winds. Regardless of the reduction in his scanty savings, he purchases a railway ticket for a journey to a place or a shrine where, but for this inviting temptation he would have gone on foot. How much money of the poor thus annually finds its way to the coffers of railway companies? Of course, these companies distribute a substantial amount of money as wages of labour. But they are, after all, a poor return for the loss of occupation and of savings of the independent villager. And similarly with other temptations. The villager, after some preliminary struggles, succumbs to the ingenious devices whereby the present mercantile genius creates demands by presenting supplies. Thus his wants increase in exact proportion to the introduction of fresh supplies of superfluities. But his means are limited. Therefore he discards his necessities and substitutes in their place superfluities which the overpowering force of temptation has made necessary to him. It is this gradual and imperceptible substitution of superfluities for necessities that ought to be prevented by all available means if the villagers are to be saved from physical deterioration and mental demoralisation.

It is absurd to preach conquest and avoidance of temptations after placing them before his very nose. It is still more absurd to stem the rising tide of material comforts rushing with the irresistible force of Time. And it is unsafe to leave the villager to his fate in disgust. Denunciations of the indolence, ignorance and extravagance of the villager are pleasant enough, but they do not come with good grace from those who fatten on their labour and weakness. They do not save the situation or delay the day of collapse. The only feasible plan seems to be to increase his means of living so as to enable him to occasionally indulge in luxuries without curtailing his necessities.

But his means of living cannot increase unless his occupation becomes more lucrative. As it is, the agriculturist loses his profits because the heavens remain unpropitious. The artisan loses his profits—perhaps his occupation, because the tide of commercial industrialism swallows both. It is only the labourer who reaps the benefit of changing times. He has begun to appreciate the indispensability of manual labour and the force of union. Conscious of

his strength he not infrequently strikes work and obtains, as wages, means sufficient to meet the increased cost and standard of living. It is this enviable state of the labourer that induces the honest villager to barter away his respectable independence for the irresponsible life of a day labourer. But is this right? Can any Government responsible for the well-being of a country and can any patriot burning with zeal for his country's good view without a feeling of dismay this transformation of the self-supporting villager into a day-labourer? And yet, year after year, this process of gradual declension of the villager is going on without an effective hand being raised to arrest the fall.

How many agriculturists and artisans sit with folded arms and gaping mouths at the door simply because they have not the materials with which to ply their occupations? A bullock which was quoted at Rs. 25 before the great famine of 1900 is now being sold at Rs. 50. Manures which were sold then at the rate of two cart-loads per rupee are now fetching two rupees per cart-load. A yoked plough which was hired at Rs. 1 or 2 per day nine years ago is now difficult to obtain at from 5 to 8 rupees per day. Nor does the artisan fare better. He labours under the double disadvantage of purchasing his implements and raw materials at high prices and selling his commodities at low prices. Surely, here is a common platform on which both the Government and the patriot can work hand in hand and with perfect accord for the protection of the villager from the killing effects of keen competition and unequal struggle.

A ready supply of cheap capital, grant of bounties, supply of custom, removal of difficulties, protection from competition, and facilities for the unhampered exercise of his craft by the villager, are some of the methods of uplifting him and increasing his means. If the rains are erratic or obstinate let him be made independent of celestial waters by a full supply of terrestrial waters of rivers and canals or subterranean waters of wells. It is no use multiplying agencies for transport before increasing productive agencies. It is better to avert famine by local products than to fight it out with imported products. If his implements are out of gear and antiquated, procure up-to-date ones for him. Find out markets for his commodities, and show him what sort of commodities will sell else-

where at remunerative prices. Above all, let him not surrender himself to sullen despair. If his craft or occupation is defunct and bound sooner or later to die, let him be given some other work where he can preserve his individuality and work at a profit. This is true Swadeshism, this is parental Government.

No country can hope to thrive or save itself from a general and dangerous break-down, a large number of whose inhabitants drag on miserable lives in a state of enforced idleness. Imagine the annual loss of a country's wealth whose agriculturists and artisans have to remain unemployed in their business for about six months in a year in hopes of rains which do not fall, or custom which does not come. Imagine also the magnitude of the peril arising out of idle brains, empty stomachs and lost positions. Surely, it is the sacred duty of all well-wishers of India to lay aside their differences, to postpone their pastime of recrimination and to unite in peace and harmony, to find out and supply remunerative work to the villager in proportion to his fitness.

Another want of the villager is a full and free supply of light and air in his own house. Nature in its bounty is always supplying these great elements with almost extravagant liberality, though occasionally it plays at the game of hide-and-seek as regards celestial waters. Let man enjoy without obstruction what nature supplies with a free hand. Any difficulties experienced by the villager in the free enjoyment of light and air must be removed.

Every villager has a house or a hut in the village. The village sites have long been fixed. Since then, population and cultivation have increased without a proportionate expansion in the area of village sites. Though plague has taught the one great lesson of full ventilation for the health of humanity, hardly any village can claim to have obtained the benefit of that lesson. The necessity of erecting more houses to remove congestion in existing ones lessens the area and number of open spaces and narrows the originally wide roads. A change like this is undesirable anywhere, but it is fraught with danger to human life and health in villages, where the halalkhore service is at a discount, owing either to the ignorance of the villager or the resumption of rent-free land given to the halalkhores for service to be rendered. It is this contraction of

roads and open spaces due to the density of population that renders the enjoyment of light and air less full than before.

Government has made rules for building houses in survey numbers. But a villager will not and cannot avail himself of these rules when he is made to pay an annual rent far exceeding the rate of actual assessment for the building sites in survey numbers co-terminous with village sites. Government is the owner of the soil, possessing the full right to charge fees for its use. But Government is also the parent of the people, responsible for the supply of sufficient accommodation. It is one thing to levy fees on buildings erected by well-to-do people for purposes of comfort, it is quite another thing to take money from poor villagers, the increase in whose numbers spells increased revenue to Government in one form or other.

The provision for building farm-houses in their fields by villagers is absolutely useless so long as sufficient protection from thieves and robbers is not vouchsafed to them. The police establishment can never be maintained at so high a level as to protect every isolated farm-house. The cost would be prohibitive. The Rukha or the Village Police System, which used to give security or at least a sense of security to the villager, does not seem to have aroused the interest of the authorities that it deserves. Under these circumstances hardly any villager will care or dare to place himself at the mercy of armed midnight visitors by isolating himself from the village. He has no arms to defend his hearth and home, his life and property.

Such indeed is the dread of these thieves and robbers that the villager, unless he has sufficient space and money to erect a separate shed, tethers his cattle in the very house in which he and his family live. Surely, both the officers of Government and those who profess to speak on behalf of the people, must be aware that about one-half the population of a village passes its nights with closed doors in huts which are kitchen, granary, cattle-shed and sleeping room all made up into one. And the majority of such huts have no compartments worth the name. At one angle of a hut is the kitchen with a low parapet—two or three feet high—made of earth or earthen vessels. The other angle is reserved for the scanty paraphernalia of the house or the hut, while the whole of the opposite side is set apart for tethering cattle. In the middle and intervening spaces are

huddled together at night, man, wife, daughter, son and daughter-in-law. Talk of village sanitation ! To pass night after night in the company of brutes and their dirt, with closed doors, and thus breathe noxious and nauseating air for half the space of life, is to reach a climax of insanitary conditions from which the poor villager ought to be saved at any cost.

It seems that the builders of the Nirwah System had not lost sight of this aspect of the question. They divided the area of a village into three parts, viz., village site, cultivable land, and communal land known as Gauchar, the last being the joint and indivisible and inalienable property set apart for the common use of the village. The area of such public property was occasionally extended by the free grant of their private fields by some philanthropists. It was never contracted except in recent years, when pieces thereof were parcelled out into fields and brought under the hammer of the Government auctioneer, evidently under a mistaken belief of its being Government land.

The arable land was divided into three parts, viz. Jarayet, Bugayet and Kyari, and distributed among the cultivators so that everyone could claim to occupy some part of each of the three varieties of land.

The village site again was divided into house, house-site, and manure-ground. The first was meant or used for human habitation, the second for tethering cattle, and the third—generally situated on the outskirts of the village—for heaping manures and throwing rubbish. An arrangement like this, with complete elasticity in transferring arable land into village sites, is more likely to give a full supply of fresh air and light than sanitary laws with irksome rules and vexatious taxation.

No useful purpose can be served by enacting laws which can only be honoured in their breach, and thus perpetuating the mistake daily being committed in some municipal towns. Many moffusil municipalities are innocent of gutters and dust-bins for the removal of refuse. They do not allow the householders to attach deep pits to their houses as receptacles of refuse, for fear of contaminating subsoil water by percolation. They make no other arrangements for the removal of rubbish from the houses. And yet nuisance is a necessary condition of animal life. The constant removal of

this nuisance is equally a condition of healthy life. But when a householder performs his duty of cleaning his house of refuse, he is prosecuted and fined on the ground of throwing dirt on the public road, by the municipality, which is allowed to neglect its duty of providing gutters, etc., with impunity. Such a tragedy of errors need not be repeated in villages under the name of village sanitation.

Ample space for building houses and sheds, cheap materials, open spaces and wide roads to be sacredly respected as communal property as against Government or private property, freedom from the fear of thefts, and elasticity in the transference of arable land into village sites for the removal of congestion are the first necessities for establishing the sanitary conditions of a village.

The supply of pure drinkable water is as much a necessity with the villager as the supply of fresh air and light. Here and there may be found a Governor or a philanthropist who willingly opens his private purse for sinking wells to quench the thirst of the villager or the wayfarer. But unless these wells are cleansed every alternate year they are sure to be filled with dirt and to generate microbes. This work, so important to the health of the village, is not beyond the power or the resources of local boards.

Then comes the question of medical relief. Properly speaking, there is no medical relief worth the name for millions of villagers. They are left severely alone to combat a variety of diseases in the best way they can. And their best way is the use of some drugs of uncertain efficacy, or the prayer of some god of ephemeral existence, or finally to suffer or to die. The native Vaidyas have lost their profession and taken to other pursuits, thus drowning their healing art in the ocean of the past for want of encouragement and nourishment. They are, therefore, not useful to the villager. The doctors are all located in towns. Their fees for going to the villages are oft-times far in excess of the capacity of the poor villager. Occasionally they have no time; they are engaged in dissecting dead bodies for the benefit of the crime-investigating department, or in setting bones or sewing wounds of thieves and mischief-makers, or perhaps in feeling the pulses and examining the rations of criminals or in attending the sick-bed of some rich and nervous patient.

This sort of almost unnatural neglect of the innocent many for the benefit of a few is an error which cannot be mended too soon.

Some years ago travelling dispensaries were started in some places, but they have disappeared perhaps with the departure of their originator. The travelling dispensaries certainly fell short of actual requirements, but they did some amount of good. If nothing more, they at least convinced the masses that Government did not treat them as worse than criminals by denying medical relief to them. Was the expense of maintaining or increasing travelling dispensaries too great a price for relieving the distress of some and winning the gratitude of thousands of villagers? But even if the abolition or non-extension of the scheme of travelling dispensaries is justifiable, the absence of any movement to find out a substitute for them cannot easily be explained away.

It ought not to be very difficult for Government to establish and maintain small dispensaries, in certain villages, to exercise medical jurisdiction within a radius of say five miles. They can also subsidise private practitioners for opening dispensaries in villages. The system of grants-in-aid is showing excellent results in the educational department. Cannot the same system with necessary changes be introduced into the medical department? At any rate this important question of medical relief for the villagers ought now to be brought on the carpet in justice to the masses.

The supply of these and similar wants of the villager may cost a little more money either as actual expenditure or as loss of revenue. It will even fail to catch the imagination. But it will earn the blessings of millions of people; because it will be appreciated as the right direction of the flow of Government munificence, reaching the very spot where it is most wanted without avoidable wastage or vexatious annoyances. And after all, it is these millions living in villages that fill the treasury of Government and swell the wealth of the rich. Who pays the land revenue? The villager. Who is the largest contributor to the Abkari revenue? The villager. Who directly or indirectly pays stamp and court fees? The villager. Who swells the salt revenue despite reduction of duties? Again, the villager. Indeed, there is hardly any source of revenue which does not even partially owe its increase to the contribution of the villager. Surely, some money expended or remitted for the supply of real wants of the villager will not be lost to the Government, ambitious of safe-guarding the interests of the masses. And the

conquest of the heart of the masses, imperceptibly but steadily drifting into the hands of irresponsible critics, is no small return for a few rupees spent for the supply of their wants—not the imaginary wants which the sympathy of a highly cultured brain makes out for them, but real wants which the villagers actually feel in the hut and the field.

DOLATRAM KRIPARAM PANDIA.

Nadiad.

ADAN MUSK.

Strange Flower—like some forbidden fruit—
 Evocative of sweet delights,
 Whose pungency provokes, relieves,
 Our sense of nights,
 You sigh of strength loosed in the dark,
 And of an urgency in sweet :
 Like the soft rustling of a robe
 Stirred by bare feet.

What Nights are these you whisper of,
 Whose secret Hours against the Day
 Shut close their ebon gates, wherein
 Sleep lost its way.
 For all that love you forfeit sleep,
 Your soul once fast within the brain
 Wakes an unrest that none can tell
 From Love . . . from Pain

H. CAMPBELL.

Nagpur.

THE ELEMENTAL PLACE OF JESUS IN CHRISTIANITY.

(Concluded from our last number.)

OUR estimate of Jesus must be based on the consciousness of our own day, and be a re-statement in our own language of the function of His spirit. Our interest in Him is living and has worth and meaning because of the unity of human life in all times and ages. The problem that He was in his day is the same problem that man is to-day. If he is real to us, it is because his way is our way, his conquests are our conquests, his experience is our experience. He was in the line of the prophets and his spirit must be found in the line of prophecy to-day. Let us consider what this means. Prophecy is the traditional word expressing the fact that throughout the ages, and in growing clearness with the ages, the Divine keeps touch with men and bears witness to itself in men's growing response of recognition. It is man's welcome to and expression of the underlying reality of his life. The witness of prophets is two-fold. On the one hand they come in the name of the Lord, giving expression to His living voice, speaking forth to the men of their own time, in the language of their own time, the truth that is in them. "Thus saith the Lord," is the burden of their message. On the other hand, the prophet does not profess to be starting a new religion, to be in his individual self the centre and the source of truth. He feels his message to be the message of the ages; he pierces to the heart and life of tradition, interprets men to themselves, transfigures the past and throws light on the age to come. His function is to universalise truth. Though he seems to stand alone, above and apart from his fellows, his own supreme consciousness is his identity with them. The whole source of his strength and inspiration lies in his conviction that he stands for what is true and common to all, and will be found by them so to

be as they rise to the true level of their manhood. It is his upholding faith that all men shall know the Lord from the least to the greatest, that the spirit of prophecy is the true human spirit. The one dishonour to prophets is to build their tombs ; to keep memorial of their names, but to lose touch with their spirit.

All these characteristics are supreme in the great prophet of Nazareth. There was an explosiveness in his spirit that in time shattered the whole Judaic system, and set the world glowing once again with the light and warmth of the promise of its creation.

Let us notice the manner of its activity. Let us take the doctrine of the Messiah, or Christ. It is often debated to-day, as it was in his time, whether he was the Messiah or no. But this kind of question seems to me to lead to discussions of little profit and to no practical issue. Is it not of more value to see how his life affected the whole subject, what was the nature of the doctrine as he found it, and in what form he left it? The whole idea was in him transformed and made universal.

At the heart of the doctrine, if I read it rightly, as that which gave it force and meaning, was the instinct ineradicable from the human heart, and out of which all religion springs, that there is something faithful and absolutely reliable in the universe, which will ultimately justify and satisfy all human cravings and searchings. This found expression in the Old Testament in the oath or covenant of Jehovah with his people. But a covenant is between two : Jehovah and his people were in a sense separate. Man could not dissociate himself from his conditions, with which his welfare seemed to be bound up. The faithfulness of God must, he thought, be manifested in them. The fulfilment of the Messianic hope must be in the coming of one who would free them from the growing strain and complexity of life, establish a kingdom of peace and joy here upon earth, liberating them from foes without and fears within. The instinct as to the righteousness of God could not die, but in the face of the adversity of life it took wings to itself and soared into the heavens in the form of an expectancy of a supernatural deliverance to be wrought by miracle at the hands of one who should be not wholly of earth. He must rend the heavens and come down, bringing deliverance with him. The Messiah must be, so to say, cut off from the inheritance handed down from the

past. Such in rough outline seems to have been the Messianic expectation at the time of Jesus. The instinct had been encrusted into a doctrine, and so given over into the hands of the priests. Religion, the linking of God with man, had become a Theology, or study of the nature of God, abstracted from the real needs of men: a science, of which none but experts had the key. The kingdom of God had come to mean the reign of the supernatural. The temptations and the conflicts of the life of Jesus were mainly caused by the pressure upon him from without of the earnest desire that he should fulfil in himself the conditions of this burning national expectancy and declare himself to be the Messiah on those terms. But his large human spirit would not be contained within such defined limits. It shattered them by its force, liberated and made universal the truth enshrined in the doctrine, and rose victorious as the enlightening truth, declaring the Messiah or Christ to be the imperishable germ in every human life, anointed with the promise and power of growth into its full glory of manifestation within the consciousness of each. The common people, we are told, those, that is, who were led by natural instinct, heard him gladly, for they found in him the humanity of God expressed and witnessed to. To them he stood for the very name of man. The tragedy lay in his finding in the priests, the guardians of the systematised hopes, his implacable foes. To them he stood for the very essence of blasphemy. And the conflict of the ages is ever in some sense the antagonism between the prophet and the priest: between the theistic vision of God as wholly within, known and witnessed to by all that man finds within his own being, and the deistic conception of him as wholly without, in which magic and miracle, and all forms of confusion between the spiritual and the phenomenal regions, hold chief sway in determining his methods and his character. Of course within these two extremes there are infinite gradations, but in every age religious thought is largely determined by the greater emphasis on the one point of view or the other.

Let us take one more illustration of the way in which Jesus redeemed men from the bondage of error into the liberty of truth. It is but the converse of that we have just been dealing with. It concerns the difficulties that arise from the imperfections of our present state, as expressed in the terms sin, sacrifice and atonement.

They are all connected with the fact of our growth, and perhaps largely arise from impatience with our imperfections. We are quick to think that things might have been other than they are, forgetful often of the fact that we ourselves have brought them about. We are slow to find in the wholeness of ourselves the wondrous power by which we grow. We want to be masters where we can be but disciples, and to use our high powers for ends which are illusory. Briefly stated, man's sense of littleness, ignorance and powerlessness, in face of powers outside him, and in face of an inner consciousness of a destiny prophesied yet apparently unattainable, led him by degrees to formulate the doctrine of sin. This may be roughly stated as the belief that God, who has the supreme control and power, has been checked in his beneficent purposes by something man has done, and that the offence can only be wiped out by some gift or sacrifice on man's own part. It becomes man's great object to discover how the atonement may be made, and reconciliation effected between himself and his Creator. The effort seems hopeless. Not the most precise attention to ritual cleansing, nor the most strenuous attempts to obey in every detail the commands of God, can bring him the sense of an accepted penitence, the joy of walking without offence in the sight of his Maker.

How did Jesus deal with this? What was his solution of the apparently hopeless problem? We know how he shattered this fiction of an offended God; how he was felt himself to be the living picture of the Father in heaven whom he himself worshipped; how he saw everywhere and in every one the unfailing workmanship of perfect love: how he declared that the one unpardonable sin was the suspicion that anyone could tear himself out of the Father's hands. Who shall say that the remission of sins, as lived out in Jesus—the freedom of man from the consciousness of sin as something affecting the divine purpose in his life—is yet the accepted view, nor till it becomes so, has his rightful place in human history been recognised? Is he not still himself, viewed in the light of the very doctrine which he lived to explode? Modern doctrines of the atonement and of the sacrifice for sin still bear the stamp of the idea that his death somehow affected the purpose of God in regard to man. Thus is still obscured to the world the great revelation of his death as of his life—that he would suffer grief and

torment rather than allow himself to be bent to the belief that any other soul was further from the Father's care than he.

And it seems to me to be just here that the divinity in Jesus lies—indeed, where divinity in its true sense always lies—in unfailing sympathy. Sympathy is that which shows itself one with what is weak, helpless and lost, taking its part and lifting its burden. So long as Jesus is regarded in any sense as a substitute for us in the sight of God, or as representing an ideal impossible for us to attain to, so long will the revelation of his life remain inadequate, and Christianity itself sink into a traditional theory instead of rising into a spiritual dynamic.

It is often said that while Jesus was one with his fellows in nature and constitution, yet there was this difference between him and the rest of us—that while we are sinful, he was sinless. The whole question of the meaning of sin and redemption is so vital, and links itself so closely with our concrete daily life, that we cannot but try to pierce to the very heart of what our phrases mean. Have we a clear idea of sinlessness?

Our own sinfulness we know in all its various manifestations; indeed, it is the one thing that *is* manifest. It springs ultimately from failure to identify ourselves with that which, in our inner consciousness, we *know* to be the word of God. So long as we are in these conditions, in which the divine word cannot directly be expressed, nor the sons of God manifested, I do not see that we can be free from sin. It is because we are sons of God, because the glory of our true nature awaits manifestation, that here we cannot but be manifested as sinners. And Jesus himself in his earthly life to outward view so appeared. He was numbered with the transgressors. He was born under the law of sin and death. We could not even know Him, much less could we love Him, if it were not so. He could only redeem us, just because He himself found redemption. He could only become the quickening spirit of the race just because He himself was quickened by the spirit of the everlasting Father.

He found and walked in the way of redemption, and so became the way of redemption. It is one and the same for all men. To those who walk by sight, who judge by outward appearance, who expect in these conditions manifestations of truth, the way of redemption looks like the way of shame and reproach, trodden by blasphemers

and false guides. To those who judge righteous judgment, who love the praise of God rather than the praise of men, who know the true values and rewards of life, it is the way lit with the light of God, alive with his presence, in which the pilgrim is ministered to by all good angels, fed with the bread of heaven, empowered by the brother-spirit of Jesus and his saints. It is the way of the Cross; the way of man to his destined end. The sinner is man wrapped in these infra-human conditions, as was Jesus, as are we all: the shame of them, the sin of them, as we call it, is common to him, to us all. Man, the son of God, the express image of the divine, is not redeemed until all have found and owned the way of redemption. This way is not merely the release from certain temptations, nor is it merely reluctance of the will towards certain endeavours or actions: it is in no wise the way of self-regard. None can choose it or even name it until the light of the eternal at-one-ness of God and man shine in his understanding, until the love of the Father be in him the supreme consciousness, representing the beginning, middle and end of what is indeed life.

The way of redemption is the one subject of the Gospels. What is presented to us in them is not, as I have said, ordinary biography, nor literal story. It is much more than that; that is why it survives. It is parable, a living picture of man in the way of redemption, of man in his true nature as spiritual in earth-conditions, presented in that concrete individuality which is the reality for us all. Jesus Christ is presented to us as an individual, born through suffering into the universal human consciousness, on his way to man's only true heaven—the hearts, consciences and understandings of his fellows.

Wherein then lies the vital difference between man and man—let us say, for our purpose, between Jesus and his fellows? Nowise in origin or destiny, for all are of and unto God; nowise as regards the Divine indwelling, for that is the very substance of human life. Is it not rather the difference of consciousness of attainment in stage of growth? It depends on the degree in which the spirit of the divine sympathy is drunk into the being and becomes a fount within the man of sympathy with his fellows, the consciousness of a common manhood. The result is what we see to be the chief feature of the Gospel records: the transformation of all values.

The first becomes last and the last first. The shame of the natural man is transformed into the glory of the redeemed man. Jesus, the Christ, teaches in his life, and empowers us by his spirit to learn it, that it is glory, not shame, to be hidden in the earth-life where sin is manifested, to bear with it without hypocrisy, to suffer its reproach, to accept its limitations. The cross is laid upon us all : it consists in the very conditions in which in this earth-life we find ourselves concealed, and outwardly caricatured. These conditions form in our present stage the pledge of the ascension in us of all lower forms of life-manifestation, and are also the present medium through which the universal consciousness may be attained.

One word should perhaps be said in conclusion as to the equivocal sense in which the word sin is inevitably used. It will possibly be asked whether the fact of our being enveloped in these present conditions is enough to account for the inhuman activities that proceed from us : the spirits of envy, malice and all uncharitableness. I should reply that nothing else can account for them. So long as the external conditions are leant on or regarded as of any value for a basis of action, the man is degraded and his activities are unclean and inhuman. The process by which he comes to discover this is named repentance. This process involves the shifting of the whole man's view to a new conception of his place in the universe. This conception is imaged in the record of the earthly life of Jesus, realised as experience by the spirit of his life, for it is the spirit of the life of each and all.

C. R. SHAW STEWART

England.

HIGH FOOD PRICES AND AGRICULTURAL LABOUR.

THE price of an article is determined largely by the cost of its production, which, in its turn, depends vitally upon the cost of labour. It is, therefore, hoped that a statement of the present condition of agricultural labour will be useful to the discussion of the high prices of food-stuffs.

Distribution of labour rests, in this country, upon unbending custom, and almost all professions are hereditary. A slave to the ukase of inexorable custom, a barber will not tan hides, nor will a blacksmith shave. In urban areas, however, people have begun to show a tendency to leave their hereditary callings for others for which they find themselves fitted by training. But this tendency has not spread to villages, which run and will continue to run, for ages to come, in old grooves. Here, along with hereditary working classes or castes, we have to reckon with such institutions as the cattle poisoners and other low castes, hereditary thieves and hereditary beggars.

Foremost among rural working classes stand the Kunbis or Marathas. These are never tired of repeating the flattering Marathi proverb, which means that it is for the Kunbis to labour and for others to enjoy the fruit of their labour. The bulk of agriculturists consists of Kunbis, and be it noted here that the Marathi word for agriculture is "kunik," which means literally the profession of a Kunbi. Thus the hereditary profession of a Kunbi is agriculture. Now agriculture, being the staple industry of the land, accommodates most of the available village labour. Other kinds of labour, skilled and unskilled, such as carpentry, smithing, tanning, pottery, etc., can employ only a very small fraction of the village population. It may be asserted, without fear of exaggeration, that the only kind of work that villagers have been, as a rule, used to, is field labour. Therefore, the largest number of hereditary workers in a village, as distinguished from hereditary vagrants, beggars or thieves, comes from among the agricultural labourers. It is hereditary

agriculturists or Kunbis that give recruits to the army and menial services, public and private. It is they who man the busy docks and the noisy mills, or drive the rattling carts and carry heavy head-loads. It is they that hew wood and draw water, wash pots and become peons. By the caprice of the seasons, and the sound of jingling silver, they are drawn away in considerable numbers, permanently or temporarily, from precarious agriculture to employments holding out prospects of a more certain wage.

This has produced a great economic crisis. The difficulty of obtaining domestic servants and labourers for public works for a moderate hire is getting keener every day. But far greater is the difficulty experienced in securing efficient and sufficient agricultural labour. The universal law of demand and supply has its play here as everywhere, and wages for field labour have risen with its paucity ; so much so that the general complaint is that agriculture with hired labour does not pay. Some welcome this upward tendency as indicative of agricultural prosperity. They would do well to study more closely the bearing that the caste system has on the supply and distribution of labour in India. While hereditary agriculturists have, by exchanging agriculture for various other callings promising certainty of profit, created a lack of agricultural labour, the non-working classes have not provided a recruiting ground for the same or for any kind of labour whatever. On the contrary, as in times gone by, these latter continue to be rapacious parasites on agriculture, inasmuch as superstitious custom requires agriculturists to feed them and their cattle without tangible return. The high wages, ruling in face of famine conditions, will not tempt into work the criminal castes and beggar vagrants of India. Even Mahars are seen to refuse agricultural labour for three to four annas a day and loiter and chit-chat in the Maharwada. Why? Doubtless because they can manage to live without work, though ostensibly they plead hereditary incapacity for agricultural labour! While the law of demand and supply has remarkably influenced the Kunbis or the hereditary workers, the criminals and the beggars and the suspects have successfully lived quite in defiance of it. And this fact may well be borne in mind before hastening to congratulate agricultural labourers upon the rise in their wages, and rashly proclaiming the same as proof of agricultural prosperity.

The hereditary criminals, suspects and beggars may roughly be divided into two classes : settled and itinerant. Most of the Mahars, Mangs, Bhils, Ramoshis, and Kaikadis lead a settled life, and may be said to belong to the first class. The second class comprises such castes as Manggarodis, Chitrakathis, Tirmals, Fasepardhis, Kanjaris, Kolhatis, Gopals, Vaghes,

Bharadis, etc. It is beyond dispute that these and such other castes have not enough land to support them. Nor are they known to possess any resources or art to rely upon for maintenance. And yet they live and multiply! Some of the wandering castes can afford to enjoy the luxury of the services of cattle to bear them and their kit—needless to say at the expense of the agriculturists. No doubt, women and children and sometimes men of the first class bring fodder and fuel for sale. But it will be found on investigation that they occasionally beg, but generally steal these things from the fields of Kunbis who pay the land-tax. People of the second class also make a pretence of having an honest means of livelihood. But even the most superficial observation will make it clear that the ostensible means of livelihood of either class are extremely precarious, and that an overwhelmingly large majority of the first class and the whole of the second class have not yet taken to any kind of honest work. How do they live, then? In this way: the first class collects in its own village, year after year, agricultural produce, from field to field, quite out of proportion to the nominal hereditary services, which its members render to the so-called village community. The second class collects it from village to village, without any recognised right or return in the shape of any kind of service, either to individual farmers or the whole village. Wherever possible, both classes do not fail to thief or bully. Is it then the generosity or the passion for hospitality of the Kunbi, whom they coax untiringly by declaration of his sovereignty—Bali Raja—that feeds them? Decidedly neither. It is the ancient and traditional dread of their potency for mischief that wins them bread. The cultivators' cattle roam abroad, and their grain and fodder lie exposed. It is beyond the power of individual cultivators, or for the matter of that beyond the power of the police, to guard effectively agricultural property against these idlers. It, therefore, irresistibly follows that the peasantry rather buy peace with these vultures than part voluntarily with the fruit of their hard work. It is most difficult to prove cattle poisoning, or theft of grain, fodder, or fuel, or mischief by fire to agricultural produce, scattered here and there, or personal assault in a jungle. And the pious view that because the Kunbi does not move the machinery of law to aid him against these pests, he is, therefore, left unmolested to enjoy the fruit of his industry, vanishes like the morning mist before the sun in the light of the most perfunctory study of agricultural life. Indeed, the nature of agricultural property is such, that its owner must fear all—more especially the idle hands. He will drive to, and join issue with the wily bania in, a court of justice. He may even think of putting off for a time the Government demand, confident that the Sarkar will act according to law and never

transgress it. But the very thought of openly refusing to satisfy the demand for grain and fodder, vegetable and sugarcane, fruit and leaves, by any of the two non-working classes, will make him shudder. His plight is described most tersely and pathetically in the Marathi adage "Ek Bali hazar chhali" (for one farmer there are a thousand cadgers)—which constantly rises to his lips when standing in the midst of his crops. Though he feels the loss, he submits to it without even the whisper of a complaint. It is an inestimable privilege of British citizenship to go about in search of employment. But none can be so foolish as to claim this privilege for the prevailing movements of Manggarodis and others. Indeed, when all the civilised world has been making matters hard for the able-bodied destitute, what right have these vagrants to wander from village to village and go on exacting demands fixed by hoary custom, when men were few and land abundant, the conditions of labour and industry extremely primitive, and the police an unknown institution? The country is settled in peace and markets meet regularly. The conditions of labour and industry have been completely changed. Villagers can well afford to visit markets to buy things, which these people make an excuse of for their visitation during the harvest season. When acute agricultural distress is universally admitted in India, it would be real philanthropy to check their rapacious raids and force them by stringent legislation to do some work. When the country was exposed to the excesses of Pindharis and abuses of maladministration, Mahars and Mangs, Bhils and Ramoshis served the villagers as a reserve force mainly for defensive purposes. The villagers, in return, fed their whole population, without serious consideration of work or wages. The land has now been well-nigh purged of violent criminals and the villagers can very well afford to disband these their hereditary defensive forces. It is now time these idle hands justified their existence and found out their means of livelihood. They have not yet hit upon any new methods for the purpose. And what can they, in their ignorance, fall back on but mischief or threat of mischief to agricultural property, unless paid their customary subsidies? Thus what little we hear of crime in the mofussil lurks generally in non-working communities.

The present condition of agricultural labour may thus be put in a nutshell. Several new and undreamt-of fields of labour have been opened, and they are ever increasing. They have diverted principally the hereditary labourers of the country, who are mostly either agriculturists or agricultural labourers. This has produced a dearth of agricultural labour which, for want of competition by hereditary non-working classes, has not

only artificially forced up the price of agricultural labour, but even told upon the efficiency of agriculture in general. To crown all, cultivators are required not only to pay a higher wage (which would not be the case if work were competed for by these parasites of the "village communities,") but to provide, without return, sufficient food and fodder for these and their cattle, however straitened their own circumstances may be.

It should be remembered that the exactions and thefts, by non-working classes, take place when crops are standing, and grain and fodder lie in the fields. In fact they precede the removal of agricultural produce to the market, and therefore the settlement of its price. Along with the cost of labour, the loss, on this account too, must be included in the cost of production, as it must surely regulate the selling price of grain and fodder. Is it not possible to bring down the prices of food grains and fodder by reducing the cost of production, both by means of cheapening labour and preventing loot by unproductive, hereditary idlers? This is a question for practical economists to solve. With a full measure of sympathy for the aims and objects of the Depressed Classes Mission, I would deferentially request it to study on the spot their condition and their ways, before chalking out a feasible and effective programme of work for their resuscitation. In my humble opinion, efforts must primarily be concentrated upon making them give up their present do-nothing attitude and drive them to a life of work, before inducing them to go to school. This can be best achieved by impressing upon them the illegality of their preying upon the agriculturists, as well as the dignity of labour. Agriculturists must further be trained and emboldened to combine in order to resist with success the demands and inroads of all vagabonds. But nothing short of an enactment on the lines of the Vagrancy Laws will ameliorate the condition of non-working classes as also that of the agriculturists, whose lifeblood the former suck. If it takes time to extend a network of state workshops to start these hereditary vagrants on a life of work, there are many projects under the Departments of Public Works and Railways to fulfil this object. The cooly-recruiting establishments may also be depended upon to take them over. There are besides many waste lands to be reclaimed, on which they can be settled with advantage. Plenty of work awaits them during the harvest season. Means ought to be devised to curb all tendency to go begging from village to village by making it incumbent upon beggars to disclose, before encamping in the precincts of a village, to the village authorities or *punch*, their resources, *e.g.*, money, invitation or undertaking by an individual or body to feed. This is sufficient to respect

popular sentiment in favour of that class of beggars who pass by the name of Sadhus. Indeed, there is no reason why all non-working classes, whether settled or itinerant, should not be required to satisfy the local authorities or *punch* about their ways and means, on pain of being compulsorily drafted to works in need of labour. The British rule has freed the land from the scourge of Pindharis, Thugs, and other equally turbulent criminals. Advancing on the same lines, it is now high time to take in hand all that interfere with the full and free enjoyment of the fruit of one's industry. Break to work all non-working castes, and the crime-returns in the mofussil will record a marked improvement, and the work of the police will be wonderfully easier. Reclamation of these castes, which make up about one-sixth of the population, is tantamount to acquisition of new land and accretion to our resources. It will liberate a vast quantity of labour, now not only pent up but positively mischievous. *It will free agriculturists from burdens, which, though ancient, are now unnecessary and oppressive, and save them whatever cheaper labour and destruction of parasites will spare. It will stimulate work and healthy competition among labourers. The cost of production of foods, including the cost of labour, and blackmail by vagrants, will appreciably diminish. And lastly, when relieved of these taxes, the food prices must go down as a matter of course. Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves. The economical side of the Indian life betrays a lamentable disregard of this sound advice, and hence most of our industrial difficulties. The funds and labour, lost upon the upkeep of these drones, can very well be spared for many a necessary and useful thing. We show the gravest concern when cattle-disease or plant-disease breaks out, or locusts or rats attack our fields. These calamities are occasional, and we leave no stone unturned to end them as quickly as possible, with the help of science. But what have we done to save our fields from the annually recurring attacks by non-working classes? Absolutely nothing. If Government were to raise a direct tax in support of these people, we would rend the sky with protests and condemnation. But do we condemn ourselves who, without any pressure from Government, do actually bear the tax all the same? Have we raised even a finger to protect agriculturists from these modern Pindharis? Have we moved an inch to deliver the non-working classes from their ignoble ways of life? We undoubtedly owe an explanation on these points to the country. Will the patriots and well-wishers of India bring, even now, their constructive ability to bear on this problem, which affects most vitally the prosperity of Indian agriculture?

SHEVGAON,

T. N. ATRE.

Ahmednagar District.

THE EDUCATION OF A GREAT KING.

THE trite old adage, "The boy is father of the man," never had an apter illustration than in the boyhood and early education of the third King of Prussia, known to the world as Frederick the Great. The interesting and delightful volume by M. Ernest Lavisse, entitled "The Youth of Frederick the Great," delineates with a masterly hand the gradual modelling of the man from the eccentric unlovely surroundings of his early days. Step by step we trace how the grave faults of his manhood were engendered in an atmosphere of intrigue, deceit and falsehood; how, to the embryonic free-thinker and sceptic, religion was rendered hateful through being presented in the hardest and most repellent aspect; its precepts learnt as punishments, and its truths openly questioned and cavilled at by cynical French exiles and atheistic tutors; how a delicate, sensitive boy was driven to dissimulation by the coarse brutality and indiscriminating discipline of an unsympathetic father; how an eager intelligent mind, ready to unfold itself to congenial and benign development, was thrown back upon itself, to wander blindly through labyrinths of doubt, scepticism, and false philosophies; how a naturally lovable and confiding disposition was gradually hardened and encrusted by a forced reserve, a supercilious cynicism, and a morbid, loveless immorality. An education, which was planned out by a totally unintellectual father, on the strictest rules and to the smallest detail, allowing no scope for individual taste or inclination—every minute of the day regulated, even to the time allowed for washing hands, "*without soap*"—gave the young restless spirit of the boy an utter contempt and detestation of law, rendering him in after life indifferent to the sacredness of treaties, bonds, or promises. The dishonest crowd of treacherous ministers, time-servers and sycophants, swarming round the court, presented him

almost from his cradle with a fearful insight of the depths of dissimulation, insincerity and hollowness of which self-interested and unscrupulous men are capable. He early saw that the sharpest rogue won the day. It was a constant play of wit, knavery and chicanery ; and, to his immature judgment, it appeared evident that the battle was gained by the cleverest rascal and the most expert liar to the detriment of the honest man. In an environment of systematic perfidy, ill-natured, scurrilous gossip, and intriguing egotism, he found deceit and hypocrisy obtained more than uprightness and truth ; and in his manhood, in all critical moments of policy, at all partings of the ways, he fell back on the engrafted treachery of his youth and the pernicious lessons of early days. A false estimate of human nature, a low and miserable standard of morality, and a limited horizon of sordid greed and cunning, gave a bias to the young life that never in after years could be righted on the side of the angels. Love and honour were unknown qualities in the curriculum of his tutors ; he grew up with no ideal of a love that ennobles, or an honour dearer than fame or life itself. His best friend might perish in his service without a protest from the cynical young stoic ; his idolising mother and sister, often companions in his misfortunes, were only tools in his hands to serve his own ends, the natural kindness and generosity of his character having been warped and distorted by the brutal tyranny and despicable meanness surrounding him.

In reading M. Lavissee's interesting narrative, we behold as real and living personages, not as mere marionettes on a mimic stage, but as breathing mortals, instinct with life and its passions, the principal characters who composed Frederick's little world, and whose foibles, vices, and idiosyncrasies prejudiced his whole career.

First and foremost stands forth the father. A very strange and notable person was Frederick William I. of Prussia. Honest, truthful, vigilant and hard-working, he was furious when he discovered the opposite vices in those around him ; parsimonious, simple and moral in his tastes, he detested the extravagance, luxury and debauchery prevalent at the courts of his contemporaries ; deeply religious and of simple faith founded on dogma, he could not understand a mind striving to comprehend, to test and, perchance in the end, to doubt, the grounds upon which belief

rested ; boorish, unintellectual, practical and sordid in mind and manners, he had no sympathy with the philosophical spirit of science and criticism of the 18th century ; nor with the great intellects opening out daily new sources of enquiry, and through a night of darkness and superstition travelling onward to the light. All poets were dreamers and wind-makers to this practical soul ; philosophers and scientists were classed with magicians and charlatans in his commonplace mind, that desired nothing but facts, and "*ein plus*" in the summing-up of his accounts. A man of strong passions, he loved his son, and wished intensely to awaken in the pretty sensitive boy a corresponding affection ; feeling deeply the responsibilities of his position as king and father of his people, he truly strove, according to his lights, to inculcate his young and talented heir with the same lively sense of the important duties his station in life would eventually impose upon him. Knowing that economy, thrift and attention to minute details were requisite to the building-up of the newly-founded Prussian Monarchy in the first critical years of its existence, he strove, by rigid parsimony in his own private expenses and in the *entourage* of his court, to make his successor fully alive to the necessity of practical economy, strict discipline and personal supervision throughout the country. Though the son rebelled against the harsh, crabbed rules of his father, the hard-learned lessons bore fruit hereafter in strengthening his already retentive memory, and rendering him familiar with the smallest detail in the vast organisation of the State he ultimately governed with so much skill and power.

Above all things the king desired his son should be a soldier, declaring "he would be the most despicable creature on earth, if he did not love his sword, if he did not seek in it and by it the only glory." Instead of the sword Fritz played on the flute by preference, and called his uniform "his winding-sheet."

"What in the world can be passing in that little head ?" asked the king, as he met the large blue eyes of his son, lambent with intelligence, the delicate refined features already saddened by a precocious genius. Intuitively the father felt he was not in touch with the dawning thoughts of that awakened intellect, and experienced thereupon a sore sense of injury and rebuff ; but little did the old disciplinarian, who had mapped out for prayers, instruction,

recreation, meals and sleep every moment of his small son's life, guess that already the forbidden fruit of knowledge had been tasted; that, instead of resting in happy childlike slumber, the young philosopher was reading, through the silent hours of the night, racy French novels, doubtful books of scientific sophistry, atheistical works on theology, and heterodox treatises on original sin and predestination.

Soon, however, what the king at first dimly suspected, became more and more apparent to the outward eye. The Crown Prince, the incipient warrior and general, who was destined to lead the perfectly drilled and disciplined army to glory and victory, was developing into a miserable degenerate flute-playing coxcomb in an embroidered dressing-gown, chosing rather to dally with his mother and sisters than to witness the manœuvres of the far-famed corps of gigantic grenadiers, or take part in the exciting actions of a field day. Instead of rejoicing in boar-hunting, and other kindred sports, this renegade offspring of a Spartan Nimrod delighted in such luxuries and refinements of home-life as the queen and her daughters could smuggle into their private rooms, undetected by the king's suspicious surveillance, but ever fearful that the Dresden China and French nick-nacks would be scattered in an untimely moment by the despot's walking-stick.

Again, smoking made this supercilious dilettante sick unto death, and he utterly abhorred, with (in this case) no pretence at concealment, the beer-drinking suppers, redolent with tobacco and hideous with the coarsest jokes and buffoonery, in which the king's soul delighted, and which in truth were the only recreations he allowed himself in the daily routine of exact and uncompromising duties.

The king's character and intellect were early gauged by his precocious son and found wanting in those traits that assimilated with his own. In such a case nothing but continual friction could occur, with mutual contempt. In fact, Frederick William was a square man in a round hole; "he seemed indeed to have been intended by Nature for the life of a country gentleman. He would have managed his estates beautifully, and have increased their value every year. He would have cut down a forest here, drained a marsh there, established a brewery or distillery where it was needed, put up new buildings and secured a market for his produce. He would have maintained the strictest discipline over all his servants,

looking after everything himself, down to the linen, the kitchen, and the jam-making. He would have always been at everyone's heels, shouting, abusing and striking them. He would have been the keenest sportsman of all the '*Yunkers*' of Brandenburg, and have rivalled the largest eaters and drinkers in their pantagrueian repasts. In the evening he would have smoked his pipe with his neighbours and belongings, arguing at length on the subjects of seed-time and harvest, upon manure or hunting; comparing the merits of wine and beer, or discussing grace and original sin. He would have read family prayers, in addition to his private devotions, and have asked God, in the utmost simplicity, to keep the hail from his crops, and to reserve it for those of other people. He would have chanted Psalms in church and at home, and have found in the Bible texts calculated to increase active Christianity among his stewards and servants. He would have economised out of his 10,000 crowns, and would have added these savings to the plus-value of his lands; for every year he would have had *ein plus*. He would finally have passed away in peace, leaving to his heir the finest estates in the country; and a comfortable sum laid by wherewith to make still more of them, to buy a certain estate that he coveted, to commence the lawsuit that he had always wished to bring against so-and-so, but which he had never dared to bring because he had no faith in judges and justice, and because fear of losing was greater than his passion for gain. Frederick William was, on the throne, this gentleman farmer. He governed his kingdom as a proprietor of his estates. Instead of acres he cleared and drained many square miles; instead of stables and barns he built towns."*

Next in importance to the king, as determining the lines of Frederick's character, was the queen, Sophia Dorothea, the unhappy daughter of an unhappy mother, the ill-fated Sophia of Zell, with her finely formed features, majestic appearance and ample waist; haughty, discontented, unstable and prejudiced, with many enemies but without a friend; gifted with an unfortunate knack of always confiding state secrets to the wrong people; ambition her ruling passion; and to be considered well-dressed, accomplished and clever in home and foreign politics her fondest desire. She intrigued indefatigably to advance the dignity of her family by judicious marriages

* "The Youth of Frederick the Great," page 135.

with the chief reigning families of Europe ; more especially was her heart set on a double alliance with England ; Wilhelmina was to marry her first cousin, the Duke of Gloucester, son of the Prince of Wales, and grandson of George I. ; Frederick was destined for Princess Amelia, the Duke of Gloucester's sister. To make her daughter a queen, Sophia Dorothea prayed, plotted, planned, and intrigued, till her ardent wish became a mania, and tinged, with undue excitement, gloom and despair, many long years of her narrow, discontented life, as she recognised, more and more, the insurmountable difficulties in the way of the furtherance of her schemes, and the inveterate dislike of her husband to the proposed marriages. The king always regulated his transactions on the rule of *quid pro quo* ; though at first earnestly desiring the marriages, he considered the young lady Wilhelmina worth quite as much as the gentleman, the son of " a poor creature without wits," as he publicly designated his august brother-in-law, King George II. of England ; and thus though, in the eyes of reigning dynasties, he was looked upon as a " mushroom king," his honest pride and intuitive belief in the future greatness of his family, rendered him unremitting and exorbitant in his demands, which being unconditionally refused, increased to dangerous intensity the inimical feelings he always personally entertained towards the English Court.

In all her hopes, plans, and tastes, the Queen was frustrated by her husband. What she liked the King detested. In vain she represented the open-handed liberality and ceremonial magnificence of other courts ; Frederick William answered her solicitations by the old adage, " We poor beggars must cut our coat according to our cloth," therefore, " the gold and silver plate, crystal and silver chandeliers, silver tables and arm-chairs," used on rare and extraordinary occasions, saw the light but seldom ; and wooden chairs and tables, two-pronged steel forks, pewter tankards and clay pipes made their appearance, and were considered quite sufficient for the amenities of everyday life. A man, who counted the buttons on his soldiers' boots, and measured the amount of stuff requisite for their shirt-cuffs, was not likely to be lenient to the little foibles, extravagances and elegancies of a lady's toilette. Scrupulously careful of his own clothes, protecting them in his private rooms, by wearing a large holland apron and cuffs, he was furious if the queen appeared

in fashionable or costly attire. To him she was a plain German *Frau*, the mother of his children, and except at State ceremonies, should be dressed in the simple costume of an economical housewife. Bitterly did the queen resent this parsimonious interference with what she considered her womanly prerogatives; and early in life, looking to the future, she put off till the time when "the king should happen to pass away," the pleasure of living as she wished, and "as a queen." Over-looking the really sterling virtues of her husband, his marital faithfulness in a most licentious and dissolute age, his upright honest character and stern adherence to duty, his simple affectionate disposition, and calm religious faith, she exaggerated his eccentricities, his many foibles, imperfections, and outbursts of temper, representing him to all Europe as an uncouth, half-mad barbarian. We thus behold the wife secretly rebelling against the husband's rule; covertly ignoring and thwarting his wishes, intriguing to subvert his projects; and, behind his back, holding him up to the ridicule of her sons and daughters, injudiciously enlisting them on her side in all her bitter antipathies and scheming ambitions.

Next in importance, as the earliest companion of his youth, and probably the only person he really loved, came Frederick's eldest sister, the preternaturally sharp, clever, vain Wilhelmina, the disappointed princess, who aspired to be a queen, with her fair, freckled face, her keen penetrating eyes, her pert and scathing tongue, her witty, critical powers of observation, her inborn ambition to rank as one of the leading queens of Europe, and her morbid discontent, inherited from her mother, when she became the wife of a third-class princeling, the Margrave of Baireuth.

We see the precocious little girl of eight using her sharp eyes to advantage on the visit of the Czar Peter to her father's court at Berlin in 1718. Such a rare and extraordinary occurrence, with its attendant ceremonies, unusual display and unwonted extravagance, would be indelibly impressed on the observing child's memory; and a most amusing and characteristic picture is handed down to us of that northern savage, as he traversed Europe in search of civilisation, leaving behind him, in the palaces of his hosts, "the desolation of Jerusalem."

"She saw the Czar arrive, offer his hand to the King, with the

words : ' I am very glad to see you, my brother Frederick. She saw the Queen repulse the barbarian when he tried to kiss her, the Czarina kiss the Queen's hand, and present to her the four hundred so-called ladies of her suite—lady's maids, cooks, laundresses. She has given a very good portrait of the Czarina, 'small, untidy, and very tanned,' without grace or manner. Her gown had been bought second-hand. It was old-fashioned and covered with silver and grease. The front of her petticoat was laden with jewels. She wore a dozen orders, and as many portraits of saints and relics, fastened to the trimmings of her gown, so that, when she walked, she tinkled like a mule.' *

Wilhelmina was not always strictly veracious and trustworthy, but we may be certain she saw the grease-spots (probably counted them).

When Augustus II., King of Poland, stayed a week in Berlin, as her father's guest, she noticed how he offered his hand to her mother, and conducted her to the audience-chamber with a chivalrous politeness and knowledge of etiquette unknown at the Prussian Court ; how he made pretty speeches and apologised for sitting in the presence of ladies. She was much impressed with the grandeur and magnificence of the great presentation ceremony held on the Sunday in the gallery of the Castle ; and greatly exercised in her mind that, in contrast to the splendid dresses of the King of Poland's retinue, those of the Prussians presented so sorry an appearance, "their coats being so short that they would not have served as fig-leaves to our first parents, and so tight that they dared not move"; the king had evidently had the ordering of the tailor's bill, and not allowed enough material.

Wilhelmina was devotedly attached to her brother, sympathised in all his griefs, quarrels and misunderstandings with his father, and bitterly resented the king's conduct towards him. Her affection for Fritz was more real, sincere and enduring than his for her ; he reciprocated as long as it served his purpose, but in after years the sister had to deplore the want of heart in the brother. In childhood, however, they were as one ; they mimicked and ridiculed the same objectionable persons ; they were both equally observant, spiteful, satirical and underhand. They spied on the servants, the

* "Memoirs of the Margravine," page 33.

waiting-women, the governess and the ministers, and reported to each other, in long private conversations, all they saw and heard with the greatest gusto. They were both *en courant* with the coarse gossip and petty scandals of the Court, and of the nicknames among the dependants for the king and queen. They hated, feared, and despised their father, and ranged themselves unreservedly on their mother's side ; they shared her ambitions, condoled with her jeremiads and furthered her intrigues.

"The young people thus learnt—too early—to see nothing but the ugly side of life. They encouraged each other's suspicions and distrust. Their mutual affection was fortified by the hatred they bore to the rest of the world ; everyone remarked their intimacy ; they made a party of their own. At table they looked at each other, reading their thoughts in each other's eyes, understanding each other, and doubtless saying, 'What people ! What surroundings ! Some day we will change all this.' And the father felt that his son disapproved of him, felt it from the silence of his lips and from the aversion of his gaze."*

Poor children ! We can but pity them, deprived of their youth, brought up without an elevating thought, educated without a noble ideal !

Among the ministers at Court, the most prominent figures were those of General Count von Seckendorff, the Austrian Emperor's ambassador, and his chosen ally, Grumbkow, the King of Prussia's favourite, "who spent his life in the king's 'company charged with war details.'" As clever, treacherous, intriguing a couple of rogues as ever beset an honest man, in the person of Frederick William. Both smoked, drank and sat up to the small hours of the morning with their victim, discoursing on religion, hell, and ghosts ; discussing military tactics, agricultural reforms, matrimonial alliances, political problems, and last though not least, the manifold misdemeanours of the heir to the throne.

(To be continued.)

FRANCES SWINEY.

* "The Youth of Frederick the Great," page 163.

DIARY OF A DERELICT.

(Continued from our last number.)

BUT what is this infinite power in its fulness ? This is an eternal mystery, and it is not necessary for me to know any more. I know only that in this state death is not fearful. ‘ Into Thy hands I commend my spirit.’ The separateness of my spirit, which was produced by the form through which I was passing, ceases, and I unite with the *all*. I have lately begun to feel this—that when I die, I shall not really die but shall live in all the rest.” Here is clear confirmation—from an independent witness, Tolstoy—of what the Yoga Sutras teach.

* * *

How should I establish loving relations towards all that lives ? Help me—Father—to establish them. Help me to “ pay in good work the rent of the life” given to me—the interest of the talent entrusted to me. Help me to increase love by good works. Help me to establish your kingdom within my soul as well as without. Let me keep myself “ out of the shot and danger of desire.” Let me not strive for personal perfection alone—but also for the amelioration of human life. Let no one suffer by my activity. Let it not call forth the groan of pain. Let me cultivate my spiritual essence by maintaining purity in my animal, humility in my human, and love in my divine, life. Let me realise that privations are necessary—humiliations are necessary—the enmity of men is necessary to such cultivation,—and that though “ the object of life is outside pleasures and pains,” it is “ obtained by passing through them.” Let me realise that pleasure and pain are the respirations of human life—“ inhalation and exhalation—reception and expulsion ” and that “ to place one’s object in pleasure and the avoidance of pain signifies that the way which intersects them is lost.” Let me realise that “ to die physically

often contributes to that light in which life is concentrated," and that our souls are "fire given from heaven and kindled on the altar of our bodies." Let me be the Agnihotri of this divine fire. Let me be its pious Mobed.

* * *

"I threw a chip into a whirlpool," writes Tolstoy, "and observed how it spun. A steamer is a similar chip, only a little bigger ; the world—a speck ; a thousand years—one minute. All is nothing, all that is material is nothing ; one thing only is real, unquestionable—the law according to which everything, both small and great, is accomplished—the will of God. And, therefore, if thou wishest to live not in imagination but in reality—live according to the will of God." True, my Russian brother. But you have yourself asked, "What is God?" and you have replied, "One thing only : Love." Therefore, to live according to the law of God is to live according to the Law of Him who is Love.

* * *

I wanted to do a beautiful deed, and my Russian brother rebukes me thus: "Be meek and humble in thy heart, be satisfied with everything, content with every position, and thou wilt fulfil the Father's will. So that it is only necessary to ascertain not what one should do, but how to do what one has to do." The Gita also says : "Do your Swadharma."

* * *

God "holds us, as it were, with reins, and we, like horses, do not know whither we are going, nor wherefore ; but we do know, through pains, when we are going whither we ought not ; and by a sense of freedom, absence of restraint, when we are going where we should." It is the soul, rather, that holds the reins, my brother, the spirit of God within us, as distinguished from our soul, being the *Sākhi* (or seer) whose reflexion in the soul is the source of its life, its inspiration and its activity.

* * *

"A compositor who is entirely ignorant of a language composes the better for this, as he does not guess at the meaning according to his own ideas, they say. So also we should live, without guessing at the meaning of that which one is doing ; one should not guess the works which are supposed to be necessary to God, but one should

fulfil, one after the other, that which God commands—one should set in type letter after letter. And the meaning of it all is given not by me, but by Him.” But how can one fulfil the Will of God without thinking, without ascertaining “one’s own true fundamental will”? We were not meant to be automata? But at the same time, it is true, men torture themselves by not turning to “the sunnier side of doubt,” and not giving Him even the benefit of their doubt. They sit in judgment upon His work and apply their own standards—like compositors of little learning—and fall into grievous mistakes—and then for their very freedom, blame God. “Why did you make us free to torture ourselves with doubts? Why did you make us free to commit sins and mistakes? Why did you make us free to love you or hate you? Why did you give us this overstrung nervous system? Why did you bring us into this world of Relativity? Why is not our language capable of expressing Absolute truths? Why can’t we grasp the Absolute? What guarantee have we that all that we see is not a dream—an insubstantial vision? Why have you given us this dream at all? If you want to be loved—and loved by the free—even then we must call you selfish and tyrannical.” Is this attitude fair? If a Government gives its subjects freedom—is it tyrannical, is it selfish? If those who are freed choose to abuse their freedom—is the giver of the freedom to blame? “Why didn’t he foresee?” it may be asked. Yes, he must have foreseen—but he foresaw not only what we would become in this particular year: He foresaw also what we could become in years to come. And how do we know that that foresight (though in Him there is no before) did not show a better future in store for us? The last act has not yet been enacted, and it is far better to believe that “somehow good will be the final goal of ill” than that “somehow ill will be the final goal of all.” Did these mighty solar systems come into being merely to puzzle the intellect and create misery? A little child cannot understand—cannot explain its mother’s unselfish love. And are we not, after all, little children who have not yet learnt even the Aliph of the Alphabet of His Love?

* * * *

16-6-05.

How can I test myself if I have no troubles—no crosses? I have had a couple during the last two days—and I find I am really

stronger than I was a year ago—for my faith is deepening and “the inward service of the mind and soul” is growing wide withal.

8-7-05.

Higher than the bliss of the senses is the bliss of the *manas*. Higher than the bliss of the *manas* is the bliss of the *Buddhi*. Higher than the bliss of the *Buddhi* is the bliss of the *antārātma*. The first compared to the last is as a frail evanescent glow-worm to “the worshipped Sun” peering forth from “the golden window of the east.”

13-7-05.

In the Edinburgh slaughter-houses, blood is converted into albumen, used in calico-printing, and the clots are used as manure.

If animals are killed by virtue of a Karmic law—is there any such law governing this conversion of their blood and clots into useful things? Why is it that there is no such conversion in Indian slaughter-houses? Tennyson said he could understand love and reverence but could not understand a brick—for matter is really a greater puzzle than spirit. Similarly, the Karmic law in its spiritual results is much more intelligible than in its material results. What is most mysterious is the interaction between matter and spirit. Are we composed of what obeys the law of causation and what does not obey it? If so, how are the effects produced by the former felt by the latter, and how does the latter contribute its quota of freedom to modify the bondage of the former?

* * *

A great Bhakt has called matter a *Sarhini* (serpent) Has it really a “serpent heart, hid with a flowering face”? Is it a

beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical,

Dove-feathered raven! Wolfish ravens lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show?

Are there only three classes of crime, as Tolstoy says, (1) crimes proceeding from a desire to increase one's possessions or to obtain the indispensable necessities of life; (2) crimes resulting from revenge, carnal love, anger, hatred and other unbridled passions; (3) crimes arising from the desire to help men. The first class come under *Steya*, the second under *Hinsa*. Is perjury included in the third? I think the Yogic summary of sins, crimes and torts—*Hinsa*, *Asatya*,

Steya, Abrahmacharya, and Parigraha—is more comprehensive and more suggestive.

* • *

It is perfectly true that the passions are best *curbed* by finding the meaning of life in the spirit, by strengthening and satisfying the life in the spirit—and by “brotherly love and labour.”

It is also true that crimes excited by an idea—for example, conspiracies for alleviating the lot of the people by killing tyrants—are not checked by legal punishments or penal measures, and are rather inflamed and propagated by them. It is also true that the laws punishing murder, robbery, and fraud try mainly to repress the outward manifestations of evil, and do not reach its source or crush it in its very root. But when all this is admitted—it still remains true that laws, preventives and punishments are not useless in this imperfect state of humanity, though they would be more useful if they provided “loving work for all men” and equality of opportunity. To what extent are they governed by a nation’s Karma? What is the warp and what the woof of that Karma? Can we weave that warp and weave that woof anew?

* * *

Symonds in his “Italian Renaissance” enumerates the fourteen devils * that entered Italy with Spanish rule. But, like a wise historian, he says that the levelling down which was the result

* (1) The Inquisition.

(2) Jesuitry.

(3) Viceroyal rule.

(4) Insolent soldiery.

(5) Fantastical Taxation, levying tolls upon the necessities of life and drying up the founts of national well-being at their sources.

(6) Petty princedom, wallowing in sloth and cruelty upon a pinchbeck throne.

(7) Effeminate hidalgoism.

(8) Idleness.

(9) Disease.

(10) Brigandage.

(11) Destitution.

(12) Ignorance.

(13) Superstition.

Hypocritically sanctioned vice.

of that rule was necessary to make the Italians a nation. So good came out of evil. What warp and what woof produced it?

* * *

What a horrible life was that of so many of the Medici ! It reminds one of the life led by the last of the descendants of the Solar Race, as painted by Kalidas, and of the life led by the last effete Lucknow Nabobs. Symonds tells us that Eleonora de' Medici, third of Cosmo's daughters, was affianced to Vincenzo Gonzaga, heir of the duchy of Mantua. "But suspicions arising out of the circumstances of his divorce from a former wife obliged him to prove his marital capacity before the completion of the contract. This he did at Venice, before a witness, upon the person of a virgin selected for the experiment." Unnatural crime in Italy during the days of the Medici appears to have been as common as in Persia. The Italian nobleman, Francesco Cenci, we are told, had an illegitimate son at the age of fourteen. Let us hope that his persecution of his daughter Beatrice was not as infamous as Shelley would have us believe. But if it was not—(and it is said she herself had an illegitimate son and was twenty-two and not sixteen)—then how infamous was her charge in justification of parricide ! Her eldest brother Giacomo was sentenced for that crime to be torn to pieces with red-hot pincers, the hangman giving the *coup de grace* with a hammer ! What conceals Thee, my God, when dark deeds are done ? Do the Karmic clouds of men veil Thee from their gaze ? Is the reason of their existence merely "to wrong the wronger till he render right" ?

* * *

How much men free to win Thee forget Thee when they commit such sins ! And the priests—the priests—what do they at such times ? "In one year," we read, "there was offered at God's altar nothing ; at that of the Virgin £4. 1s. 8d., while St. Thomas (A Becket) received for his share £954. 6s. 3d. (The purchasing power in Henry II.'s time was more than 12 times of the money now.) So St. Thomas flourished—while the Virgin attracted fewer customers and God none at all. But Karma is never cheated anywhere, and Henry VIII.—a real humourist—plundered the shrine dedicated to St. Thomas by miracle-mongering priests, and cited him to come and be tried as a traitor ! The saint did not choose to

appear and his name was then struck out of the Calendar, and his poor bones were burnt, as if he was a Brahmin priest, and the ashes were thrown into the air ! How many deserve a similar fate in India ? Being of the earth, they should have but earth and ashes as their due.

* * *

The fruit of the Spirit, it has been truly said, is "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance." Judged by these tests, Becket was not a saint. But he unconsciously served the people's cause—just as the Spaniards did in Italy, the history of which, as an acute historian has said, resembles that of India. When and why and how do indifferent characters become instruments of national Karma ?

(To be continued.)

“THOU HAST FOUND ME.”

THE great bazar of Jaffarabad, an hour before noon in the cold weather, is as fascinating and picturesque a sight as the traveller hungering after Orientalism can well desire. The sky is an unclouded blue, the air clear, crisp and bracing, for it is between Christmas and New Year, and there was a sharp touch of frost last night. The great square, the long corridors, the shaded verandahs, and every approach to this centre of local civilisation are a seething mass of kaleidoscopic humanity. The central market is not old, but its architect breathed in it the true spirit of the East, and the Saracenic arches and the cupolas and minarets that float above them in the azure firmament might have dated from the time of Shah Jehan. Northwards and southwards a broad modern road, lined with avenues of nim and banyan, affords passage for the tribesmen who drive in their flocks and herds from their haunts across the desert. Between these avenues countless narrow lanes, some oppressively straight, others amazing in their crookedness, converge upon the hive of men. This narrowness adds to the height of the many-storied houses which seem to pierce the sky. Built of sun-dried brick, and plastered over with mud mixed with straw, they present a uniform shade of greyish yellow. Clear, clean-cut lines strike the eye; there is no flaw in the mason's plumb. Each of its own design, the edifices possess an irregular regularity. No space of wall lacks ornament, be it simulated windows or doors or recesses in the fabric, or richly carved wooden panels above the entrances. Balconies and verandahs project wherever the owner or occupant has happened to fancy them. All the houses have flat roofs protected for the most part by ornamental balustrades or open-work masonry; but upon the corner of one has been built a square turret which may catch some faint breeze in the hot months, when Jaffarabad is a veritable inferno. In the centre of another is a square summer-house in which there is some chance of sleep at night in those same awful months. Reed walls a few feet high around these

havens of rest ensure privacy without keeping out the air. Some of the houses are one or two stories higher than their neighbours, hence variety, but everywhere there is the straight line of the flat roofs and the ostentatious perpendicularity of the walls, hence symmetry.

There is not much of the proverbial listlessness of the East in the motley crowd which swarms about the market; rather activity, keenness, business, buying and selling, are the order of the day. Here is a string of camels that come bobbing and curtseying along, laden with firewood and enormous bundles of sugar-cane or of the rustling haulms of jawari or millet. In charge is a wild Beluch, clad in the ragged garments of his nationality, but alas! they are surmounted by a still more ragged frock coat, one of many hundreds imported (of all places) from Paris. Here a train of bullock-carts of the most primeval and cumbrous design crawls along with its load of piece-goods and other Europe produce in great wooden boxes, whose larger inscriptions note for the benefit of all concerned that the contents are for Lalsing and Uthamdass, and are not to be placed too near the engines. Here is a drove of dumbars or fat-tailed sheep whence the Sindhi obtains the luscious pillaos and stews that his soul loveth. Scores of donkeys straggle along bearing their quota, which seems generally to consist of bags of lime to be converted into plaster, or other building materials. All day long the various beasts of burden go and come; for the bazar is a flourishing one, and its stock must be maintained. First, let us inspect the fruit and vegetable stalls. Here are endless piles, both of Native and English descriptions, for the latter grow well in the winter of Upper Sind. There are enormous bunches of plantains, red and yellow, heaps of oranges, pomegranates, apples, guavas, cocoanuts, dried mulberries and dates, grapes from Kandahar, each carefully packed by itself in cotton wool, ground-nuts, almonds, and many other varieties to suit the palate of the heterogeneous purchasers. Next we find stall after stall of cauliflowers, potatoes, onions, turnips, red and white chillies, tomatoes, carrots, bhendies or ladies' fingers, brinjals or the egg-plant, melons, pumpkins and native spinach. Most of these stalls are alongside the outer walls of the main building; and the vendors have erected unsightly tattered cloths above their wares to protect buyer and seller from the blinding sun. These disfiguring makeshifts are shortly to be superseded by substantial verandahs. Before we enter the market the refreshment stalls in the open deserve attention. There are lines and lines of tea-tables where, as a rule, English kettles are kept constantly on the boil over a charcoal fire; but a real Russian's samovar from Merv or Balkh forms an attraction to an occasional stall. The cups and saucers are a remark-

ably miscellaneous lot, the harlequin being evidently the favourite line. Bottles that have once held gin or whisky stand row after row containing a fascinating golden fluid (I only allude to its appearance) which is known to its adherents as sherbet. Intoxicating drinks are nowhere in evidence. Whether the stimulant be tea or sherbet, the dispenser sits on his haunches in the middle of his table, and thence leisurely attends to the needs of impatient customers. Refreshment of a more substantial nature is to be had in great variety, luxuries for the rich, something plainer for the poor. Here you can have a sumptuous meal of kawab, or pieces of mutton grilled over a white hot fire, and then stuck one over the other on a long spit. They are strongly flavoured with chilli and spice; and the savour as one passes is not disagreeable. Thick chapaties or girdle cakes are constantly being turned out, fresh and hot, so that no one need complain of stale bread; solid blocks of dried dates, loose dried currants and raisins of various kinds and colours and multifarious sweetmeats more or less of the toffee genus seem to possess considerable attractions of their own. Under a stunted babul-tree at the end of the refreshment stall, sit the scribes who, for a small fee, conduct the correspondence of unlettered camel drivers, or fill up postal money-order forms.

Inside the masonry building the main feature of the wares seems to be colour. Whether it is the factories of Manchester or the looms of Khurassan that transmit the piles of cloth or silk, shawls or draperies, clothing sewn or unsewn, it is a constant succession of bright though not necessarily gaudy red, blue, green and gold, that meets the eye, with just enough in the way of snowy white textures to relieve the effect. There are no doors or windows, be it remembered, to the shops. In the morning the salesman takes down the front of his place of business, and puts it up in the evening. That is all. In front of each emporium hang strings of beads, laces, buttons, English socks, diminutive looking-glasses, bandanna handkerchiefs, glass bangles, ornamental braid, and cheap trinkets. You can buy most things here that you want. Excellent stationery, patent medicines, scent from London or Paris, tooth-brushes, ink-stands, English sweets and mouth organs made in Germany. Proceeding onwards, we come to the brass shops, where graceful lotas of every shape and size are on view. To these succeed the ironmongers with their tin pails, iron chains, nails, screws and tools. Next are a row of tailors' shops where sewing machines keep up an endless buzz; and then miscellaneous warehouses, where you can purchase pipe stems for the hookah a yard long, saddle-bags of as many colours as

Joseph's coat, horses' nose-bags decorated with shells, rolls of rope and string of an infinite number of varieties, gilded shoes and skull-caps, and last, but not least, poshteens or sheepskin coats to suit the most fastidious taste. Truly, there is much to tempt the hard-gotten rupees of the Beluch man, and the transmontane Afridi.

Passing out into the open again we come upon a row of shoemakers, cobbling away at the wildest designs of foot-gear while the wearer thereof waits. Next is a razor sharpener, who is warranted to ruin Kropp's best productions upon his revolving wheel in less than half a minute. Take care that you are not splashed by this municipal underling gifted with more zeal than discretion, who is disturbing the dust with libations from the puckhal or huge water-skin carried by his sad-looking, patient bullock. Here is the dyer's workshop; and long folds of red and blue cloth, fresh from the vat, are suspended across the road from tree to tree to be dried in the sun. Next is the stall of a hakim or native physician. He has a scanty stock of dirty phials and drugs with some dilapidated weights and scales; but the absence of patients and his seedy appearance suggest that his profession is not a lucrative one. Perhaps the new Government civil hospital is responsible for this. We must not overlook the grain-sellers. In countless baskets repose samples of every sort and size, wheat, barley, grain, and millet; while sacks with open mouths stand around the stalls in profusion. Let us hope that the contents of the sack are up to the quality of the sample and that the measure does not contain more than a legitimate ten per cent. of dust. Here are the tables of the flour dealers, where their wares, varying from the purest white to the richest brown, are piled up in pyramids. Here is one enterprising individual who has sought to attract custom by pasting up around his shop pictures from the London illustrated papers.

And the people! Can one describe the forms and changes of a kaleidoscope? Hindoo Bunyas from many a centre of commerce, sleek, shining, self-satisfied; the local Sindhi money-lender, meanest of mankind, of wretched appearance, riding a more wretched donkey, his whole turn-out suggestive of the direst poverty, while for thirty years he has been filling his coffers, and sucking in his Mahomedan neighbours' land; haughty Duranis from Kabul, with costly poshteens, loaded with ornaments. Popalzais from Gilzai, and Yusufzais from Kandahar, swagger along. No weapons are permitted without special license, for this is British territory; but what there may not be concealed beneath those voluminous garments, it would not be

wise to guarantee. Broad-skirted women from Rajputana, with enormous nose-rings, mingle with the throng. The sari or mantle of the women from the, Deccan is rarely seen here. Pathans of the local cavalry regiment, in the wildest of mufti, stalk along, nose in air. Who could guess that these men on parade are the smartest of the smart? Beluchis, of many a tribe press through the crowd. Take him for all in all the Beluch is the most picturesque item on the programme. His hair is raven black, and falls in curling ringlets well below his shoulders; untidy wisps straggle over his face. His complexion is a rich healthy reddish brown. He affects a huge shapeless puggri which once may have been white. His nether garments are pyjamas enormously loose down to the knee, tapering to an extreme of tightness at the ankle. His body is covered with a greater number of garments than he can probably remember; for from the time that he has grown big enough to wear them, he has never been known to take them off. The outermost one is of course a poshteen. Goodness knows how long it has been in the family, for it now consists more of patches than of the original fabric. He is a dear, kind, sympathetic, simple soul. He will get off his inevitable horse if he sees you walking, and beg you to ride; he will stop you by the roadside, never mind if you be a total stranger to him, and confide in you that none of his wives have any progeny, and ask your advice on the subject. What he lives by and for is the rearing and selling of horses. An occasional European seems lost and gone astray in this quaint multitude; an impossible blot on the picture. Be it noted that the seething crowd at Jaffarabad is absolutely orderly. Two stalwart Pathans of the local constabulary, Ilaibuksh and Meharulla, are responsible for this; and their word is law. They carry no more offensive weapon than a baton; and these are not likely to wear out from overwork.

Jaffarabad was once a frontier station, but the frontier has advanced, and rows of tumbledown bungalows are survivals of the days when, in spite of the eccentricities of the thermometer, it was looked upon as a lively and not altogether undesirable residence. It is a derelict; and the question now is whether its reduced military force should not be removed altogether. Like many another administrative conundrum, its solution is long deferred; and tongues go on wagging and wagging as to what the Sirkar is going to do. Jaffarabad would perish if its tongue could not be everlastingly on the waggle. India is a marvellous place for bazar "gup," as it is called; but Jaffarabad beats anything that I have ever known for the promulgation of the wildest rumours. There is a general idea that Indian rumour is wonderfully correct; and I remember instances when the rapid dissemination of news has been astonishing. But I have known

far more cases when rumour was hopelessly wrong. The general idea is founded upon exceptions.

I had been spending the morning in a renewal of my acquaintance with Jaffarabad. Long since satiated with the East, its gorgeousness and glamour were to me as a rule infinitely uninteresting. Nevertheless, there was something in the market and streets and the swarming hive of humanity of Jaffarabad that could still fascinate me. But the great clock on the market tower warned me that I had duties to attend to; and reluctantly I turned away from the vision of oriental colour and profusion. I gradually retraced my steps to the inner courts and covered thoroughfares to the open market place, lingering here and there to inspect some pretty trifle for sale on the booths or to interchange greetings with some friend of long ago amongst the horse-dealers or land-holders. Moving slowly onward I found myself standing at the end of the refreshment stalls where the scribes were writing letters under their babul-tree. Ilahibaksh, the stalwart policeman, happened to be passing on his beat; and he halted to inquire if he could be of any service to me. My attention had been attracted by one of the letter writers. He seemed anything but well-to-do. Little custom came to him, while his fellow scribes were kept as busy as could be by a swarm of clients who wished to write of their welfare and the prices obtaining for horseflesh to their families in their distant homes. He was a man of wiry frame, but bent and emaciated, probably prematurely aged rather than actually old. His clothing was of the poorest description and his grey hair hung loose about his wrinkled cheeks beneath a ragged puggri. He gave me the impression of being weary of life, and indifferent to everything. His eyes appeared to be weak as he wore dark blue spectacles.

"Well Ilahibaksh," I said. "You might tell me about our friend here. He doesn't seem to have made a success of his life. How long has he been here, and where does he hail from? His wants seem small judging by his get-up; but at the present rate he would seem unlikely to make both ends meet even on this moderate scale."

"Huzur," replied the representative of law and order, "he goes by the name of Nassiruddin, and it is understood that he came from some village near Kandahar. He has been here for the last five years. He is extremely reticent, seldom speaking to a soul. He is not very familiar with either Sindi or Baluchi; and it is only when he is required to write in Pushtu that he is of any use. He earns a few annas a day, just enough to keep body and soul together. He lives by himself in a tiny little room in one of the alleys behind the bazar; and he buys his food

ready cooked. He has been always quiet and inoffensive. He may have had a history. God knows. It is not my business to ferret out information about harmless people. There are plenty of rogues and scoundrels to look after."

"Quite right, Ilahibuksh," I replied, "if all policemen in this country would content themselves with doing their duty, and refrain from going beyond it and worrying innocent people, we should hear less abuse of the force."

Flick! A lizard had fallen from the babul-tree on to the face of Nassiruddin. He started, but speedily recovered himself, and repeated the kalima, or profession of faith, to avert this most dreaded of evil omens. The face of Ilahibaksh grew pale as he muttered "Khuda khair kare," or "God protect him," obviously with little hope that his prayers would avert some threatened misfortune.

The superstitions of the East seldom affect an European. But something intangible seemed of a sudden to overcome me. Icy chills ran through my limbs. I felt weighed down with an indescribable dread of the unknown. A cloud appeared from somewhere and blotted out the sun. The whole scene was changed. Its brightness was gone. Oh, to get away! But my feet seemed clogged. I was withheld, cold beads of perspiration stood on my brow. It was all weird, horrible, uncanny. In vain I strove to overcome what I tried to believe was a contemptible weakness. What had a ridiculous omen to do with me, an Englishman?

But the influence was too great for me. I felt myself falling, falling, falling. Then I was far away, in an unknown country, a land of rugged mountains interspersed with fertile valleys in which nestled here and there a smiling village with its gardens, farms, and orchards. My eyes rested on a peaceful hamlet where some festivity was evidently being celebrated, for a small crowd of men, women and children were eating and drinking, laughing and singing, beneath the laden apple trees. Hard by the hamlet was a square watch-tower; and a sudden alarm from the chowkidar interrupted the merry-making. In an instant there was confusion, men rushing for their weapons, and women and children hurrying into the houses. A cloud of dust drew nearer and nearer, and in a moment, so it seemed, a band of armed men hurled itself upon the village with fierce cries. The attack was irresistible. Many of the defenders lay dead, and the remainder, seeing that resistance was hopeless, fled.

"Now you be-wakufs," shouted the leader to his men, "find ye Fatima quickly for me; and for yourselves you can take whatever gold

and silver you can discover." In an incredibly short space of time a burly young swashbucker emerged from the largest house with a struggling girl in his arms, and handed her over to his chief, who swung her on the saddle before him. A few moments more and the rest of the gang were prepared to ride off, disposing of their spoil on their persons as they mounted their horses. The smoke that began to curl up through the roofs of the houses showed that they had had time to add arson to their other crimes. And I had to look on at all these horrors without being able to move a limb or utter a sound. And then the vision faded away, sensation ceased, and existence was a blank.

"The Sahib swooned," said Ilahibaksh, as he gently raised me up ; "but Khuda shukar, (thanks to God) he is recovering. Let the Huzur drink this," he continued as he held a glass of ice-cold soda-water to my lips, "and he will soon be better. Inshallah, this slave was frightened. Now let the Sahib rest in this chair till he is a little stronger ; and then I will get a carriage to take him to his tents."

"Many thanks," I said. "It is nothing; I shall feel better in a minute. I must have been faint for want of food ; or the sun must have affected me. All right, Ilahibaksh ; do not trouble about me. I shall be all right directly."

The worthy policeman made a pretence of moving off ; but I felt that he was at no great distance and that his eye would remain on me in case of any relapse. I sat still for some time, gradually recovering from the seizure, but dazed and unstrung. I remember listening as in a dream to a horse-dealer dictating a letter to Nassiruddin. On its completion the dealer insisted on the scribe reading out the letter to see if it was right, and freely expressed his annoyance at the mistakes which it contained. He was still giving vent to his wrath, and upbraiding the letter-writer for not being able to follow his description of a certain almond-coloured mare, when my attention was attracted by the arrival of a Pathan of singularly fine appearance and gallant bearing, mounted on a magnificent chestnut horse. His age might have been thirty-five. His costume was of simple white, but of the choicest fabric, relieved by a green girdle and a gold band over his flowing turban. In his belt he carried a pistol, and by his side was suspended a curved sword with a jewelled sheath. A handsome, jovial-looking man, there was that in his grey-green eyes that suggested a daring hampered by few scruples. He was attended by a party of horsemen each of whom wore a sword. A hum of admiration came from the crowd accompanied by salaams which were gracefully acknowledged and no one seemed to have eyes for aught

else but the Pathan, unless it were Nassiruddin, the scribe, who went on quietly endeavouring to make a correct transcription of his client's communication.

But arms may not be carried in Jaffarabad without a license or special "purwana"; and Ilahibuksh respectfully stood by the new arrival and asked for the necessary document.

"Be-shuk—certainly," said the Pathan drawing rein, "you shall see the paper that they want in this country when a man has a weapon with him. Though what purpose it serves I know not. Zamankhan Popalzai of Bulandshahr has hardly need for permission for himself or his followers to carry a sword or a pistol. Yet you shall see the paper." Still, as it were, in a dream, I was watching the Pathan stoop down to search in his saddle bag for his license. Still I seemed to hear the horse-dealer scolding the letter-writer, when, with a flying leap and the strength of a giant, Nassiruddin had thrown himself upon the horseman and buried a dagger in his breast.

"At last, O God!" he said, "at last, Fatima, I have revenged thee," and quietly held out his hands for Ilahibuksh to put on the hand-cuffs. He stood erect, proud and radiant. His blue glasses were gone. His eyes flashed. He looked half the age of the shrinking scribe.

"Yes," he said, "I call you all to witness that I, Zainul Abdin Durani, have righteously slain my enemy Zamankhan Popalzai. He killed my brothers, stole my newly-wedded bride, and burnt my homestead. And I lived. I, Zainul Abdin Durani, lived. A curse was on me. I fled. Yes, I, a Durani, was a coward. But my time has come. I have wiped off my shame. I feel a man once more. Take me and hang me; I shall die with joy."

"But the lizard," I said later on to Ilahibaksh, "it ought to have fallen on to Zamankhan, rather than on Nassiruddin."

"There are fortunes and misfortunes, Huzur," replied the policeman; "but maybe this letter-writer will remember the lizard when he is led outside the jail for the last time."

EDMUND C. COX.

Poona.

THE VEDANTIC THEORY OF MAYA.

THE dualism between Mind and the World has been a constant problem for solution to philosophers. Different schools have interpreted the problem in diverse ways; no less was the activity of the old Indian thinkers directed towards grappling with this difficult problem. One who could best explain away the cause and nature of the diversity in the external world was to carry the palm. The permanent existence or reality of God, or of the soul, was held by almost all without dispute. But then the question was—could there be any other independent existence than that of God?—Could we claim any reality for the material world? If any reality was to be conceded to the world, the dualism in question remained unsolved. To solve this riddle we have, therefore, to explain, if possible, the relation between God and the world, and to determine whether the latter can have any real existence or not.

The Empiricists or Sensationalists first advance their explanation in the words that “we cannot ordinarily distrust our senses; their products or the knowledge with which they furnish us cannot but be real, and the things perceived are real.” They exist independently. To us their *esse* might be their *percipi*; none the less they exist even when not perceived by us. If I am not perceiving a certain thing at a certain time, somebody else might be. Supposing none is, then God must be perceiving it. Thus the various things in Nature are real and exist independently of our minds. This is the most general point of view held by the educated majority and by the man-in-the-street as well, who is at once startled by the idea of the unreality of that which he sees, touches, or handles.

The Nyaya-Vaisheshika school endorses the above so far as it holds the existence of the world to be a separate entity in itself. But it regards it to be dependent on God at the same time. This school has no tendency towards materialism, as is the case with the Sankhya. This view is called *Arambha-vada* (आरम्भवादः). It holds that *asat* (non-existence) was the antecedent or the cause of *sat* (existence, the world). The conception of God is that of a World-Builder and Governor. Creating the world, He keeps Himself aloof from it, as it were. He has set the machinery in order, and has given it a swing. It now goes on by the laws He assigned to it. Such a conception corresponds more or less to the idea of Deism, which holds God to be, so to speak, banished from the world. Just as a clock-winder winds the clock and puts it in order, so that it might work on independently, similarly God creates this world and sets it in motion on some laws of Nature, and Himself is enthroned out of the world. The existence of God is also proved by the cosmological argument :—

“क्षित्यंकुरादिकं कर्तृजन्यं कार्यत्वात् घटवत्”

“The earth, sprout, &c., are the productions of an agent, because of their being an effect, as the jar.” The same idea is expressed in the following couplet :

जगतां यदि नो कर्ता कुलाब्जेन विना घटः ।

चित्रकारं विना चित्रं स्वत एव भवेत्तदा ॥

“If there be no maker of the worlds, then a jar should be made without a potter and a picture be drawn without a painter.” The notion of the first cause is acquired by an inductive process.

The Sankhya school, instead of proposing any solution of the dualism, strengthened it with its new conception of the relation between Mind and Matter. *Prakriti* (Matter) and *Purusha* (Atman, Soul, Mind) are the two realities—*independent existences*. The former is the equilibrium of the three *gunas* (qualities), viz., *Sattva* (Goodness), *Rajas* (Activity) and *Tamas* (Darkness, Passion) (Cf. “Sankhya-Darshana,” Ch. I., Sutra 61:—

(सस्त्वरजस्तमसां साम्यावस्था प्रकृतिः &c.)

The evolution of Matter is the external world. *Purusha* is indifferent (उदासीन). He is in bondage so long as he thinks himself to be associated with *Prakriti*. The bondage ceases when he realises his indifference and separate entity, (निर्लेपत्व). The existence of the

Soul (Atman) is proved in somewhat the same manner as that in which Descartes brought forward his famous formula —“ Cogito, ergo sum.” Cf. Sankhya-Darshana, Ch. VI., Sutra 1:—

“अस्त्यात्मा नास्तित्वाधनाभावात्”

“The Atman exists because of the absence of the means to establish his non-existence.” Sutra 2, :—“देहाद्व्यातिरिक्तोऽसौ वैचिञ्च्यत्”

“He is distinct from the body, &c., because of his peculiar nature.”. If the Atman were to be the same as the body, then there should be as many Atmans as the different bodies of the same individual in infancy, childhood, boyhood, youth, old age. Moreover, on the destruction of the body, the peculiar nature of rebirth (जन्मान्तर) of the Atman will not hold good.

Sutra 3 :— “षष्ठी व्यपदेशादपि”

“Also on account of the relation of the genitive case.” Another reason for the same is that the body is spoken of as ‘ mine ’ (genitive case) implying that “I” am distinct from the “body” (मम देह इति ज्ञानमस्ति, मेदे च षष्ठी श्रूयते)

So much for the nature of the Atman. Now as to the eternity of the Atman. Cf. Ibid. Ch. VI, Sutra 13, where a distinction is drawn between Prakriti and Purusha as to their eternity. The Atman is said to be “permanently” eternal (कूटस्थनित्य आत्मा) without undergoing any change, transformation, &c. The Prakriti is said to be eternal in the endless train of its transformations (परिणामिनित्या प्रकृतिः) The Sankhya school has been termed Parinama-vada (परिणामवाद) and supposes the evolution of existence (sat सत्) from non-existence (asat, असत्). Their theory of nature corresponds more or less to the modern theory of evolution. The vast network of phenomena as seen in the outer world is the outcome of the evolution of Matter (प्रकृति)

It would appear from the above that the dualism is not solved, the diversity of the world is not explained, and the problem practically remains “sticking to the same rung of the ladder.” The most adequate explanation is offered by the Vedanta school in postulating the theory of Maya. By this theory the Vedantin explains away the manifold diversity of the world. By Maya he means some inexpressible power which for a moment unites with Brahman and brings about the diverse phenomena. Noumenal Brahman is not

This world is seen clearly, appears to our view decidedly, but we cannot explain its nature adequately. Therefore the world is Maya—hence unreal. This is a truth which dawns upon one's imagination as soon as one gets clear of the mist of prejudice and partiality. The wisest have attempted to formulate a satisfactory explanation of the nature of the world, but sooner or later, being baffled in their attempt, have had to admit their ignorance—their inability to unravel this mystery. Look, for a moment, at this minute seed and the ramified trees as its result ! See how the material body of a child in the womb is endowed with life चेतन ! All this is a mystery and will ever remain so. Howsoever we may try to explain and to reason out the details of these processes, our last refuge will be the words “I do not know” (न जानामि). Reason cannot soar above this mystery. It has been well said :

अचिन्त्याः खलु ये भाषा न तांस्तेषु योजयेत् ।

अचिन्त्यरचनारूपं मनसाऽपि जगत्खलु ॥

“ Those truths which are beyond the ken of our understanding should not undergo ratiocination. The world is really unthinkable and unexplainable even by the mind.” Mere argumentation will not be of any avail in these matters. We can assert that even the existence of God cannot be proved simply by argumentation. The difficulty comes in when we are compelled to leap from the *idea* to the *objective reality* without any warrant. Religion is founded on faith. If faith is banished and an attempt is made to justify religious doctrines and dogmas with the help of bare ratiocination, the whole edifice tumbles down and collapses at once into Agnosticism and Materialism.

We, therefore, speak of Maya as the seed of the world, its nature being incomprehensible (अचिन्त्यरचनाशक्तिबीजं माया). The mysterious nature of Maya is well set forth in the following verse :—

एतस्मात्किमिवेन्द्रजालमपरं यद्भवत्स्थितं

रेतश्चेतति हस्तमस्तकपद् प्रोद्भूतनानाङ्कुरम् ।

पर्यायेण शिशुत्वयौवनजरावेषैरनं कैवृतं

पश्यत्यासि शृणोति जिघ्रति तथा गच्छत्यथागच्छति ॥

“What greater jugglery can there be than to witness man's seed in the womb develop itself into various shapes such as the hands,

the forehead, the feet, and then, being developed into the form of a child, assume the stages of childhood, youth, old age by degrees and manifest the activities of seeing, eating, hearing, smelling, going and coming ?”

The same mystic doctrine is also spoken of in the Shvetashvatara Upanishad. It is said that 88,000 sages met once in a great assembly and resolved to determine the cause of the world, as is declared.

ॐ ब्रह्मवादिनो वदन्ति । किं कारणं ब्रह्म कुतः स्म जाता जीवाम केन क च
संप्रतिष्ठाः । अधिष्ठाताः केन सखेतरेषु त महे ब्रह्मविदो व्यवस्थाम् ॥ (Shv.

Up. I.)

“The enquirers after Brahman talk among themselves. What is the nature of Brahman ? Whence are we produced ? By whom do we live and where do we ultimately abide ? By whom supported, O ye knowers of Brahman, do we experience happiness and its reverse ?” The answer is given in this next verse :

“ते ध्यानयोगानुगता अपश्यन्देवात्मशक्तिं स्वगुणैर्निगूढाम्” (Ibid I. 2.)

“They who were absorbed in abstract meditation and contemplation (concentration) beheld as the cause of the creation God’s own power (Maya), concealed by its own power.” All those sages exerted the full force of their highly developed intellects in deciding about the cause of the world, but were compelled at last to attribute it to Maya, the unique power of God.

That the world is a mystery and that such mystery, concealed beneath the phenomena, for ever baffles the senses and the understanding was also realised by the German metaphysician, Kant, the pioneer of critical philosophy. He recognises that what we see around us are not real things ; if we call them real it is the result of a great delusion. “Things-in-themselves” cannot be known. Our sensibility shows us things in time and space ; we are, as it were, looking at the world through the spectacles whose two glasses are Time and Space. This doctrine agrees with the theory of Maya in so far as it calls the external world an “appearance” as distinguished from “reality.” Fichte also stated that the universe which the common mind regards as real is nothing but a phenomenon, a manifestation, a portrait or a caricature of pure will, which he called the real “thing-in-itself,” the real Absolute. The Absolute

Idealism of Hegel also deprived the objective world of all reality. According to Hegel thought and being are one ; nature is thought objectified. The object and the subject are one, and this oneness is the absolute science to which the mind rises as to its absolute truth. This idea corresponds to the Non-Duality (अद्वैतवादः) of the Vedānta, which draws no distinction between the subject and the object, reducing everything to Brahman. Hegel says that when the Absolute—the identity of being and non-being—becomes, i.e., develops, the result is the unrolling of a series of processes. *Being* thus develops into *Becoming*, the idea exteriorises itself, objectifies itself and the vast carpet of the world is spread out.

From the above we understand that European philosophy as well as Indian, when it reached its zenith of development in Kant and Hegel, did contain the germs of the doctrine of Maya. Perhaps, some would urge here that the doctrine of Maya is the weakest point in the Vedānta, that what the Vedāntin cannot explain is shoved aside by being declared as “Maya,” and that God’s omnipotence is destroyed by postulating a *tertium quid*, the cause of the world. To all this we answer :—God’s omnipotence is not affected by this doctrine, because Maya is only a power (शक्तिः) of God, inherent in Him, through which, though One without a second (एकमेवाद्वितीयं,) Indivisible (अखण्डं), Unqualified (निर्गुणं), he appears many and qualified. Maya is not to be considered as standing in opposition to God, or as making out a constant dualism, as the *Prakriti* of the Sāṅkhya school is supposed to do. But it is a power dependent upon God, or constituted in the likeness of God, or of the same nature with God, or the omnipotence of God, His overruling of the creation, preservation and destruction of the world (देवात्मशक्तिः).

Now as to the first part of the objection—that the doctrine is the weakest brick in the fabric of the Vedānta : To us it appears that the doctrine does away with the crucial difficulty felt in the atomic, evolutionary, dualistic theories enunciated to account for the existence of the world. All such theories are in the spirit of Dualism, but our theory reduces everything to Brahman, declaring that the so-called diversity in Nature is not vested with any reality, but is a mere illusion—hence the spirit of monism. It is beyond dispute that the idea of monism is an index to a higher development of man’s reason than all such ideas as polytheism, dualism, &c.

This doctrine alone provides us with the most satisfactory explanation—by which the oneness of God is not affected, none the less the diversity of phenomena is also accounted for. To meet the objection negatively, however, we think it would not be too much to defy anyone to formulate any better doctrine by which so adequate and so satisfactory an explanation of the nature of God, the cause of the diversity of the objective world, might be furnished. We are not dogmatic in our assertion. Even the sharp point of the shaft of criticism cannot pierce through the adamantine walls of the Vedanta system founded on the doctrine of Maya. The deeper a man thinks the more is he convinced of the truth of the doctrine. Certainly it is not easy to *realise* (not simply to *say*) the absolute non-duality of Brahman (श्रीशंकराचार्यशुद्धाद्वैतवादः). But the fact remains that the doctrine of Maya is the most rational and the most satisfactory solution ever offered—the result of the evolutionary development of the Nyaya-Vaisheshika systems through the winding channels of Sankhya, Yoga, &c., to the vast and expansive ocean of the Vedanta. “What do I see in Nature?” wrote Fénelon; “God—God everywhere, God alone.”

PRABHU DUTT SHASTRI.

Lahore.

CHRISTIAN THOUGHT, CHRISTIAN DOGMA, AND THE CHRISTIAN LIFE IN RELATION TO HINDUISM.

THE writer cannot pretend to write on this subject without any predilections, but he endeavours to approach it with an honest mind, and in a spirit of fairness.

No attempt will be made to deal with statistics, to show how many are now numbered as Christians who themselves, or whose forefathers, were Hindus. As far as actual numbers are concerned, much information on this point may be obtained from Census Reports. These, however, give but surface results; the Hinduism from which many of them were converted may have been a merely nominal one, and it is to be feared that the Christianity which not a few of them have embraced cannot be placed in a higher category.

What is really attempted is an enquiry as to how far Christianity is influencing those who are still professedly Hindus. What is their attitude towards Christianity? To what extent are they favourable or unfavourable to it? Is there any indication of their desire or willingness to accept it as their Religion? If unwilling to embrace it as their religion, how far are they disposed to accept its teachings, or any of them?

These questions are so broad in their range that probably no answers could be given which would meet with general assent; but the subject is one well worthy of the consideration of all who are interested in the religious life of India, and is of vital moment to the future of Hinduism.

It is true that at the present time Politics have, for some, taken such a dominant position that religious and philosophical questions have been relegated to a subordinate place. This, however, is true only of some, and the writer earnestly hopes and believes that

true to the traditions of the past, India will still give the foremost place to those matters which concern man's final destiny, which stretch beyond the domain of the material and temporal, and belong, to the realm of the eternal and the infinite.

One hopeful feature of the situation is this, that in spite of those who blindly cling to time-honoured institutions and priest-conserved superstitions, India has always possessed thinkers, who have been ready to reconsider even the very fundamental principles of religion, and to accept new departures. As a matter of fact, the conservatism of India has prevailed far more powerfully in modes of life than in the realm of thought. The future progress of India is, to a large extent, bound up with the maintenance of this freedom of thought, united with a more vigorous obedience to all the truth which is thus discovered or re-discovered from time to time.

It is far easier to be a Radical in thought than in practice. Has not one of the defects of past centuries been the endeavour to put new wine into old bottles? Tremendous innovations of belief have been brought in by successive thinkers, but a compromise with Conservatism has been effected by endeavouring to shew that the teaching is in accord with the Vedas, is in fact *the* teaching of the Vedas, but that the true meaning had been darkened by false interpretations during the intervening centuries. Writers are found who maintain that the Six Systems are but different aspects of one fundamental position, and that the various Upanishads are but different expressions of one consistent and well-knit religious philosophy. It is clearly wise and right not to create divergencies where they do not really exist, and to recognise one truth under various expressions of it, but nothing is to be gained, in the long run, by the attempt to claim uniformity for doctrines which essentially differ. Why should we assume that every philosopher has thought rightly, but at times expressed himself vaguely or defectively? Why should we not be prepared to believe that thinkers, in our own and every other land, have not necessarily, at all times, thought wisely and soberly, but have frequently been greatly mistaken and enunciated doctrines which were either radically false or needed great modification.

The need of the present, as of every age, is to dare to exercise the critical faculty, to discriminate between things that differ, and

then boldly to reject the false and to accept the true, to leave the faulty for that which is more perfect, and to discard the attempt to weld into one things that cannot possibly unite. Shankaracharya and Ramanuj may have started from one base, but did not reach one goal, they travelled not by one road, nor did they reach the same destination. Why attempt to call both one's gurus? Is it absolutely necessary to call either so? The writer glories in being a Nonconformist, and believes that the Christian Church has been an immense gainer by those who refused to call any man Master, who, praying to God, dared to think for themselves, and refused to be bound down to any doctrine or form of worship or life, which did not commend itself to their conscience and their reason.

Truth is one, and come through whatever channel it may, its author is God. God is not a local deity, nor is divine truth the sole and peculiar possession of any thinker, or race, or age. Nothing is more dangerous, perhaps, than to make the channel the test of spiritual truth. It may not be wise to fling to the winds all our prejudices at a word, or lightly to esteem the teachings of our childhood. No one can start out to discover truth as though he were entering on a land never yet trodden by the foot of man. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof;" we do but follow in the wake of hundreds of thousands who have gone before us in the quest of God, in search of The Good. Paths branch off in every direction, they intersect each other, they wind hither and thither, some lead into waste and howling deserts, others into swamps, not a few terminate in "Vanity Fair," some seem to lead nowhere, but surely not every traveller has missed his way. *But* are we quite clear where we wish to go? Do we really know what we are seeking? Dangers of various kinds beset the earnest seeker after truth, one is tempted to tread the wide and well beaten way, another expects to find a private path, of the wicket-gate of which he alone holds the key, some try to deny themselves all human help, others blindly follow their leader, or successive leaders.

Religious unrest is not necessarily an evil, it is an unspeakable blessing when it means discontent with the lower and aspiration after something higher and better. It only becomes a curse when it is adopted as a fashion, and clung to as a habit, it is then but a

poor exchange for the religion of commonplace conventionality which has been discarded in its favour. How many are there to-day, in both East and West, who think it *clever* to discard the religious earnestness of their youth, and pose as those who are waiting for light, light which they neither expect, nor desire, nor seek. One is tempted to believe, at times, that not a little of so-called *thought* is not thought at all, but only a second-hand article, the reflection of the thought of others thrown upon the screen of an empty mind. Even where there be thought it is of little or no worth unless it issue in conviction, and bear fruit in a changed or developed life. A little thought loyally obeyed is far better than the profundities of thought which are for ever sounding the depths, but never find anchorage. Some seem to churn the ocean all their lives; a seer of milk shaken in a bottle would yield larger results.

What is Truth? Where is it to be found?

Has Christ—born mid East and West—brought any light for the world from God? Has He delivered any message which is worthy of consideration by East and West alike? Only *by considering* it can it be ascertained whether it is worth considering.

One of the great difficulties felt by many is this: "Where and Who is Christ, and what is His message? It is not Christ but Christianity which is being thrust upon us." Personally, the writer sympathises very deeply with any who seriously take such an attitude, and believes that an endeavour to go to the sources of Christianity, to Christ Himself and His teaching, can be productive of nothing but good. It is believed, moreover, that Christ can not only be sought in the records of His life and work, but is a real spiritual presence at the present time, with whom fellowship can be enjoyed by the devout seeker. And yet in spite of all the aberrations of Christianity, and the failures and wrongs which have marked the history of the Christian Church, it cannot be doubted that Christ has been discovered to many through the Church and Christianity. And it becomes a question not only of deep interest, but of profound importance, as to what extent, *and in what proportion*, India is being influenced by Christ, through Christian thought, Christian dogma, and the Christian life.

It is not necessary to attempt any exact definition of these three terms, yet something must be said about each.

Christian thought may stand for those essential conceptions about Christ and His teaching, apart from which Christianity would not be what it has been and is, when at its highest ; the conception of God as the Father of us all, the belief that God will not leave man uncared for, unenlightened, and unhelped, that He has not done so, but has drawn very near to him, by bridging over the gulf between the Infinite and the Finite, the Eternal and the Temporal, by the Incarnation ; the conception, moreover, of God as having been in the infinite past not absolutely alone, but existing in a fulness of nature and being, which implicate His being far removed from the barren and unrelieved selfishness which some would make the Absolute to mean. The conception would likewise carry with it something which in human language can only be described as divine sorrow for man's sinful state, and an effectual activity, having as its aim man's deliverance from sin and his uplifting into a state of holiness which bears the possibility of his enjoying eternal fellowship with God. The conception, moreover, does not shrink from importing into the Divine Being that divinest of human attributes—self-sacrifice. Christian thought may go further than this, but cannot stop short of some such broad outlines, if it is to retain the meaning which it has borne for the last nineteen centuries.

In what way does Christian dogma differ from Christian thought? It is not perhaps easy to draw a rigid line between the two ; but, speaking generally, dogma indicates the endeavour to crystallise the thought into formulæ capable of being united in a religious system. It must be confessed that sometimes, in the attempt to produce such an articulated and consistent system, dogmas are enunciated which appear to be somewhat strained. Striving after logical definition they pass beyond the region where thought has actually penetrated and made itself at home. In making this statement I do not wish to range myself with those who are impatient of all dogma, and regard vague and irresponsible thought, for ever shifting its ground, as the essence of religious truth. Not a little of such thought will be found on examination to be not thought at all, but 'imagination, coloured by emotion, and affording no solid basis for Religion, when viewed from its intellectual side. Dogma is necessary, and, for the great mass of men, is absolutely essential, even when it surpasses their full comprehension ; but in framing

dogma great caution and restraint are necessary. At times Hamlet's advice, in a modified form, has been adopted. "Assume a knowledge if thou hast it not," and formulæ have been drawn up which stretch beyond any possibility of intelligent meaning. Statements regarding the Trinity, assertions with respect to the method of Christ's Incarnation, the *modus operandi* of the Atonement, the conditions of the future life, the nature of the Inspiration of the Scriptures, have been put forward, which break down at the first serious attempt to think them. So long as dogmas concern themselves with statements of fact, even though those facts cannot be understood in all their bearings by us, they are well within their 'right province, but when they invade the territory of metaphysics, and attempt to define that which is beyond our present comprehension, they may become occasions of great mischief, and alienate those who humbly but firmly demand a reasonable Faith.

The Christian life may be considered in two ways. It may be regarded as the life lived by those who call Christ their Lord and Master ; or it may be viewed as the ideal life which Christ demands of His disciples.

The Christian life necessarily has an intellectual side, and here touches the first point we considered. It involves belief in a God who is not only infinitely great, but also full of goodness ; tender and pitiful, He is yet the Holy One ; He is very high and yet graciously near. The Christian life has its emotional side, it finds expression in worship, in poetry, and in hymns ; and yet it is felt that these fail to express all the adoring love, and the joyful trust, which are found in believers' hearts. Worship, however, by no means constitutes the whole of the religious life ; the moral life is an essential part of this, the categorical imperative must be obeyed, the call of duty is the voice of God, Conscience must be revered and implicitly obeyed. The Christian life is not for the cloister but for daily life in the world, it means constant obedience to the best that man knows, loyal service rendered to man's fellows, a deep love for all mankind, truth, righteousness, purity, it means a lifelong strife with evil, both within and without, a conforming of the life to the example and teaching of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Have these three,—Christian thought, Christian dogma, and

the Christian life—exercised any great influence in India? Are they likely to do so in the present and the immediate future?

It will probably be admitted that the Christian life is an important factor in the changes which have taken place during the last half a century. The pity of it is that this is not more potent than it is. There are so many in this land who are called Christians, but whose lives belie the creed which they nominally hold. There are, again, very many who are perhaps something more than nominal Christians, yet are feeble, and lack earnestness and strenuousness. How few are the Christians who could say with truth, like one illustrious servant of Christ, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Still, so far as lives are truly Christian they compel respect, rebuke, without words, sin and selfishness, and incite others to emulate them in truth and goodness. Christian lives have, I believe, provoked into activity many of the great Reform movements in India which are growing in number and intensity. All candid men must allow that Christian lives have borne fruit in this great Continent, and effected not a little in fostering and creating higher ideals, and in leading many to realise that if Hinduism is to retain its place they must put their house in order.

As regards Christian dogma there can be no doubt that among many of the educated men of India this is regarded with grave suspicion. It is felt that some of these dogmas clash with long cherished Hindu beliefs and cannot therefore be accepted. Others again, it is contended, are already found in Hinduism, and are not distinctively Christian. To the writer, it seems perfectly clear that Christian dogmas are not likely to be generally accepted until men's minds are saturated with Christian thought, convinced of the nature of sin and its wide prevalence, and drawn towards true conceptions of the Christian life.

As we turn to the consideration of the influence of Christian thought, the prospect brightens. Can any one seriously study the attitude of the best minds in India to religion without feeling that Christian thought has wrought great things?

Any claim which is sometimes made as to the originality of Christian thought is not here pressed. No loss will accrue if any such claim cannot be fully established. It may be freely conceded that there is very much in Christ's teaching that is not original

but is only the re-assertion and concatenation of more or less clear adumbrations of truth found among devout thinkers in many lands and in various ages. God hath spoken "by divers portions and in divers manners," but "hath at the end of these days spoken unto us in His Son."

The question of real moment is not—how far does Christ's teaching represent thought which was absolutely original with Him,—but—to what extent has Christ made this thought vital and effective ?

"Tho' truths in manhood darkly join,
Deep seated in our mystic frame,
We yield all blessing to the name
Of Him that made them current coin.

"And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought."

Ancient texts are ransacked from end to end, and passages are turned up to prove that so-called Christian thought existed in India centuries before the New Testament was written. Discussion on this subject can yield but little good. When truths supposed, by some, to be distinctively Christian, are shewn to have existed before Christ came upon the earth, this only tends to shew that these truths which Christ set forth with such wondrous simplicity, and so strikingly illustrated in His own life, *and death*, have something in them akin to man's loftiest aspirations and profoundest thought. The question still remains—How was it that Christ's life and teaching should have so vivified these truths, and made them so operative as to have changed the whole course of history in a considerable portion of the civilised world during the last nineteen centuries?—and that these truths, enunciated by those who are followers of Christ, are still operative in India at the present time? Earlier revivals and upheavals have taken place in India, but what is the force that during the last century has roused into activity the great religious movements which we see around us? Dogmatic assertions may only call forth dogmatic denials. Let the matter, therefore, be put in the form of a question Are there indications that the great stirrings of religious life in India

during, say, the last fifty years, have any connection with the dissemination of Christian truth through educational institutions, through general missionary efforts, through Christian literature (including the Bible), and through those well-nigh countless influences which have a Christian foundation ?

That the Brahmo Samaj, in its origin and early growth, owed not a little to Christianity can hardly be denied ; the writings of its early leaders give very clear evidence on this point. And it should be remembered that the influence of the Brahmo Samaj is not to be estimated by the number of its adherents, its indirect influence has been very wide reaching. Probably the Arya Samaj would not readily allow that it owes anything to Christianity, but surely it owes its existence and effort to Christianity to no small extent. It was *provoked* into being and activity by the preaching of Christianity. Its leader was stirred up to try and shew that Hinduism stripped of its later accretions, furnished all that men needed for the development of their religious life, and that, therefore, Christianity was unnecessary.

How largely have some of the fundamental truths of Christianity moulded the main lines of teaching which lie at the base of many of the reformed sects of Hinduism. Without attempting to establish that the prominence given to the "Bhakti" doctrine owes its *origin* to Christianity, it may, I think, be claimed that it owes not a little of its *inspiration* to this source.

Consideration should also be given to those differing but allied religious movements more or less identified with some interpretation of Vedantic teaching. Striving to preserve a philosophical form, there is a constant tendency to make their contents more distinctly religious and practical. It is true that by many writers conceptions of a personal God are not entertained, the doctrine of sin differs almost wholly from Christian teaching on that subject, and Christian hopes of human destiny are not fostered ; but the ethics of the present life, its duties and its responsibilities tend more to approximate to Christian ideals.

From what has been written it will be evident that the writer's conviction is, that Christian life and Christian thought have greatly influenced life and thought in India, and have thus prepared the way for a fuller acceptance of Christian dogma, so far as that dogma

soberly represents the true contents of Christian thought. Sooner or later it must transpire that life is the expression of thought, and thought again must have for its basis personality. Sound dogma is but the formulation and expression of thought.

Here we leave the matter, only desiring, in conclusion, to express our conviction that Sin, Salvation, and the Personality of God (and man) are three of the fundamental truths which demand reconsideration by all those in India who are concerned with a Religion which is not merely metaphysical, or formal, but full of moral content, and effective for the regeneration of the world and the full development of true manhood. Christianity has much to say, and much to shew, on these fundamental truths, and we believe that the future of Religion in India is bound up with the attitude which men take with regard to them.

EDWIN GREAVES.

Benares.

NASRIN : OR AN INDIAN MEDLEY.

(Continued from our last issue.)

CHAPTER XXII.

THOUGH a year had sped since the marriage of Raja Raj Singh's son, yet his Musahibs still found it a fresh and agreeable topic of conversation in the miniature court of the Raja, and waxed eloquent when they talked of it.

"May I be your sacrifice," said a Musahib, "the splendour of the marriage party has passed into a proverb, and why should it not? Did not your Highness fling open the treasury doors?"

"Who but our generous master could have the heart and courage to open bags of gold like that?" exclaimed a second Musahib. "God is my witness that from the time I reached the gate of the bride's city, I began to fling gold mohars all around, and yet such is the affluent fortune of your honour that when I reached the camp there were still some in the bag."

"It is God's gift," put in a third Musahib, "the treasury of our good master can never be empty. He sends sugar to the sugar eater. I went to Calcutta only a few days ago, and even there they were talking of nothing but the magnificent marriage of our prince."

"Really," asked the Raja, a bit pleased. "Has the news travelled so far?"

"My lord," said the first Musahib, "these things don't happen every day; the newspapers gave all the details. The news must have reached London also. These Englishmen will at last know that there are still some Raises in India."

"I see," said the Raja, "the newspapers are very keen about all sorts of news."

"They sent special reporters with the marriage party," said the second Musahib, telling a bare-faced lie, "and they sent telegram after telegram to their papers."

"But you never told me anything about their being present in the camp," said the Raja. "Were they properly looked after?"

"What is the good of speaking to Hazur about trivial things?" said the Musahib, "I kept them steeped in drink."

"Were they also fond of the daughter of grape?" asked the Raja. "Why did you not introduce them in our society?"

"It was no use," said the first Musahib, "they were not fit for such high honour. As to their fondness for the juice of grape, please don't enquire of me: they emptied bottle after bottle, without a wink, and then sent their telegrams. But, Hazur, do they tie these telegrams to the wire, and blow them away? How are they sent?"

"Don't you know even this?" said the Raja, feeling proud of his knowledge. "No letters are sent, but the wire at the other end vibrates in response to the tap given from the starting station and makes a peculiar tick-tick, which the trained ear of the clerk understands and which he puts down in letters again."

"How long does it take for a tap given in Lucknow to reach Calcutta, and what makes the wire at the other end vibrate?" asked another Musahib.

"No time at all," said the Nawab, "the electricity travels with the speed of the lightning."

"These Angrezis are wonderful people," said the Musahibs. "They have conquered electricity and made it their servant. Does the electricity come through those long poles on which the wires are extended?"

"No," said the Raja, "electricity is produced by certain chemicals which they dissolve in some acid; it can be produced anywhere."

"They know how to ease rich people of their money," said the third Musahib. "They are bent upon leaving no money in our country. They have now invented these horseless carriages to fleece our Raisés."

"I have ordered one," said the Raja, "and it may come any day."

"No, Hazur, no, you will never drive in it; it is an infernal machine and no one should ride it," cried all the Musahibs.

"There is no harm in it, Jhāman," said the Raja. "I drove only yesterday in a motor car with my friend Zaman Ali and it glides like an eel over the roads; it is most enjoyable."

"Hazur is our master," said Jhāman, "but in my humble opinion it is not safe to drive in it. May God protect your Honour, but if any harm comes to 'your enemies,' what will become of us."

"Indeed, what," said another Musahib. "There is not a single Rais in the whole city. The new Raisés aspire to be English gentlemen and

put on khaki trousers and ill-cut khaki coats. May God keep me from telling a lie, but they really look absolutely like low caste Kiranees." *

"What is more," quoth a third, "they seem to forget their own language and say, 'Tam, tam, kia bolta hai?' as if they had just arrived in Lucknow."

"It makes me laugh sometimes," said the Raja, "when they mutilate our own beautiful language. One would like to enquire of them the reason why they cannot speak their own language properly."

"They should get their faces whitewashed," said Jhaman, "before trying to pass for Englishmen. Your agent's son, sir, has passed his B. A. and become a pleader, he goes out in a trap dressed from neck to heel in a black suit, but when he comes home, he gets into his dhuti again and sits down to worship a stone."

"You are of opinion," said the Raja smiling, "that he should sit, down to a bottle of whisky."

"That would be more in keeping with the dress," replied Jhaman "than to sit down and make gestures before a piece of black stone."

"These newly educated men are a regular nuisance," he continued, "they seem to have no respect for anybody and wish to set up a standard of morals which we thought was merely meant for the talk of moulvees, who, when they retire from the pulpit, act in a different manner."

"They have no respect for Gulistan or Bostan," said another; "they don't even pray once in the day. As for pleasure, one need never mention it to them; they have no eye for art, in fact, they don't seem to have any hot blood of youth in them."

"Yes," said Jhaman, "young Mirza Ishaq would not join the marriage party of our prince because there were dancing girls with it."

"You are right," said the Raja, "they don't seem to have any sense of humour: they cannot appreciate our wonderful poetry nor have they any ear for music, but if you set them talking about the failings and defects of their forefathers and their grievances against the Government, they talk like veritable demons."

"Yes, they wish to reform the whole people into latitudinarian talking-machines like themselves," said Jhaman. "My lord, were our forefathers fools that they followed these customs? These young men have lost all respect even for their ancestors and are bent upon upsetting the world."

"They will upset themselves only," said the Raja. "Think of my living in a place where no silver bells tinkled and sweet-toned drums

* Native Christians, who generally belong to low caste.

vibrated with musical harmonies. If they could have their will, they would banish all the 'instruments of pleasure' * from this land."

"That son of your Honour's munshi was talking rank nonsense to me yesterday," said Jhaman. "The boy has become very impertinent. He was asking me to speak to Hazur and request your Honour to give up what he called extravagant habits."

"The fool," said the Raja, "if he ever appears at the gate, tell the porter to take him by the neck and send him away. What business has he to intrude upon me with his silly advice?"

"I showed him his place at once," said Jhaman, "but the fellow has no self-respect, and persisted in his views. The fool does not know that Hazur has got a royal heart."

"Royal, indeed," echoed all the Musahibs, "by the grace of God Hazur lives like a king."

"I am not a Bania to hoard money," admitted the Raja. "Silver is but dirt in the hand; it comes and passes."

"How beautifully expressed," said Terab Ali, "what is gold but a mass of glittering yellow metal. Its value, its power, lies in circulation."

"Quite so," said the Raja. "That Bania from whom I borrowed a lakh of rupees the other day—of what use is all this money to him, when he does not spend 2 annas a day on himself?"

"He is really a wonderful fellow," said Jhaman, "he has got lakhs of rupees, he must have a very large income from his investments, and yet he rides his lame pony in a shirt of coarse cloth and a few yards of wrapper round his waist, as if he did not get five rupees a month."

"Silver has turned him into a slave," said the Raja. "How must he gloat over his bags and rejoice in having them, though God has denied him the power of using his wealth? He is no better than a constable at the Treasury."

"Really, no," said Jhaman, "if the constable could persuade himself into the belief that all the money in the Treasury belonged to him, he would be just as well off."

Further conversation was put an end to as a man in a red turban entered and, bowing respectfully, laid a paper before the Raja. He was also accompanied by a Bank clerk who was very well known to Raj Singh.

"What does it mean, Babu Saheb?" asked the Raja.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the Babu, "but the Bank could not wait for such a long time for payment, and as you made no arrangements

the Bank has at last been compelled to foreclose the mortgage which it holds on your estate for 20 lakhs."

"I don't understand all this," replied the Raja, turning pale, and looking towards his Musahibs, who remained silent and were now looking towards the ground, as if they were dumb. Then he turned to the Babu and, after a pause, said, "Explain yourself."

"Sir," said the Babu, "the Bank is going to have your estate auctioned to realise the money. This is the Court's order, and unless you can arrange payment within a fortnight, the estate will be sold in due course."

"Sold," gasped the Raja. "Jhaman, do you hear what the Babu says?"

"Sir," muttered Jhaman, "it is God's will, what can we do against His will?"

"Do you mean to say," asked the Raja, "that there is no help for it, and that my ancestral property will pass into other hands than mine?"

"I am not a lawyer, sir," Jhaman answered a bit arrogantly, "so I don't know what it means, but if you wish, sir, I will send for that munshi's boy."

"Please send for him at once," said the Raja, as he sank on his pile of cushions and put the silver and gold pipe in his mouth.

After a little while Babu Sita Ram, the young lawyer, came. He was a tall thin young man, with a vacant look and a broad forehead. When the usual greetings were over, the Raja threw towards him the paper and asked, "Can you make anything of this?"

"Of course," said Sita Ram, glancing through the paper, "it is an order for the foreclosing of a mortgage on your estate."

"Do you really mean to say that they would dare to do such a thing?" enquired the Raja, "why, my Musahibs told me that my estate was safe."

"They have lied to you," said Sita Ram, "I heard something about in the courts and spoke to Jhaman, but who cared for my opinion?"

"O God, O God," cried the Raja, "I am a ruined man."

"You must do something," said Sita Ram; "as for this order, it may be acknowledged and we can tell these people to go."

"Do what you think proper," said the Raja, "I am in despair."

Sita Ram signed the acknowledgment of the order, and the Babu, accompanied by the Court peon, retired: hardly had he disappeared, when there came another man from a local merchant with a decree against the Raja for Rs. 20,000 for wines; it was followed by another bill for Rs. 50,000 for cloth and Rs. 50,000 for carriages and horses; the news

that the Bank was going to foreclose its mortgage spread in the city, and bills poured in from all directions.

There lay the Raja on his velvet cushion, utterly helpless, as one Musahib after another quietly slipped away, leaving Sita Ram alone with the Raja.

"Pray keep heart," he was saying, "there is still some chance of saving the estate, but it is a very disagreeable business, and it would be well if we raised a small sum and paid off all the sundry debts."

"No one will lend me any money," gasped the Raja, in despair, "I can but go to my friends, Nawab Haider Jung and Lala Deen Dyal; they may still accommodate me with money."

"Let us try them," Sita Ram suggested; "the sooner the business is over, the better."

The carriage was ordered and the Raja and Sita Ram drove straight to the Nawab's house, who received them without any warmth and at once opened the subject.

"I am so sorry to hear of your misfortunes," said the Nawab, "you have ruined yourself."

"Brother," said the Raja, "I have come to you for help, can you help me with some money?"

"What a sad affair," said the Nawab, "it is really very sad."

"My difficulties are immense," said the Raja, "but I may yet be saved by the help of friends."

"Oh! what can friends do?" said the Nawab. "Every one sympathises with you, but what can we do?"

"Will you do nothing?" asked the Raja.

"You know I have no money," said the Nawab, "pray meet your misfortunes bravely."

"Thanks," said the Raja, as he rose to go. No one asked him to stay on or pressed him to smoke. The whole world seemed to have changed. He made one more effort and went to Deen Dyal, but before he had entered his house, the porter said that the Lala had gone to his gardens. The Raja and Sita Ram resolved to wait, till the Mahajan at last came out and said, "Ah, Raja Saheb, why have you come to me?" This was the same Mahajan who used to go almost every day to the Raja's house, calling him a god and giver of bounties, but now he sat down on his floor with this blank remark.

"Lalaji," said Sita Ram, "the Raja Saheb has come for a little loan."

"I have no money," interrupted the Lala, as he called a servant to

give him some betel, and then, putting the betel in his mouth, he began to say, "That comes of associating with bad people. The goddess of wealth does not stay in a place where she is spurned."

"It is no time for talk," suggested Sita Ram, "it is time for help. Remember, your family owes its prosperity to the Raja."

"Oh, oh," coughed the Lalla, "I lent 10,000 rupees last year and never received a pie, I lent another 10,000 only the other day. I cannot ruin myself by advancing money to an insolvent person."

"Lalaji," said Sita Ram, losing his temper, "I know how you manufacture your accounts. I am sure that not two thousand rupees have been lent by you though you may have bonds for fifty thousand. However, you will know when the matter comes before the Courts."

"I will see to that," said the Mahajan, turning a bit pale, as the truthful remark struck home. "I can give another ten thousand if you will have all the old debts acknowledged."

"I don't want a pie on those conditions," said Sita Ram. "Do you take me for a fool, that for such a paltry sum, I should get your debt acknowledged for half a lakh? Good-bye," and he walked out, supporting the Raja.

"Don't give way to despair," said Sita Ram, "if things are properly looked into, the whole thing can be settled and something saved out of the ruins of a noble estate."

"I will renounce the world," said the Raja, "and become a faqueer and pass my days on the banks of the Ganges, or cut short this life which I can no more endure."

"Act like a man," said Sita Ram, "misfortunes come but they can be conquered by a bold heart. Don't give way to despair."

"Despair hedges me round," said the Raja, "how can hope enter? My senses are overwhelmed."

"Leave the whole thing to me," said Sita Ram, "and I will steer you out of all your difficulties."

"I am grateful to you," said the Raja, "and leave the entire business in your hands, but it is no joke to settle matters now."

"I have just an idea," said Sita Ram, "I as a boy used to see how you were defrauded by every one. How you were made to sign bonds for moneys which were never paid to you. I am sure if the accounts are properly looked into, the liabilities would be reduced to a great extent."

"Do you think so?" asked the Raja, clutching at the last straw.

"I am positively certain," said Sita Ram, "the best thing would be if the estate was taken up by the Court of Wards for management."

"Court of Wards!" exclaimed the Raja, as if horror-struck, "how shall I live? Life would be unbearable for me."

"Raja Saheb," said Sita Ram boldly, "have you no thought of your wife and children? Do you wish to see them starve? Your only chance is to make over your estate to the Court of Wards, though I am afraid even they would not accept such a heavy responsibility now."

"What will they give me?" asked the Raja.

"They will give you sufficient allowance to live like a gentleman," said Sita Ram, "but not enough to be extravagant with. That is your only chance."

"How can I have it done?" asked the Raja, "I know nothing about these things."

"The best thing would be to see the Deputy Commissioner," suggested Sita Ram, "speak to him of all your difficulties and ask him to take the estate under the management of the Court of Wards. To-day is Friday; that is the day he receives Indian visitors, so you had better go, and in the meanwhile, drop me to my house." |

The Raja who, a little before, had ordered his gate-keeper to take Sita Ram by the neck and push him out of the door, now drove him to his house, dropped him there, and drove straight to the house of the Deputy Commissioner.

The house occupied by the Deputy Commissioner was merely a thatched bungalow, a little away from the road; a well-laid lawn bordered by rose bushes and *cannas* brightened the outer aspect of the house and some fine creepers climbing on the pillars of the verandah produced a pleasing effect and gave the dreary thatched bungalow a look of freshness and comfort. A number of Indian gentlemen were already seated on shapeless chairs under a tree. The orderly ran up to receive the Raja, placed a chair for him, and promised to announce his name at once, but the Saheb had gone to take his bath, and so there they waited under the tree for more than an hour; then the orderly ran up, carried a chair into the room and said that the Saheb had given his salaams to the Raja. The Raja hurriedly walked to the room, the chaprasi lifted the "chick" for the Raja to pass and ushered him into a bare room, where Mr. Brown sat leaning on his table, sharpening a pencil. He was a tall strong man of about thirty-five years of age and looked with great deliberation at the Raja. He acknowledged the obsequious bow of the Raja with a nod of his head and made a sign for the Raja to sit down. The Raja collapsed into a chair.

"What can I do for you?" asked Mr. Tom Brown.

"Sir," said the Raja, taking off his cap, and placing it on the boots of Mr. Brown, "I have come to ask a boon of you."

"Pray, explain yourself," said Mr. Brown sharply, as if about to lose his temper.

"I am heavily involved in debt," said the Raja, forgetting all fine words and the usual polite expressions, "my estate is heavily encumbered."

"I know that," said Mr. Brown, cutting short the Raja's explanation, "what do you wish me to do?"

"I request that it may be taken under the Court of Wards."

"I think it is too late now; it cannot be saved without selling a large portion of the estate."

"Do what you think proper," said the Raja, "but save the ancient name and honour of my family."

"Very good," said Mr. Brown, "I will see what I can do for you, but you must file a written application." This saying, he bowed the Raja out of the room.

The Raja put in an application in the proper form. Mr. Brown, who was really a very kind-hearted, broad-minded English gentleman, made out a very strong case for the Raja; the estate was taken under the Court of Wards and all proceedings against the Raja stayed. An allowance of Rs. 2,000 a month was settled on him, which he found quite ample for his wants.

(To be continued).

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ART IN RELATION TO ETHICS.

IN various forms and from different points of view, we frequently hear the question raised: Should art be subordinated to ethical considerations? Some objection may be taken to the form of this question, which we are inclined to think should rather run: *Can* art be subordinated to ethical considerations? And to this query, we are afraid, after full consideration, the answer would have to be in the negative. Art may incidentally involve ethics, but its field is much wider than that of ethics. Art is Nature (human and otherwise) as it strikes man—the effect of Nature on the mind of man.

In whatever form the question is put, the relation of art to ethics is a highly interesting, though rather thorny, subject. The words “art” and “artist” in this connection must of course be understood in their widest sense. Art is creation, the making of something new, something unique, something which bears the impress of the maker, something into which he has put his soul. The word “poet” really means “maker,” and in its original signification corresponds to what we here mean by artist. The “artist” includes the poet, the painter, the sculptor, and even the novelist, if his work is really artistic. Even the man who has created nothing, but who has the artistic temperament, or what we may call the artist-soul, may, for convenience, be called an artist; just as a skilled shoe-maker, as Horace assures us, would still be a cunning craftsman even if he never touched his last.

As for the relation of morals to art and the binding effect of ethical injunctions on the artist-soul, we may urge the following considerations. The proper province of morals is actual life, but between the artistic representation of life and the actual carrying on of our lives there is a great gulf fixed. Catullus expressed this truth, perhaps too broadly, in the lines:

Nam castum esse decet pium poetam
Ipsum, versiculos nihil necessest,

which we may paraphrase as meaning that if the poet himself loads a

virtuous life, a little freedom may be allowed in his verses. There is a fundamental antagonism between imagination and action. The mind or soul of the creative artist differs radically from that of the man of action. The artist has a psychology of his own, and if we wish for art at all, we must take not what we think he ought to give us, but what he is able to produce.

An anecdote of Carlyle may serve to illustrate this point. Somebody, in the presence of the great philosopher, lamenting that Goethe, the greatest of German poets, had not been more irreproachable on the score of morals, Carlyle's reply was that the gentleman might as well complain that the sun would not light his pipe for him. Such blemishes in a man of the transcendent genius of Goethe were but as spots on the sun.

Although, of course, many artists have been men of pure and noble lives, it cannot, we think, be maintained that by the very fact of his being an artist, a man is more likely to lead a virtuous life. The artist's aim is to depict life, and that being so, he is naturally more anxious to explore what life is than to direct his efforts to the moral improvement of his own life. He is more likely to make an experimental study of his natural disposition, as it happens to be, than to seek to correct it. He wants to know what man is, and there is no one whom he is in a position to study so thoroughly and exhaustively as himself. His interest in the hidden springs of his own nature may lead him to give his impulses free play rather than to check them.

The artist, *qua* artist, stands aside from life. He watches men and studies them. He even watches and studies himself, and by a curious duality of consciousness is able to look upon himself as though he were another man: as Walt Whitman says he watched

"That shadow my likeness that goes to and fro seeking a livelihood,
chattering, chaffering."

What we can all do to a greater or less extent, the artist does in a supreme degree. All great poets weave their songs out of the raw material of their passions and emotions. But this they can only do after the crisis of feeling has passed. When we sing about a sorrow, either it has already passed away or we have at least learned to bear it calmly.

'The artist, then, tends to a somewhat neutral view with regard to morals. It is difficult for him to be altogether displeased with the shortcomings and delinquencies of men and women, seeing that it is just these things that afford him facilities for the exercise of his art. What would the novelists and dramatists, for example, do without wicked

people? A story in which all the characters are virtuous is generally voted dull.

Maeterlinck has remarked, in one of his thoughtful and pregnant essays, that no completely wise man has ever been represented in a tragedy, and that for the reason that tragical situations arise from our human passions and imperfections, and the intervention of a perfectly wise man would be sufficient to check the action of the forces bringing about the tragedy. It is not in the wisdom, but in the vagaries of human nature, that the tragic as well as the comic dramatist finds his material.

Some old-fashioned novelists, indeed, and those not of the most artistic type, have been content to let their works serve as a sort of handmaid to ethics. Even Charles Dickens seems to have regarded his productions as a sort of glorified sermons or tracts. He tells us in his prefaces (for example, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*), what vice he means to attack, and that there may be no mistake, frequently pauses, in the course of the story, to point the moral. There seemed to be an idea, both in Dickens's mind and in that of his readers, that one must not enjoy oneself frankly over a work of fiction as a work of art, one must pretend to be improving oneself morally.

Although, as we have shown, in the artist-mind, *morality* is brought more or less into conflict with art, the same does not apply to *religion*, or at any rate, not to all kinds of religion. Religion of a certain sort harmonises well with the artist-soul, but it must be a religion which allows scope for the cultivation of the beautiful, and which is not too closely associated with a rigid code of ethics. Paganism, for instance, and mediæval Catholicism are far more congenial to the artist-nature than Protestantism. Both Paganism and Catholicism had an art of their own, but who ever heard of the art of Protestantism?

The rigid classification of actions into good and bad, so characteristic of Puritanism, is abhorrent to the artistic temperament. The Puritan is fault-finding, the artist tolerant. We are reminded of the charming picture George Eliot has given us of Maggie Tulliver, in *The Mill on the Floss*. Maggie was by instinct an artist, but, alas! struggled to be a Puritan. We are told that she "hated blame"—the very mark of the artistic temperament. The present writer once knew a clever young man whose cleverness or other qualities frequently led him into trouble, and whose favourite reading was the *Satyricon* of Petronius. He explained that the reason of his preference for this decidedly scandalous old Roman was that while he met with so much condemnation and vituperation for his conduct in actual life, he found in the pages of

this delightful old reprobate a glorious atmosphere of freedom and irresponsibility. In the whole of his novel, as it has come down to us, (in a mangled state, indeed) there is not the faintest suggestion that any human being could possibly be blamed for anything whatever that he happened to do. Accordingly, my gay young friend found this author restful and refreshing !

Why in the realm of literature should we not sometimes wander at will, and cast off the shackles which, in real life, Mrs. Grundy lays so heavily upon us? We all delight in the free atmosphere and beautiful irresponsibility of the world to which Henri Murger introduces us in his charming *Vie de Bohème*. In the *Satyricon* of Petronius we get a still stronger Bohemian atmosphere, in which the restraining influence of priest or of policeman is even less perceptible. It is the earliest of the novels of its class, in it we first meet with the gay, careless, witty beggar-scholars, who take life easily, and have not even a bowing acquaintance with every-day ethics, who dodge the policeman with Virgil in their pockets and Horace on their lips, and who appear and re-appear throughout the succeeding centuries, being even met with as "sports," "reversions," or "degenerates," in our present prosaic era.

We all have in life a kind of Hercules' choice put before us—a choice between duty and freedom. And while we feel compelled to choose the former, and can only admire those who do likewise, and although, in real life, the society of ragged, out-at-elbows castaways, who, in search of freedom have made shipwreck of their lives, in the eyes of all respectable people, is scarcely agreeable, yet in the realm of art there is often a great charm in spending an occasional hour in such company. Encolpius, Ascyltus, Giton, Eumolpus, Gnytho—what a world the names of these call up to those who have read Petronius !

The most fundamental quality in the mind of the artist is his love of beauty, and he can only be led to morals (if at all) through his sense of beauty. The Greek ideal of life was always the Beautiful, and the Artist is a Greek born out of due time. Although, no doubt, it was intended that the Beautiful should include the Good, still the use of the word Beautiful as representing what it was most desirable to aim at, sufficiently indicates the Greek way of looking at ethical questions. Whatever is supremely useful must have a kind of beauty, and doubtless morals are of the utmost utility. Morals, therefore, must have a beauty of their own. A well-regulated life, guided by the reason and self-restraint of the individual himself, is no doubt a thing of beauty. It is only restraints imposed upon him by external authority that must seem ugly

to the artist. He would do well to restrain himself, and the artist of well-balanced mind naturally does so.

At the same time, well-balanced minds have hardly been the rule among the great creators, poets, artists, call them what we will. The type of the artist has seldom approached that of the saint, or even that of the moral philosopher, guiding his life by light of reason and living up to the standard of his professions.

The artist, like other types of human nature, cannot escape the defects of his qualities. He has a keen appreciation of the pleasures of life, and is usually of an adaptable nature. He cultivates a universality of feeling, which enables him to understand and sympathise with many different types, the bad as well as the good. He can no more avoid the drawbacks which usually accompany his qualities than the rigidly upright man can escape the defects which generally go with his virtues. A certain narrowness of mind and restricted outlook upon life are seldom absent from characters of the most sterling rectitude.

“For Virtue’s self may too much zeal be had ;

The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.”

The proverb holds that if two men ride on horseback, one of them must ride in front. The artist, *qua* artist, puts art before ethics, while, on the other hand, the moral reformer is bound to give the first place to morals. There is thus an unavoidable conflict between the two types.

WALTER J. BAYLIS.

England.

MILK OR BLOOD?

WHAT would you, O followers and admirers of Guru Nanak? Milk or Blood? In the biographies of your Teacher there is a story which tells us that a wealthy man was once holding a great religious feast to which he had invited every 'holy' man who happened to be staying in the neighbourhood. They came in crowds, for many were there who carried themselves about in the odour of sanctity, and gorged themselves with the rich delicacies provided. Nanak also was staying in the same town with a poor carpenter, but he came not to the feast. The rich man, hearing of it, got enraged, summoned Nanak to his presence, and rebuked him for not accepting his hospitality, and insulting him by preferring the miserable meal of a poor carpenter to his own luxurious feast. Nanak requested the man to send for his delicacies, and at the same time asked his host, the carpenter, to bring such food as he had prepared for him. When both had arrived, it is said that Nanak took in his right hand the coarse millet bread of his friend, while in his left he held the rich man's food. These he pressed, and the lookers-on saw milk drop out of his right hand, while blood trickled down from the left. The rich man, in fear and trembling, asked for the meaning of what had happened, and Nanak told him that the carpenter's bread was won by honest labour, while his wealth was acquired by unrighteousness and represented the blood of those whom he had robbed and oppressed. We are not here concerned with the question whether the alleged miracle was a fact or otherwise, but there can be no doubt that the moral is clear and beautiful.

Often have ye, O followers of Nanak, heard this story, but have you seriously thought what it means and realised its terrible significance?

Centuries have rolled by since that simple incident, and their dust forms a haze through which it looks a different thing. The rebuke was meant for the tyrannous rich man, not for us, we are prone to think; he was no Sikh, but we are, for do we not wear the marks of discipleship on our bodies? Away with him who finds fault with us! We listen to the Holy Book and sermons of Gyanis; we are able to deliver them also; then who shall question our faith and through that faith the salvation that is assured to us? Thus are likely to think even those who accept bribes in law courts, bear false witness, torture the suspects, and in other ways help to oppress their fellow-men. But like their own dead consciences, the voice of a few is hardly audible in the midst of this uproar, and its

question lost in the confusion of self-assertion. "Can faith live without works?"

We are not here concerned with corrupt practices which all apparently recognise as evil, and which are sufficiently palpable to become penal in the eyes of law, which public opinion dislikes, but has not yet gathered the courage to condemn with a strong voice; for were it so, these corrupt practices could not exist amongst us. We are concerned with things which pass for respectability, and which the modern culture, so called, has coated with the bright veneer of righteousness, so that they look lawful. So they appear as long as we fail to find and apply to them the touchstone which we always manage to put away out of sight immediately after some Great Teacher has discovered it for us within our own hearts. "Would I like to suffer what I inflict on others? Would I like the balm of sympathy withheld from me as I withhold it from others?" Who does not know this platitude, but we fail to see its implications, and, what is equally bad, we fail to apply them. We are no thieves, no robbers, we accept no bribes, extort from none, torture no victims, we screw nothing out of our brothers. What, then, if we grow rich with the power of our brain or our right arm? And are we not ready to use our lawfully gained wealth in charities of various sorts? We liberally subscribe to our colleges and schools, our societies and orphanages, and although we discourage pauperism by not being lavish with alms, we now and then yield to the irrational weakness of personal charity. Our case is different from Malik Bhago, for his wealth was ill-gotten, while ours is not. It may be that were he living in this age, his religious feast would have taken other forms. He too would have liberally subscribed to modern institutions, but what of that? There are a few Malik Bhagos in these days who extort money from their weaker fellow-men, but they cannot flourish in this age of enlightenment and justice. Surely, surely, we are not they, we are different. And as we formulate these thoughts, something within us whispers, "Are we not they?" and makes us a bit uncomfortable, but the thought is strangled and stifled within us before it is uttered, and with fear and hope we ask, "Are we not Lalos?"

But the Spirit which fired your prophets is beginning to burn elsewhere if not here, and is illumining not only the hearts but even the heads of some rare beings. May it also illumine the hearts and heads of those who call themselves Sikhs, the disciples of Guru Nanak, whose teachings still breathe life and light through the Holy Granth.

UMRAO SINGH.

Lahore.

EDITORIAL NOTE

Popular Government Sir Thomas More, when he devised a
 scheme of government for Utopia, had before
 him the history of Greece and Rome. He had
 Versus read Plato's "Republic," and it has been said
 Colonial Government. that his fancy must have been quickened by Plutarch's account of
 Spartan life under Lycurgus. He thought that an ideal government
 was one under which the rulers could not tyrannise over their sub-
 jects. At a certain stage of the political evolution of communities,
 it is felt that the interests of the rulers are antagonistic to those of
 the people, and that the best way of circumscribing the authority of
 the governors is to subordinate it to the will of the governed. Self-
 government or popular government is, at this stage, not a natural
 state of things, but a remedy for a pre-existing disease. The Utopian
 scheme is a simple one. Thirty families choose every year a magis-
 strate, called the Philarch. Two hundred of these choose a Prince,
 and a Senate of Archphilarchs, each one of whom represents the
 jurisdiction of ten Philarchs. The Prince holds office for life, unless
 he is removed upon suspicion of a design to enslave the people. The
 Archphilarchs are nominally chosen every year, but they are usually
 re-elected, so that there may be a continuity of policy in the Prince's
 council. No public question is to be decided until it is discussed for
 three days in the council. Very important questions are not to be
 decided even by the Prince and his council : they have to be referred
 to the Philarchs, who in their turn communicate them to the families
 belonging to their divisions, and after considering the proposals among
 themselves, make a report to the Senate. Sometimes a matter may be
 deemed of sufficient importance to be referred to the entire body of
 citizens of the whole island. The object of all these safeguards is
 that the Prince and his Senate " may not conspire together to change

the government and enslave the people." Sir Thomas More knew little or nothing of the uncivilised tribes of the earth who have political institutions of their own. The germs of our modern political institutions are found in ancient and uncivilised society. The king was originally a host-leader. He had to justify his leadership by his valour, and hence his office could not be hereditary. Though not by a scientific process of election, he had to be chosen or accepted, like the president of a modern republic, or like the Prince of Utopia. When kingship became hereditary, the ruler had to rely more and more upon the help of ministers and councillors. Even at an earlier stage, the host-leader had to be served and assisted by a number of followers or companions, who might often have represented different tribes or clans. These companions eventually became a council for consultation, and a cabinet at the head of the executive government. As the functions of government multiplied, and as by conquest the limits of a kingdom were extended, the services of these councillors became more and more valuable and essential, and they had to be differentiated, each minister being placed in charge of a different department. As the great Indian "law-giver," Manu, has explained, no king, however able and industrious he may be, can attend to all his duties and discharge them efficiently, without the help of a council. Moses was advised by his father-in-law not to hear all disputes himself, as he used to do at first from morning till evening, but to appoint deputies to hear the smaller class of cases. The council was originally intended to help the king or the leader, and not as a constitutional check upon his authority. But the councillors must often have controlled the discretion of their chief. In the first place, custom had a great obligatory force in early societies: not even a king could violate a custom, and the councillors interpreted the custom better than the king. Secondly, while the discretion of the ruler to select his ministers was in theory unbounded, a good ruler must have found it expedient to surround himself with representatives of powerful interests, and these powerful men must have acted as a check upon his extravagances, if at any time he was apt to be betrayed into them. Thus the germs of a constitutional government are found even in early societies. While popular control has always been found useful, it is not equally certain that the elective principle has worked well,

when applied to the appointment of a king or the head of a government. Mr. Edward Jenks is of opinion that elective monarchy results in one of three consequences : " Either the country is torn in pieces by contending factions—the fate of Poland. Or the kingship is gradually shorn of its rights and possessions, which are given away as bribes to important electors by ambitious candidates—the fate of the Holy Roman Empire. Or, finally, the electors deliberately choose a nonentity, who has no enemies, and who will be an obedient puppet in the hands of wire-pullers—the fate of the electoral Presidency of the modern republic." Sir Thomas More's ideal has, therefore, remained Utopian. The best political thinkers at the present day do not wish to abolish hereditary monarchy, but only to make it constitutional. These considerations have an intimate bearing on some of the suggestions put forward by a certain school of political reformers in India. It is proposed, for example, that India may be parcelled out into a number of Native States, each being under the control of the British Paramount Power through a Political Agent. If the object be to substitute Indian for English agency in the administration of the country, the objection to a multiplication of Political Agents may perhaps be waived as the lesser of two evils. The British heads of districts, and provincial governors, are amenable to law. Their nationality may not commend itself to Home Rulers, but they are really servants of the people to a degree which Political Agents cannot be expected to recognise. The relations between Political Agents and Native Chiefs are not, and perhaps cannot be, reduced to the definiteness of legal language as the duties and powers of public servants are, however high their rank may be. The Political Agents would not be subject to a Legislature as public servants are. However, this objection may be waived as the lesser of two evils. A more important question is, how is a new Native State to be formed ? It cannot be a monarchy : monarchs nowadays are born, not made. The age of making monarchs is past. The Native States would have to be little republics. The colonial scheme of government will have to be imitated in the internal structure of a State, no less than in defining its relations to the rest of the Empire. If the consequences of applying the elective principle to high offices be what Mr. Jenks has described them to be, even in Western countries where society is more homogeneous, what would

they be in India? No one who knows the far-reaching consequences with which a contested municipal election, or the competition for an appointment in a public office, is sometimes attended can contemplate with equanimity and confidence the effects of an election for the Presidentship of a Native State. It is a dream to be realised, if at all, in some far future. Another question, which is suggested by the history of political institutions, is how exactly a council intended as a help may develop into a council exercising a check. The Advisory Councils, which the Government of India and the Secretary of State propose to establish, are intended to help Government, while the politicians, whose notions of politics are derived from the history of the struggles for freedom carried on in the West, see no good in them: they expect more good from combative than from consultative bodies, for the greatest political blessing is supposed to be liberty, and this boon is believed to be unattainable except through struggle. John Stuart Mill, in his renowned work on "Liberty," explains that patriots have attempted to place a limitation on the authority of rulers in two ways: "First, by obtaining a recognition of certain immunities, called political liberties or rights, which it was regarded as a breach of duty in the ruler to infringe, and which, if he did infringe, specific resistance, or general rebellion, was held to be justifiable. A second, and generally a later, expedient was the establishment of constitutional checks, by which the consent of the community, or of a body of some sort, supposed to represent its interests, was made a necessary condition to some of the more important acts of the governing power." Though the exact stages whereby these limitations to the authority of a ruler have been established are a matter of history, and can be traced only in those communities which have a recorded political history, the distinction between the two ways in which the limitations were devised are worth remembering at the present moment in India. Those liberties and rights, which it would be a breach of duty in the ruler to infringe, have been conceded to the people of this country without their asking for them. They have been bestowed upon us as citizens of the British Empire. It is doubtful whether we should have enjoyed them to-day to the same extent if India had been under Native rulers. But the "consent of the community" or its representatives for the more important acts of the governing power is a

kind of limitation which is not yet provided for in this country. When the necessity for such consent is recognised, the Advisory Councils will enter upon a new stage of development. This development, however, must take some time. John Stuart Mill, than whom there can be no more ardent advocate of liberty among political philosophers, and whom Lord Morley has acknowledged to be his *guru*, lays down the condition precedent of the transformation of despotism into a constitutional government. "Despotism" writes the great philosopher, "is a legitimate mode of government in dealing with barbarians, provided the end be their improvement, and the means justified by actually effecting that end. Liberty, as a principle has no application to any state of things anterior to the time when mankind have become capable of being improved by free and equal discussion. Until then there is nothing for them but implicit obedience to an Akbar or a Charlemagne, if they are so fortunate as to find one." An advisory council is one of the ways of safeguarding the people against the consequences of not finding an Akbar or a Charlemagne. The conditions of India are peculiar and have scarcely a historic parallel. There can be no despotic rulers in India, though within India itself there are no popular assemblies to limit their authority, because their authority is liable to be controlled by a popular assembly elsewhere. Advisory councils in a Native State, not subject directly to a popular assembly outside, would mark a transition stage between absolute despotism and constitutional rule. In British India they would mark a transition stage for a different reason. To quote John Stuart Mill once more, he closes his famous classic with the wise and immortal words: "The worth of a State, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it; and a state which postpones the interests of *their* mental expansion and elevation, to a little more of administrative skill, or of that semblance of it which practice gives, in the details of business; a State which dwarfs its men, in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands even for beneficial purposes—will find that with small men no great thing can really be accomplished; and that the perfection of machinery to which it has sacrificed everything will in the end avail it nothing, for want of the vital power which, in order that the machine might work more smoothly, it has preferred to banish." The instrument whereby it is sought to develop small men into great men is generally called

self-government. In India we may avoid confusion of thought by describing it as popular government. As these expressions have come to be used in India, the distinction between them is obvious. A Native State is a self-governing political organisation, but there may be no popular government in it. The scheme of dividing India into a number of Native States is not necessarily synonymous with the extension of popular government, nor would its effect necessarily be to develop small men into great men on a large scale. It may produce that effect to a greater extent than the present system. But a Native State, self-governing as it might be in one sense, might not be the kind of ideal State contemplated by John Stuart Mill. Where the rulers of a country are derived from its own inhabitants, self-government would contrast the ego of the subject people with that of the rulers. Where one nation is governed by another, self-government would contrast the ego of one nation with that of the other. Hence the talk of self-government raises questions of international and inter-racial relationships. Popular government, on the other hand, may not be equally suggestive of racial antagonism. Nothing is so calculated to stir up popular passions in politics as the conflict of racial interests. Popular government is a purely political contrivance for certain purposes, while self-government, without aiming at the same beneficial purposes, may set race against race in certain circumstances. The difference, therefore, is worth bearing in mind.

If the British were to withdraw from India to-morrow, and no other foreign power were to take their place—both being impossible hypotheses—India would have self-government or home rule, but the chances of popular government being established would appear, in the light of history, to be much more remote than under the British Government. History need not repeat itself, but under identical conditions it generally would. The conditions have been changed by the British Government and made favourable to the introduction of those institutions which would improve the capacity of the people for “free and equal discussion,” and develop the “power of the people over themselves.” The history of the political institutions of the world shows that this education must begin in the villages and the smaller areas, where the problems of self-government are comparatively simple, and it must gradually extend to

larger areas. The Hindu Panchayat, the Muhammadan Jirgah, the Irish Brehons, the Teuton Rachimburs, and similar other institutions trained the people in local government, and in the success of these lies the hope of popular government on an extended scale. For districts, and for provinces, Advisory Councils to help the representatives of the executive government would mark the transition stage between despotism and constitutional government, and would afford the necessary education. The schemes of reform now under consideration show how the Government, having established peace and set up in fairly efficient working order the machinery for the development of prosperity, has now turned its attention to the noble and comprehensive task of adding to the stature of the people. When they have mastered the difficulties of local government, they will be in a position to tackle those of national government. The subject of decentralisation, therefore, is of interest not merely to officials, but also to those who wish for an extension of popular government. A writer of authority on politics has said of local government that "it stimulates and keeps alive political life in a way that central government alone can never do ; it trains independent politicians for the service of the State ; it prevents the establishment of that dead level of administrative uniformity which is the ideal of a central bureaucracy ; and it relieves the central Government of an immense amount of routine duty which the latter cannot perform satisfactorily." From the point of view of the present Note, the first two of these objects are the most important. The weak points of local or decentralised government are also obvious. In the words of the same author, "it is apt to be narrow-minded, ignorant, and selfish ; the smallness of its interests may fail to attract men of the best type, and so it may become very inefficient." The criticism of the central Government, with its wider outlook and greater experience, is expected to remedy that evil. John Stuart Mill thought that the best way of harmonising decentralisation with centralisation would be to secure "the greatest dissemination of *power* consistent with efficiency, but the greatest possible centralisation of *information*, and diffusion of it from the centre." It is this exercise of power in local government that educates the people to greater responsibilities. From the lower rungs of popular government, a nation, especially when it is hetero-

geneous in its composition and has need to learn the art of working for the common good, would have to ascend gradually the higher ones of self-government. To have national self-government, without popular self-government, would be to build on sand. It might bring power and prominence to a few, but their power would not be stable, erected as it must be on a weak and constantly shifting foundation. The instability of the old Native Governments, with the consequent frequency of anarchy, was due to the absence of a properly organised and efficient scheme of popular government. The prevailing fashion of talking about the colonial form of self-government, and about absolute Svaraj, reminds one of the day-dream of the oil-monger, in the Indian story, who built up in the air a castle of his greatness, leading up gradually from the few annas that he would get for his oil to the important position of the despotic husband of the Princess of his land, whom he delighted to think he would have the power to kick for her pride and disobedience. The dream resulted in an unconscious performance of the feat of kicking : he kicked against the oil-pot and lost the contents—the foundation of all his hopes. If we talked less of self-government, and more of popular government, we might cease dreaming and realise with vividness, and to some practical purpose, the essential conditions of adding to our political stature, and we might also avoid the unhappiness arising from racial antagonism.

CURRENT EVENTS.

For years past no event has occurred in India which, in its sensational character and its political significance, could be compared with the bomb outrage at Mozufferpur. Bombs are new in India, though not the idea of murdering a magistrate. Judges have been murdered by fanatics before, and in Calcutta a Hindu magistrate, who had tried none for sedition, but had punished a criminal for one of the ordinary offences dealt with daily in the law courts, had nitric acid thrown over him, causing fatal injuries. The usual respect for law, and for those who are entrusted with the duty of administering it, suffers sometimes when, for some reason or other, popular passions run high. The bomb intended for Mr. Kingsford, as Fate would have it, unfortunately killed two innocent ladies. It is unnecessary to say that the news, wherever it was received, caused a thrill of abhorrence and indignation. Mr. Kennedy, whose wife and daughter fell victims to the outrage, is popular with the natives of Bengal. He is said to be a friend of the Congress, and it seems that the culprits themselves expressed their sorrow for the particular persons whom they had unwittingly destroyed. The personality of the victims deepens the tragic element in the detested deed. But while the effect of the outrage on the particular person is specially mourned, the use of the bomb, even if it had destroyed no life, would have caused horror and detestation throughout the land, because of the new policy of fighting out political battles underlying it. It was known for a considerable time past that a certain school of political thinkers wished to define the ultimate goal of its poli-

tical aspiration as absolute Svaraj, or independence of England, and it was also known that many of the so-called extremists were in favour of resorting to force and other means of coercion, if necessary, to attain political ends. But it was believed that these discussions were more or less academic. The boycott movement, with the destruction of foreign goods, and the interference with the liberty of buyers and sellers, shook one's faith in the expectation that the discussions about Svaraj and Svadeshi would be merely theoretical. The use of the *lathi* and the training of the volunteers created a suspicion in many minds that political agitation was going to emerge from the stage of verbal discussion into something more dangerous and more difficult to deal with. It was, however, not generally known that the manufacture of bombs had been learnt and had been undertaken on a large scale by secret associations. The attempt to blow up the railway train in which the Lieutenant-Governor was travelling was the first hint received by the public that there might be more serious mischief brewing somewhere than had up till then been suspected. But the police were unable to connect that attempt with political agitation, and the theory which found favour at the time was that one gang of railway workmen had tried to get another into trouble. But where did the bomb come from and what did the manufacture of that particular instrument of destruction signify? The police were not able to answer that question to the satisfaction of the public. There have been other indications of a spirit of dare-devilry walking abroad in the land, such as the murder of a district magistrate and of a missionary, the assaults on certain Europeans, and even the throwing of stones at the carriage of the Viceroy himself. When all these indications, and many others trivial in themselves, but sufficiently significant for close observers to shake their heads upon, are put together, the cumulative effect must be far from reassuring to the Europeans resident in Bengal. The latest revelations—of secret “colleges,” of “plans of campaign” for destruction, of emissaries systematically despatched to various parts of India to make attempts on the lives of European officials, of a study of the anarchical literature of the West, of serious discussions as to the blowing up of the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief, and last, but not least, of the manufacture of dangerous explosives on a large scale—have awakened a sense of alarm and

insecurity in certain circles, which, when it does not find violent expression in the press, may be supposed to be too deep for public expression at all. Causes and remedies are everywhere discussed. A geological examination of the political structure of India has always led to one conclusion—that underlying the thin crust of an acquiescent and even grateful attitude towards the British Government, of intelligent co-operation, of amicable personal relations, of harmonious exchange of ideas, of friendly business relations, of conscious and unconscious imitation of Western ways, and absorption of Western knowledge and Western goods, there is a rock against which the pick-axe of the excavator strikes: and that rock is the fundamental disharmony between the innermost affections of the white and the coloured races. The politics of the hour, and the shallow thinker who cannot dive beneath its surface, may make much of the partition of Bengal or some other temporary grievance. These grievances undoubtedly disturb the superincumbent crust, on which the red roses and the green pastures grow, and tend to expose the hard reality beneath. But he who forgets the reality is apt to betray himself into impatience and intolerance and to suggest remedial measures as violent in their nature as the tendencies which they are intended to suppress. It is hard to talk philosophy when a bomb is planted beneath one's feet, but it is more dangerous to threaten special retribution which should strike awe into all evil-doers. Educated evil-doers cannot be repressed by methods which may terrorise Kaffirs or Zulus. The springs of action have to be examined, the facilities for crime have to be removed, the incitement has to be kept within legal bounds, and vigilance has to be exercised to suppress crime in the bud. The plague germ and the malaria-carrying mosquito cannot be hunted on horseback and destroyed by the rifle. Everything which betrays alarm, everything that exasperates, will make the subsidence of the anti-foreign feeling more difficult and more tardy, in whatever quarters it may exist. Prevention, without undue interference with the liberties of the people, would be a safer, and in the long run more effective, way of dealing with the situation than severe punishments which should terrorise the imagination of would-be culprits. The law of sedition has been brought to a stage of reasonable perfection, so far as the definition of the crime is concerned. It was thought by some magistrates that the

confiscation of a press which is habitually used for the printing of seditious matter might tend to cripple the enterprise, but it seems that the law, as at present framed, does not give them that power. The law may perhaps be amended in this respect. It is hardly necessary to say that the vast majority of the people do not share the hatred of alien rule which actuates a few young men of heated imaginations to deeds of violence, mistaken for virile patriotism.



The expedition against the Mohmands has done its work to the satisfaction of Government and returned. The provocation consisted in an invasion of British territory and carrying away of a Hindu British subject and of the property of British subjects. The tribes would come to no terms and would make no reparation. The advance of Indian troops into closer proximity to their border, when they were showing no signs of an inclination to make an amicable settlement, is said to have been interpreted by them as a hostile act, and regarded as a justification for a Jihad against the British Government. The Afghans are said to have joined them at an earlier stage, because a British Indian railway line was being pushed nearer to their country, but the responsible ruler of Afghanistan did not countenance their conduct, and latterly even prohibited it under severe penalties. It is difficult to know the mind of these tribes, and to make out how far they act under sincere apprehensions of injury to their interests, and how far through that love of mischief and adventure which often characterises tribes in their state of civilisation or barbarism. Anyhow there seems to be no remedy for the restlessness of the tribes, and no better way, invariably available, of dealing with them has been discovered than the one of retribution. It consists in destroying their fortifications and their villages, and killing all that resist, until the fine is paid or other terms accepted. Most of the tribes have made their submission, but one has remained obdurate, and will be dealt with by the others. They have lost many of their good fighters, not without inflicting a rather considerable loss on the invaders. The British casualties, killed and wounded, may number more than a hundred. The expedition had many difficulties to surmount. The heat was excessive, water scarce in several places, and cholera also now and then appeared in the army, though it did very little actual havoc. These military operations were not on a sufficiently large scale

for an army to be proud of, nor could they be cheap enough for the taxpayer to be indifferent to them. Such expeditions are a disagreeable necessity, and it is possible that they do not improve the relations between Asiatics and Europeans. How to avoid them without turning the left cheek to him that strikes on the right, is a problem for which no satisfactory solution has yet been found.

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WHAT WILL THE FUTURE OF PERSIA BE?

ONE evening last Moharram, when the Hakem in each town, after invoking Allah at nightfall and calling down heaven's blessing on his administration, had withdrawn into his "anderun" to enjoy repose in the midst of his family after a day of toil, the *Ra'is Telegraph Khané* came running in quite breathless, and being admitted to his presence, handed him an official telegram in which he read :

This afternoon, the 25th instant, as we were crossing the Boulevard de Dochauteupé on our way to Farahabad, some persons unknown desiring to make an attempt on our life, and supposing that we were in the automobile which was a hundred paces ahead of us, hurled two bombs at it. But as we were in another carriage, thanks to Heaven, we were not wounded, and it is in the most perfect health and calm that we are writing this telegram to you with our own hand, so that knowing the imperial sovereign in good health, you may spread the news to great and small.

MUHAMMED ALI.

That night the Hakem did not find the rest he sought : troubled in thought, he kept calculating the consequences that such an execrable crime might have on the destinies of Persia, and on the future of liberal doctrines. And he found no refuge save in the mercy of Allah. The causes of the present disturbance and the conditions under which calm might be restored, are precisely what I wish to expound here for the benefit of Eastern and Western readers.

Since the time when Persia thrust herself anew, and in the most unexpected fashion, at least for the uninitiated, on the attention of the nations, events the most diverse and often apparently the most contradictory have occurred to bewilder those interested in her present evolution. We know how the recent movement which resulted in bringing this country into line with the parliamentary countries had been started by the national clergy, who were jealous

of the prerogatives the Belgians had obtained in the administration of the Post Office and the Customs in the reign of the preceding Shah. The Muzteheds had then endeavoured to persuade the people that the sole cause of the evils from which they were suffering sprang from the fact that the money they were paying the State under various forms disappeared into the pockets of a foreign minister and his colleagues and accomplices, who were much more concerned about their own interests than about those of the nation ; so that not only had Persia been sold to Russia, but also all that remained of the public funds was dwindling away gradually. If the Persians wished to recover themselves and recall to their minds the secular bonds which united them to the doctors of religion, the remedy was simple : the people had only to rally round their Mullahs, to demand the dismissal of all the Firanghies and to obtain from the Shah the most complete submission to the authority of the clergy.

But the movement which thus threatened to reawaken Mussulman fanaticism in the gravest manner, was diverted from this dangerous path simply by the wisdom of the people, and instead of confining themselves to fruitless protestations, the Persians asked their sovereign for a constitution and laws. With the best grace in the world Muzaffer-uddin granted it in the month of August 1906, to the great astonishment of Europe, who would never have thought that things could proceed so quickly, and also of the Muzteheds, the instigators of a movement which they saw, in spite of their efforts, take an altogether unexpected turn. Afterwards these same clergy were observed to take advantage of the new order of things by trying to establish a kind of demagogic theocracy : with no result, however, for the nation was no more ready to content itself with a change of masters than to keep the old ones, and their representatives gave the sovereign as well as the priests to understand that they were resolved to struggle to the bitter end to win those two holy conquests, freedom and instruction. Then came a complete change : the great Muzteheds, without concerning themselves about the inferior clergy, who were at a loss to follow the trend of events, put a bold face on the matter and accepted the *fait accompli*, making reserves for religion of a purely formal character. All the provinces soon followed the movement, when the Muzteheds declared themselves for the constitution. Everything seemed to be arranged in the best

interests of the country, and it might have been thought that Persia was about to proceed to the construction of the new social edifice with the greatest confidence, so much so that the period miscalled revolutionary had passed by in the midst of a peace and order which might serve as an example to many European nations. However, since the month of August 1906 events of the deepest import have occurred in succession in the interior of the country. Ministers have been thrown out or have resigned one after another, and in political life, hitherto so peaceful, assassination has taken the place of polite debate, all this without it being possible to note any visible step in the direction of progress: so that even the most confident actually entertained doubts at one time about the efficacy of the efforts of the last two years.

How is this to be explained, and why does this state of disturbance continue, to the great detriment of the country's prosperity, threatening to compromise in the eyes of the nations the new institutions which the country has gained for itself in an hour of enthusiasm? Two main facts will suffice to make us understand the situation. First, the accession of the new Shah: until the death of his father he had been Governor of the province of Azerbaïdjan, one of the most important provinces of the empire, and although but little known to the public he passed rightly or wrongly for an energetic prince, sometimes even a little severe; in spite of his youth not easily subject to outside pressure, unfamiliar both by principle and inclination with European ideas, and but little in favour of the constitution which Muzaffer-uddin Shah had granted to the nation towards the end of his reign. In consequence, a great distrust of him was visible from the very beginning, and in spite of all the oaths he has taken since to respect the constitution, I think he has not yet succeeded in obliterating the first impression. Mohammed Ali Shah, however, does not deserve to be thus suspected. Of a nature reserved even to timidity, the young king had necessarily to experience some difficulty at the beginning of his reign in holding the balance even between the different factions fighting for power or influence; besides, it must be said that although he had long been destined for this office, he had had no special training to prepare him to ascend the throne of the Kadjars, and the intrigues at the court of Tabriz could but give him a slight foretaste of the rival

factions in the midst of which he would have to move at Teheran. As alienated from the clergy as from the republicans, his tendency would have been to seek the solution of the problem in an oriental despotism ; but he was clever enough to understand very quickly that times had changed and that Europe is now in too close connection with Persia to allow of its being possible to govern as in the days of Feth Ali Shah, and he resolved to accept the new order of things. Even if he had not followed ordinary Persian policy, prudence obliged him not to declare himself too openly in favour of the new ideas, not only to curb the sometimes excessive demands of the people, but also not to make lasting enemies of the still numerous and powerful section who, courtiers or mullahs or officials, without office under the former Government, secretly held the reins of power or the strings of the purse and could not resign themselves to seeing their lucrative positions compromised. Obligated to steer constantly between their irreconcilable ambitions, the Shah could not but end by discontenting some without satisfying the others, and drawing upon himself the blame of the progressive party as well as of the conservatives.

The other cause of the disturbance in the midst of which Persia continues to live must be sought in the temperament of the people, in the Persian mind itself. Under an exterior light-hearted, even frivolous in appearance, the Persians are above all attached to their native soil and their traditions. Now since the new ideas have come to light, they have been able to prove to their great satisfaction that Islamism was no longer to be considered as a bar to progress, but that, on the contrary, it seemed to be preparing the evolution of thought and manners which is the work of the present epoch. There is no anxiety on this score. They suffer, on the contrary, when they see that owing to their own weakness the integrity of their territory seems to be threatened as much by the European powers who take upon themselves, of their own accord, the task of causing it to be respected, as by the Government of the Porte which sometimes shows a more brutal attitude. Thus we have two standpoints, two conditions of mind perfectly distinct, which suffice to explain the upheavals in the present political life of Persia. Sometimes confident of the future, the people think only of obtaining the instruction which they lack, and dream of a State where all the

social forces shall co-operate to the general well-being ; sometimes impatient at the slow nature of their progress, believing themselves betrayed by those who ought to defend them, they display their despondency in a violent manner, and the instigators of the orders have recourse to the revolver or the bomb ; and at such moments all those to whom conservative ideas are assigned may well feel themselves in danger, and in order to escape the bullets of the fedahir,* the members of some of the oldest families in Persia ought at all costs to leave the soil of Persia, whatever be their position or however ancient their family in the country.

It is doubtless to such a view of things that we owe the increasingly numerous visits in Europe paid to us by numerous persons of rank, and it is for thinking otherwise that some have fallen in the streets of Teheran, of Chiran or even of Bakou.

Under these circumstances, what opinion is to be formed of the future of Persia ? And what fate awaits her interesting and sincere endeavour after a parliamentary life ? Will her noble aspirations deliver her up unarmed to the attempts of the fedahir, or will her impatience bring on a reaction ?

What shall we see in the future, anarchy or aristocracy ? I think happily that neither of these two conditions will be realised, but that the future will be in the hands of the party, which is much larger and much more powerful than we think, of the moderate progressives who, under the name of constitutionalists, nationalists or liberals, wish quietly and gradually to free Persia from the vagaries of the past, a party of upright men who in Parliament rally round the deputy Taji Lade, and whose former Prime Minister is one of its most brilliant representatives.

To confirm this opinion it is enough to read the report of the sittings of the Parliament in the Persian newspapers. We are surprised to notice in them, in spite of a very natural lack of experience, a restraint, a dignity, a concern for public affairs surprising in such a young assembly. On reading the words exchanged by these deputies, only yesterday ignorant of political affairs, on the most diverse questions of national activity, whether they have to complain of an incursion of Russian Cossacks on the North-West frontier or

* Members of anarchist committees who have taken an oath to sacrifice their lives in order to bring about the deaths decided upon by the committee.

to punish an official guilty of embezzlement, we cannot fail to be impressed by the dignified and courteous tone prevailing in these debates.

It suffices also to notice the ever-growing number of newspapers and schools which are founded, the activity of the provincial assemblies forwarding the work of Parliament, the zeal even of women who are gradually emerging from the seclusion of the harems to watch over their interests, to realise that if the Persians, although perhaps rather disciples of Voltaire than religionists, but in any case deeply spiritual, have been sleeping for centuries in a somewhat exaggerated indifference to worldly prosperity, they are to-day resolved to enter on a period of fruitful activity : and they know that they will only succeed by spreading from top to bottom of the social scale that in which they have hitherto been most lacking, namely education.

HIPPOLYTE DREYFUS.

Paris.

CHAOS.

IT may, I think, be assumed as an axiomatic proposition, that a man's duty to his family, to the children he has brought into the world, to the honour of his father's name, transcends his duty to the State under whose protection he lives. If then, at any time, this higher and paramount duty should clash with his duty as a citizen, it is clear that the latter obligation must be sacrificed to the former. A convenient example of this truism, taken from many available examples, is afforded by the case of the French Huguenots, who were entirely justified, on all moral grounds, in sacrificing, for personal and family reasons of the first moment, their French nationality and habitat, and in adopting England as their home.

Of course, no light reason can justify any one in renouncing his own nation in favour of another nationality. It must be remembered, however, that the higher the ideal, the greater is the disillusionment and disappointment, when hard dry facts force one to relinquish it.

It may be said of the average Englishman who has reached middle age—I might go further and say the British subject generally—that having been nurtured in the belief that in England resides the fountain-head of honour and justice, and that to belong to the British Empire, is, *per se*, the happiest lot a man could desire, later developments of his nation's history, compelling him, against his will most probably, to examine into the bases of the faith that is in him, have brought very disquieting results.

In the political world, the greatest soldier of his age, an old and tried warrior, loaded with years and honours, a leader who on more than one occasion has saved his country from disastrous defeat, a man of the highest probity and attainments, who, to use his own words, has no selfish aim to serve, no axe to grind, tells the people, that if they wish to escape the risk of seeing their country invaded, if

they wish to be in a position to repel the invasion should it ever take place, it is necessary to bring themselves into line with the nations of Europe—necessary for our manhood to be trained to arms. Some years have passed since he took up his parable; but so far as any practical results are concerned, his voice is still that of one crying in the wilderness. Our unbelieving, pleasure-loving people spurn his counsel and scorn his warning.

Meanwhile, one War Minister after another tries his prentice hand on our army, chopping and changing its administration and organisation, everything in connection with it, in fact, leaving it to-day a nerveless, indeterminate organism, not knowing, from hour to hour, what is expected of it or whither it must order its footsteps. Our navy is seriously tampered with; its natural growth, or what should be its natural growth in face of the new forces avowedly brought into existence to try conclusions with it, hindered, worried and crippled at the bidding of doctrinaires wedded to what they are pleased to call social reform; men so blind to all sense of proportion as to be incapable of seeing that it is useless to improve the conditions of life in the British Isles at the expense of leaving them defenceless against the designs of jealous enemies. What would all these improvements in our social conditions be worth, even if we grant, for the sake of argument, that they would be improvements (a concession I by no means make), if the whole edifice of our national existence should be destroyed by a determined and successful onslaught from without?

Meanwhile, counsels of timidity and sloth find an echo in the hearts of our people. No less a person than Lord Rosebery has declared in his latest public utterance that his opposition to a policy of imperial reciprocity in trade is based on his fear that it would make every nation, whose interest it now is to preserve our Free Trade Empire, desire to destroy and break it up when it opposes a rampart of tariff to the rest of the world. A counsel of imperfection with a vengeance! This spirit of pusillanimity has disastrous results. The plain man who thinks and ponders, ardent patriot though he be, is driven to ask himself whether he is justified in sacrificing his life, when the hour of peril comes, for a cause—the preservation of the Empire—so little cared for by our rulers, and by the mass of the people who gave them power, that under existing

conditions a landing in force on the shores of the British Isles could not, so the best expert opinion maintains, be successfully repelled.

That this attack is contemplated, is being silently prepared for by a power which, as Mr. Arnold Forster justly says, has, during the past two centuries, invariably made war as a matter of policy and solely for policy, no one who has any acquaintance with the designs of the Prussian war party can doubt for a moment.

The upshot of the matter is only too apparent. The refusal of the mass of the people to prepare themselves for the effective defence of their hearths and homes, must end in overwhelming disaster when the necessity is forced upon the nation to make the effort. When the inevitable happens, it will come about that the men who have spent their lives urging their fellow-countrymen to recognise and accept a duty, accepted uncomplainingly by all the advanced nations of Europe, will of necessity find themselves in the forefront of the lines of defence. The brunt of the attack will fall on them, they will be the first to suffer. They will go to battle, all too conscious that they are leading a forlorn hope. Imperfectly equipped themselves, behind them will be a rabble, from the military point of view, of brave but utterly inefficient combatants. That the vivid appreciation of this great fact must sap the patriotism of all whose fervent love of country falls short of the aspiration to share the martyr's stake, all whose patriotism does not reach the fever-heat of blind heroism, cannot be denied. If the proposition is sound, that a man's duty to his family transcends his duty to his country, then those who have a full foreknowledge of what is going to happen are justified, where opportunity serves them, in shaking the dust from their feet, in leaving their native land, and in joining themselves to a nation which cherishes the love of country and is prepared to make, through each of its male units, effective preparation for the preservation of its honour and integrity.

The emigration returns of the British Isles for 1907 show an increase of more than 70,000 emigrants over and above those of 1906 : a grand total of nearly 400,000 persons being reached. The United States took almost half of the total; Canada fell little short of this, for the Dominion absorbed 151,166 immigrants in 1907, against about a tenth, or 15,571 in 1897 ! Naturally, as far as Canada and

our other colonies are concerned, the influx of vast numbers of our countrymen is a matter for congratulation on the part of all true Imperialists ; but this satisfaction is greatly tempered by the consideration that, as things are now tending, the colonies are shaping toward ultimate independence, disgusted as they are with the selfish, short-sighted policy of the Home Government, which resolutely refuses to govern our Empire as a whole, and persists in ordering its affairs as if each subject state and the United Kingdom itself were a separate water-tight compartment, having no co-ordinate relation with the whole. That, however, is another story. For the moment I am concerned to show that this efflux from our shores is not so much the resultant of tightened circumstances at home, but is the outcome of the deep-down dissatisfaction and disgust of the more far-seeing among our citizens at the absence of any kind of comprehensive policy in the kingdom whereunder the great possibilities of our land shall be exploited for the good of the people ; and is due still more to the widely diffused feeling of insecurity which pervades the community, the conviction deepening in all classes that, labour as he may, no man is to be permitted hereafter to possess his own in peace and security.

For this feeling the disruptive and corrosive forces of English socialism are largely responsible. "The pretty and winsome pictures" of the Socialists attract the idle and discontented whose eyes rest always on the belongings of their fellows. But that portion of the community in whom resides the belief in hard work and thrift as the only passport to success and independence, that portion which sees its savings or its patrimony not merely threatened, but who find that the processes of spoliation and confiscation have begun to operate already, is seriously alarmed at the trend the present political situation is taking. The English Chancellor of the Exchequer has introduced into the House of Commons a bill which I have described elsewhere as the Socialist wedge. If passed, this bill will ruin some one to two million persons, interested directly or indirectly in a useful and necessary trade. The statesman responsible for this iniquitous measure, speaking, some months ago, at the Mansion House, pledged himself and his colleagues to maintain "the institutions of private property." He declared that one and all believed "individual enterprise to be the mainspring of financial and commercial success." He solemnly

avowed that he believed implicitly in "the sanctity of contract and the impossibility of expropriation, even for the best public purposes, without adequate compensation"; and he went on to demonstrate how necessary it was for all Governments to cherish and maintain these principles whereon the stability of our commercial and financial institutions rested. This solemn declaration is followed on the morrow by an attempt to take, without compensation, the property of thousands of innocent tradesmen and investors and by the introduction of a bill which, if passed, will ruin hundreds of thousands of defenceless folk: a bill which must drive capital out of the country and shatter the very foundations of our national credit. This same Government has already ruined or crippled a million or so persons who backed with their means South Africa's great industry, capitulating in both instances to a noisy band of sentimentalists among their supporters.

The spectre of militant Socialism casts its ominous shadow athwart the land. Whether we view this fantastic political creed through the roseate glasses of Mr. H. G. Wells, a maker of seductive fantasies, or in the raw, as advanced by those loud-mouthed orators and journalists now enjoying so much more attention than their crudely impossible opinions entitle them to, it comes to the same thing. Those who have, are to be taxed, frightened or driven out of their holdings: the State is to become the sole employer of and paymaster to the community with the result, should they succeed in translating their theories into facts, that initiative would be killed and with it those adventurous, speculative and emulative qualities in man, which in the past have proved, and which for ever must prove—for human nature is the same to-day as it ever has been and ever will be—the bases of all wealth, all civilisation. Socialism itself is no new thing. It has been tried and found wanting in China, in Peru, in Greece, and in Rome, and several times under another name and with disastrous consequences, in France. The practical application of its doctrines to England will result in national bankruptcy and will complete those processes of disintegration, having their genesis in cognate disruptive forces, which are already jeopardising the stability of the State.

Again, under this menace, the patriot, who recognises that his duty to his family transcends his fealty to his country, and that where

the two cannot be reconciled, the former must rule his conduct, will, when it is possible, elect to sink the lesser obligation in the greater, with the consequence that capital will leave our shores along with the brains and sinews of Britain's best citizens. Then the fair land of England will become an easy prey to that watchful and envious enemy who, once possessing it, will demonstrate a far higher appreciation of its natural God-given advantages, advantages over the whole world, than is evinced by the average Englishman of to-day, sunk as he is in petty aims and aimless objects.

I spoke just now of disruptive forces tending to the unmaking of our Empire other than those directly proceeding from the Socialist bid to the cupidity and avarice of human nature. Unhappily, the list of such might be extended almost indefinitely. Of one India has had an unpleasant exhibition quite recently. That a member of our Parliament should be permitted by the Government to visit India as an ally of disaffection, should be allowed to further complicate the politico-social problems of the peninsula by delivering speeches which have added fuel to the flames is a symptom of weakness, of political paralysis at the very core of the Empire, of a most disquieting character.

Is there no escape from the vicious circle in which we go round and round? In taking a wide and comprehensive survey of the past in its relation to the present and in endeavouring to deduce therefrom a forecast of the future, I must allow that there seems to me to be little hope of things getting better until they have got much worse. For the moment we are wedded, past all hope of divorce, to the utterly illogical system of universal suffrage, to which system most of the evils, political and social, from which we are suffering, may be traced. The system under which power is usurped by the mass of the people, wholly unfitted by their lack of any real education, or knowledge of affairs, to form opinions worth having on the complex questions of Government which confront the rulers of the world, must break down in the end; but not before revolution and dire disaster have punctuated its failure. Absolutism will follow in obedience to a natural law; and out of this I, for one, hope a modified feudal system, which system, shorn of its abuses, was in itself the most admirable system of human economy ever devised by man, will come into being.

The object of this article is, however, to point out the immediate dangers brought about by that weird combination, owing its being to the counterplay of small aims and hand-to-mouth concessions to every energetic claimant to the national estate, masquerading as the Government of a great Empire, and not to assume the rôle of a prophet. These dangers must be patent, it seems to me, to every detached student of political affairs and of world politics, to every unbiassed thinker who has held himself aloof from the paralysing and brain-numbing influences of party potitics. There is certainly, however, some sense and more philosophy in not shutting our lives from happier chance, and it is always permissible to hope that the sickness from which the body politic is suffering may take some turn for the better. Even though the patient appears to be in extremis, we still may cherish hope. It may be readily granted that an intimate knowledge of the history of mankind, and of the rise and fall of the various systems of civilisation and Government into which human beings have grown and outgrown themselves, is an excellent corrective of conclusions too hastily and too superficially drawn upon viewing at close quarters, and without a due regard to the perspective of history, the age in which we happen to live. This knowledge enables the student to draw something like accurate judgments as to cause and effect ; he can anticipate with some confidence the results of certain unchecked evils in the political and social constitution of a given country. It has been airily remarked that more good has been effected in the world by optimists than by pessimists. I shall not take pains to dispute the assertion as a general proposition ; indeed, although the statement is highly disputable, I am inclined to accept it ; but there is optimism and optimism. A blind indifference to glaring ills or a blank denial of their existence, is assuredly not a useful or healthful form of an otherwise commendable quality. It may be allowed that the rôle of the prophet of evil, of the so-called alarmist, is not a thankful one ; but I am sure it is not always a rôle naturally, spontaneously or willingly assumed by pessimists. Some of them, indeed, were born of exceedingly sanguine temperaments ; full of enthusiasm for the land of their birth, for the State to which they are subject. The ideals of one's youth one believes without questioning them,

fiercely attacking all and sundry who dare to dispute their validity. If in after-life one is forced by bitter experience to abandon this attitude, the loss of blind faith, accompanied as it must be by a frank avowal of reasons for its abandonment, need not mean that the hope of making the ideal real is dead also. Especially is this so in the case of anyone who believes that throughout all the changes and chances of life, be it the life of a nation or that of an Empire, the principle of good must ultimately prevail over the disease of evil; and that what must seem to us irretrievable ruin and disaster is merely an episode in the plan of the Supreme Being.

JAMES STANLEY LITTLE.

THE PRESENT POLITICAL SITUATION IN INDIA.

THE bomb outrages and the discovery of an organisation for the manufacture of infernal destructive machines, have not only called for an Explosive Substances Act and a Newspapers Act, but are also likely to affect most vitally the progress of the country as a whole. Already the mischief done is great in creating further estrangement of feeling between the rulers and ruled, and although the Government does not share the view of those who say it is weak or apologetic, nor has it yielded to the hysterical demands of those who cried fire and fury against the people, yet, the fact cannot be concealed that all progressive movements in the country have received a most serious shock from recent events, and that it will be difficult to repair the mischief for many a long year to come. The Hindus have been the greatest sufferers, and unless something is done to remedy the situation, their position will be even worse. It is, therefore, the plain duty of every Hindu who values his country and his religion, to prevent a recurrence of these outrages by every means in his power and to persuade every one over whom he has any control or influence, from having anything to do with what has for its object the subversion of constituted authority. Terrorism has never been successful in forcing the hands of any Government towards the concession of political rights, and those who cherish the hope of a martyr's crown as the reward of assassination, cherish a wicked hope, and the sooner they give it up, the better for themselves and others. The two measures lately passed by the Government are drastic enough. But they were called for by the exigencies of the hour. Let us hope they will be worked in a spirit of moderation, and that Local Governments, before sanctioning prosecutions under these Acts, will be satisfied of the real existence of the danger.

On the other hand, the Indian press owes it a duty both to itself and the country so to moderate its tone as not to necessitate the enactment of further repressive legislation in the direction of curtailment of freedom of speech or writing. As observed by His Excellency the Viceroy : " The pardah of the East hides, unfortunately, much from our view. It would be better for us and for the many races of this country, if we knew how to lift it. At present we have failed to do so." But this pardah can be lifted by just and sympathetic treatment of the people by their rulers, and by moderation of tone and loyalty of sentiment in criticising measures of Government on the part of the people. I shall, therefore, attempt briefly to show what each can do in order to bring about this much-desired result. Before doing so, it is necessary to say a word as to how the teachings of some of the most sacred books of the Hindus have been perverted by some of these anarchists as sanctioning the subversion of law and order. Nowhere do the Gita or the Upanishads or any other books of the Hindus sanction it. On the contrary, theirs has always been a religion of universal love and sympathy, of seeing all as your own self (atma), and though the people of this country have often suffered for this beautiful teaching they have never departed from it even under the most adverse circumstances. Anarchism has always been hateful to the Hindus, and we read in the Mahabharata as follows : " If the king did not protect, all persons possessed of wealth shall have to encounter death, confinement and persecution, and the very idea of prosperity would disappear. If the king did not protect, everything would be exterminated prematurely, every part of the country overrun by robbers, everybody fall into terrible hell, all affairs relating to agriculture and trade fall into terrible confusion, and morality sunk and lost. Who is there who would not worship him in whose existence the people exist and in whose destruction they are destroyed ! No man by acting against the king can make himself happy even though he be the king's own son, or brother, or companion, or whom he regards as his very self." (Mahabharata, Santi Parva, Chap. 58.) In another place it is said : " It has been heard by us that men made amongst themselves a compact not to be violent in speech nor seduce other people's wives, nor

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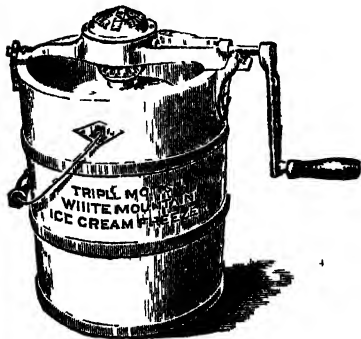
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rob others' wealth. But after living thus for some time, they found they could not go on peaceably together, and begged the Creator of the world to choose a king for them, for, said they, in consequence of anarchy people meet with destruction, the weak devour the strong, like bigger fish devouring the smaller." (Ibid. Chap. 57.) This was illustrated in the worst period of Mahomedan sovereignty, when people never rose against their rulers, as well as in the Indian Mutiny when the mutineers had not the co-operation of the people at large. The latter soon got weary of anarchy and misrule that prevailed even for a few months on account of the interruption of the work of Government, and constantly prayed for the re-establishment of law and order. And it was because the people wished the British Government to come, that it was able so soon to regain its hold on the country, and the mutineers soon ceased to be heard of. The genius of the Indians being thus in favour of established authority, it is useless for the anarchists or the extremists to expect any support from the people at large, even though sharp writing or speech, by pandering to the evil tendencies of a few, may find favour for the moment.

At the same time the causes of the present unrest which, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, shows little sign of subsiding, should be more carefully gauged and the proper remedy applied before it is too late. The Anglo-Indian and the English press are mostly for further repressive measures as the only remedy for the evil. Certain Anglo-Indians, both in England and in India, also seem to think that the Government is weak and vacillating, and that unless very strong and drastic measures are immediately taken for the suppression of all freedom of speech and writing on the part of Indians, no good will result. The Government of India has never been a weak Government. On the contrary, if it has erred, it has erred in being somewhat too slow in being guided by Indian public opinion, and showing grèater respect for Anglo-Indian or English opinion. The main causes of the evil are due to the general attitude of a certain class of people as well as of newspapers, both in this country and in England, towards the educated classes of India, in treating their aspirations with contempt and losing no opportunity of crying them down. This in its turn irritates the Indian section of the press, which retorts. And this

leads to further recrimination, and thus the evil goes on increasing. If unfortunately outrages like those in Mozzuferpore occur, they are seized upon as furnishing further opportunity of running down the educated classes as a whole and hysterically crying for further repression, which does not fail to create greater irritation in the minds of Indians. The great majority of the European residents of the country have, moreover, little or no independent means of judging the feelings of the people. They form their opinions from what they read in either Anglo-Indian or English papers, and do not either care to read or affect to despise what is said in the Indian papers; nor do they talk to Indians on these matters. They thus get needlessly alarmed, as they exaggerate the situation, join in the cry for severe legislative action, and treat the people with great contempt, sometimes with insult, even in the most ordinary relations of life. Those who have the bestowal of public patronage in their hands often show undesirable class feeling in a marked manner, and thus create further irritation. Exaggerated reports of the lives and properties of European men and women being in danger are circulated and sent to Europe by newspaper correspondents who love to create excitement, forgetting the harm they do to the country by this sort of writing. Experienced Anglo-Indian administrators who have retired from India, and who ought to know the people of the country better, also seem to lend the weight of their experience, not towards soothing, but towards needlessly irritating the people. One of these gentlemen has of late been telling the British public that India was being undermined by dangerous mutinous forces, that the glory of England was being lost, and that Englishwomen could not venture outside their houses without fear of insult. Another thinks that the crime of political assassination can no longer be regarded as foreign to the ideas of the people. A third asserts that the poison is rapidly spreading amongst the people. All this is most painful to read, coming as it does from persons who profess to have lived long and moved freely amongst the Indian people, and shows how even the best administrators have failed to know the country, and that even though they passed their lives in it, they have failed to lift up the veil which hides the East from the West. As a matter of fact, the lives and properties of European men and women in India to-day are as safe as ever. Europeans of all ranks,

both official and non-official, live as heretofore in open places or tents in jungles, and go about the country unarmed and unattended. Their houses have flimsy doors which can be opened with the slightest push. But no one ventures to go there. European ladies go about in public streets as freely as before without the smallest fear of molestation or insult on the part of the people of the country. The same is the case with the Indian officials. The sight of the red turban of a policeman is sufficient to strike terror into the hearts of the ordinary dwellers of towns or villages. Even during the present famine there has not been any perceptible increase of violent crime. The people are as greatly attached to law and good Government as ever, and social disturbance or political assassination is as foreign to them as heretofore. The weight of the miseries of famine, plague and poverty leaves the ordinary Indian little time to speculate upon the ethics of Swaraj or Swadeshi. The poison is not spreading, and except perhaps in portions of the country where political agitation is made a profession by a certain class of people, India is as quiet as ever.

These are patent facts, and yet they are ignored. There is not the slightest ground for giving way to alarmist reports and rumours, and if, as has been done by the Government at the present juncture, Englishmen, both here and in England, keep their heads cool, and do no more than the exigencies of the situation require, the evil will soon be stamped out. The existing law, as well as those that have recently been enacted, ought at once to eradicate any movement that has for its object the weakening of British rule in India, and it is to be hoped that no further legislative or executive action will be necessary. The anarchist outbreak is entirely separate from ordinary Indian political life, and those who confound the two together are grievously mistaken. The Government of India have very properly not shared the views of these alarmists, and as remarked by a most respected Anglo-Indian journal, their firmness and sagacity stand in bold relief against the fatuity and the alarmist exaggeration of their critics who change their views from day to day. The press, here as well as in England, now owes it a duty to both countries to change its tone and show more discrimination in what it opens its columns to. If it were less prone to sensational writing and wrote more calmly, it would soon allay irritated feelings. A

change for the better in the tone of the Anglo-Indian and the British press, which claims to be, and is, the superior of the two, would at once improve the tone of the Indian press. On the other hand, while wishing that outrages like these are duly punished according to the law of the land, Europeans of all ranks should keep their heads cool and not be prejudiced against a whole people for what is but the work of a few. In this way they will be doing much to improve the situation. There is not the slightest ground for indulging in any wholesale denunciations of Indians, from the Legislative Councillor to the anarchist, as is done now and then, nor for treating the people with contempt, nor for showing bias in favour of one class against another. One main ground of complaint on the part of a large section of the Hindus is the attitude of certain officials towards the Mahomedans as against the Hindus. The Government of India possibly does not entertain the same views, but such is the feeling in the districts and the sooner it is checked the better. The situation is difficult, but with the exercise of discrimination and fairness it ought soon to improve. And this reminds one of an old Hindu verse which may at this juncture well be commended to the notice of the governors of the country. "Wrath, O mighty king, is a bitter drug, though it has nothing to do with disease. It brings on a disease of the head, robs one of fair fame and leads to hell. It is drunk up (controlled) by the righteous, not the unrighteous. I ask you to drink it up."

Already the Government have declared that present events shall not stand in the way of their making the desired reforms in their administration, and they have the sympathy and the co-operation of all honest reformers in the eradication of cowardly conspiracies like these and the preservation of law and order. At the same time the people have a right to expect that these reforms shall not be long delayed, that the changing line of Indian national thought and national aspirations, and the new forces now at work, will be duly recognised and met with, not in a spirit of contempt or disregard, but of sympathy. The times are changing and the attitude of the governors towards the governed must also change with the times. But whilst appealing to the Government to be firm as well as sympathetic in its relations to the people, it is none the less the duty of every Indian to help by every means in his power

to improve the situation. Sad it is to see so much talent, money, and power of organisation employed towards base purposes. That there are defects in the present system of administration, no one will deny. But even the anarchist will admit that chaos is not better than order. If he is prepared to see all that India has gained during these many years of peace and good government swept off for a chimerical Swaraj which, in the nature of things, cannot now be attained, he is no friend of India. Shall we sacrifice all that has yet been done towards progress in the various arts, in trade, agriculture, industry, and revert to the good old times when life and property were not safe for a day? Some of those who know, for instance, the days of the Nawabi in Oudh tell us how, when the Government wanted its revenues, it sent its armed forces against the Taluqdars, and how the latter, who lived in mud and not palatial houses, left them and retired into the jungles to let the forces of the Nawab loot what they could get. Would it be good to have that? Those who say that anything will be better than the present system of Government do not realise what the weakening of its hold on the country would immediately result in, how the many evil forces which are now kept down would at once be let loose and make it impossible for those who are decrying the present state of things to live even for a day. Any system of Swarajya, without a superior guiding power, is impossible in the conditions of Indian national life for many a long year to come, and even for the realisation of the ideal of self-government on colonial lines much greater progress of education and evolution of public spirit than we can at present command are necessary. The extremist programme is not likely to help this evolution forward. It has already arrested its progress, and if allowed to continue, will soon crush it altogether. Even now much of the social, industrial and political activity of the country has received a most serious check. Every movement is suspected, and people join even those which do not concern politics with fear and hesitation. All reformers, even though they have nothing to do with political matters, have to be very cautious in their movements. The progress of Indian arts and manufactures, which had received some impetus during the last few years, has been interrupted on account of recent events. In most parts of the country religious and social movements are watched and fore-shadowed like political ones, and even those who

are working for the relief of those afflicted by the present famine in a manner suited to the conditions of the people, have not escaped suspicion. For all this the country has to thank the extremists, and the question is—is their programme, in the face of the results it has already produced, likely to do any good? If recent events are any index, beyond making the relations between the governors and the governed more strained and bringing further repressive measures to bear upon the liberties of the people, it will result in nothing else, and it is, therefore, the duty of every Indian to steer clear of it in the interests of his country.

There is something good in suffering and dying for one's country. But it is not good to sacrifice life and liberty for impossible ideals. Resistance to constituted authority or subversion of law or order does not bring the martyr's crown. On the contrary, there are hundreds of other sources of activity which will bring honour here and peace hereafter, were they only followed in the right spirit. The country is in the midst of a dire famine. The Government, which certain people are so fond of abusing, has already spent and is spending millions in the relief of the distressed. Even in this most trying weather of May and June its officials, Europeans as well as Indians, are working from day to day out in the jungles on relief works, distributing money to peasants and supervising the distribution of charity. Nothing can be nobler than the work of famine relief on the part of those who have money or leisure at their command. Already a number of philanthropic men are working in this direction in various parts of the country. Any addition to their number will result in nothing but good. The widow, the orphan, and the plague-stricken all demand attention. While Indians are clamouring for Swarajya, missionaries of foreign faiths rescue their women and orphans from famine and starvation, and increase the number of their followers.

Neither the dictates of reason nor those of religion sanction the attitude of hostility which has been taken up by a certain small section of the people towards the Government of the day. The country is not with them. Its best and truest interests are bound up with the British Government, and with its weakening or disappearance must disappear all hopes of its progress. This has been declared by the unanimous voice of the people, and there has not yet been

heard a word of sympathy for the anarchist even in the most rabid Indian papers. The Indians, even though they may be clamouring for political privileges, know the value of law and order too well to cherish any other wish but that of the continuance of British rule in India, and this ought to soothe all irritated feelings against them on the part of Anglo-Indians here or the British people in England.

Lastly, let us consider whether any further repressive press legislation is necessary in the interests of the country. There is no doubt of the fact that the tone of a certain section of the Indian press is extremely rabid and that sharp writing pays. But by further repressing the press, the Government might be strengthening the hands of the evil-minded. The law that has now been enacted ought to be sufficient for all practical purposes, and if it is worked in a spirit of discrimination, it will check the evil. But if further repressive legislation is resorted to, will it be applied only to vernacular or English papers published by Indians or will it be applied to all sections of the press? The Anglo-Indian papers will as a rule escape, unless a paper happens to be in great disfavour with the Government. As regards the Indian papers also, much will depend upon the idiosyncracies of the ruler of the province or the authorities of a district. Distinctions which might give rise to class feelings might be made and a fresh ground for further estrangement furnished. If the press is to be controlled effectively, it can only be controlled by the good sense of its own readers. Let these have nothing to do with anything which weakens authority and the press will soon have to change its tone. In a country like India where the Government is not of the people, the people's press is the only means of expression of their views and wishes to the Government, and even if it errs, it is better to put up with its errors than to stop the only means of knowing what is passing in the minds of the governed. No doubt the provocation given the Government by recent events is great. But having shown their firmness and strength, let them now show the greatest of all strengths—the strength of forgiveness.

To sum up : moderation of tone on the part of all sections of the press, both here and in England, cool-headedness on the part of officials of all grades, and a readiness to recognise in a spirit of

sympathy and fairness the new forces at work in Indian society, combined with a determined and steady refusal on the part of Indians to have anything to do with what tends to weaken the foundations of the British Government in India, will tend to remedy the present situation. Let us hope each one of us will try to do his duty in this respect.

AN INDIAN THINKER

A MAN OF LEARNING AND GOODNESS.

“ Let me know all ! Prate not of most or least,
Painful or easy;
Even to the crumbs I'd fain eat up the feast.”

“ Loftily lying
Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
Living and dying.”

[A *Grammarian's Funeral*.]

THOUGH the Rev. George Uglow Pope, who has just died, was much more than a Grammarian, he yet had lived the life of one so loftily, and had always followed so high an ideal of goodness and learning, that it seems natural to quote the words of his friend Robert Browning at the head of this little tribute to his memory.

It is always well to let a man reveal himself as far as possible. A tabulation of facts may give a crude photographic portrait, but they cannot bring before us a living personality ; therefore, wherever we can, we will let Dr. Pope speak for himself. The New Year's Greeting that he sent to his friends in India and England in 1904, in Tamil and English, makes a good self-introduction. This is it :

THE SAGES.

To us all towns are one, all men our kin,
Life's good comes not from others' gift, nor ill ;
Man's pains and pain's relief are from within,
Death's no new thing ; nor do our bosoms thrill
When joyous life seems like a luscious draught ;
When grieved, we patient suffer ; for we deem
This much-prized life of ours a fragile raft
Borne down the waters of some mountain stream
That o'er huge boulders roaring seeks the plain.
Though storms with lightnings' flash from darkened skies

Descend, the raft goes on as fates ordain,
 Thus have we seen in visions of the wise
 We marvel not at greatness of the great ;
 Still less despise we men of low estate.

G. U. POPE.

George Uglow Pope was the son of a merchant and shipowner of Plymouth, England, but he was born in Prince Edward's Island. His birthday was in April 1820. He told his friend, Dr. Caird, that he felt a distinct vocation calling him to India when he was thirteen years old. He never turned a deaf ear to any voice speaking to his sense of duty, and he resolved to learn Tamil and live and die for India's people. Five years afterwards he offered himself as a probationer for mission work in India, and took his first Tamil lessons in London. In 1839 he sailed for India. During the voyage he was sixteen weeks out of sight of land—a glorious opportunity for a student to work, and this young student made full use of it, giving eight hours a day, on an average, to Tamil and Sanskrit.

Arrived at Madras, he spent about two years there, working hard at Telugu and Hindustani as well as at Tamil and Sanskrit. Having decided to take Holy Orders, he was ordained deacon in the English branch of the Christian Church in 1842, priest in 1843. From 1841 to 1849, his ministerial work lay in Tinnevely. If a man's character is best revealed by himself, his work is best described by his friends, especially if a self-effacing modesty be a trait of his own character ; so we will let the late Bishop Caldwell of Madras bear testimony to this early work of Mr. Pope.

In an article headed " Men I have met in Madras," the bishop mentions George Uglow Pope as one of the greatest names in Tinnevely Mission history. After stating that Mr. Pope began his work in 1842 in connection with the S. P. G., he says that this work included the founding of schools and " establishing a seminary for the training of Native Agents in the higher learning " as well as collecting congregations. He describes Mr. Pope as being a good classical and Hebrew scholar, grounding his pupils in Greek, Latin, or Hebrew as well as teaching them classical Tamil. Great though he was at classics, he did not ignore mathematics, and we are not surprised to find that the day was not long enough for him to carry

out his wide curriculum. He used to give classes from eight to eleven o'clock every night. Is it any wonder that his health gave way, and that in 1849 he had to go back to England to recruit ?

The school or seminary at Sawyerpuram alluded to by the bishop was one of Dr. Pope's greatest works, as it was one of the most cherished objects of his care and thoughts. Years after he founded it, Colonel Arnold Piers told him that whenever he met intelligent Tamil people, he felt the influence of Sawyerpuram school. Mr. Pope had wanted to make Sawyerpuram into a university, but his wish was foiled by the unsuitability of the site and the unresponsiveness of many whom he tried to influence. The assimilative faculties of many classes from which his pupils came were then undeveloped. He did the work of a pioneer. Leaving him to recruit for a while, we will anticipate the success of his labours in order to complete what we have to tell of Sawyerpuram. The *Oxford Chronicle*, bearing date February 8th, 1904, contains an account of an address presented to Dr. Pope on behalf of old Sawyerpuram pupils. The school had entered on its Diamond Jubilee. To quote from the address : "The school has had a glorious past and will, we trust, by God's help, have a still more glorious future." Dr. Pope was assured that his wise and self-denying devotion in conducting the school, his fatherly rule and guidance as a teacher, and the publication of his Tamil works had gained the admiration of world. Those who presented the Address took pride in calling themselves—as their fathers did before them—Dr. Pope's pupils. They begged him to accept, as a humble token of love and gratitude, 1,000 rupees.

After saying that Dr. Pope's many friends in the City and the University, who appreciate his long, arduous labours in bringing together East and West, will congratulate him on this warm-hearted expression of gratitude, the newspaper report ends thus : "Those who have made acquaintance through his translations and commentaries with the wisdom and religious fervour of the old Tamil poets and teachers will know that the East has a return to make for what the West has brought to her."

Dr. Pope's reply is marked by equally warm-hearted gratitude. He admits that the money gift is valuable because of the great expense of bringing out Tamil publications in England making the admission in order that the givers may realise that he is their

debtor, although they "are kind enough to say that they owe me something."

"My own past life, now drawing to a close, seems like a dream, and I alone know how unprofitable it has been ; but one thing I can affirm, that I have never wavered in my affection for the Tamil people, their language and their literature. I have hoped to help in some humble way to bring East and West nearer to one another and to prepare the way for His coming Who is King of Kings and Lord of Lords."

He also said that he was making a final revision of the *Kurral* and would like to publish it entirely under the patronage of the Chiefs of the Tamil people, with a dedication to the whole race, and to make it a really splendid monument of Tamil genius.

In December of that same year, the following address from the Tamil-speaking colony was signed at Rangoon :—

We, the undersigned members of the Tamil Community, avail ourselves of this opportunity to testify our appreciation of the invaluable services rendered by you in the cause of Tamil literature. You have done your best to introduce Tamil classics into the sphere of the World's literature by the publication in Oxford of critical editions with English translations of the *Nawnul*, the sacred *Kurral*, *Naladiar*, *Tiruvascayam*, etc., etc. The excellent manner in which you have brought out these publications clearly proves that there is no nook or corner in the Tamil poetical field where you have not striven to plant your feet.

We do fully believe that nothing but pure love and affection for the Tamil language and the Tamil people could have induced you to display indefatigable zeal and ability in the mastery of Tamil poetry which, with all its incomparable ingenuity and elegance, generally fails in simplicity, and is hardly intelligible without its commentaries. We rejoice to hear that you are now engaged in a final revision of your Sacred *Kurral* with a view to make it a splendid monument of Tamil genius.

Your ardent and untiring efforts in the cause of Tamil literature and religious philosophy merit the warmest gratitude of the Tamil race. You have striven hard to bring about an amalgamation of English and Tamil ideas and to interpret the East to the West and then to draw East and West nearer to one another.

We, therefore, honour you primarily as our most eminent Tamil scholar and we are most deeply grateful to you that you have proved to the world that a moral code like *Kurral* and a Book of Sacred Utterances

like Tiruvascayam could exist only among an essentially moral, religious and noble race.

As a slight token of our regard and esteem we beg your acceptance for the present of a money order for 500 rupees, telegraphed to you this day, with the warmest greetings of the Tamils, and we hope God may spare you many more years to enable you to complete the excellent work you are now engaged in, and to enjoy the fruits of your labours.

We must now, after this digression, which will have served to show the dominating motive and principles of Dr. Pope's work in India, hark back to him when he was invalided home.

Invalidism by no means meant inactivity for him. He recruited by using the energies in hard work for his beloved Mission, though of a different kind from that in India. He spent a good deal of time at Cudderdon, we in Oxford are interested to know. Dr. Samuel Wilberforce was Bishop of Oxford then, and a cordial friendship sprang up between him and Mr. Pope. When the degree of D. D. was conferred upon him, the *testamur* presented to the then Archbishop of Canterbury was signed by Bishop Wilberforce, F. D. Maurice and Professor W. Selwyn of Cambridge. During this visit to England Mr. Pope made the acquaintance of many men whose names would excite no interest in India now, but whose memory is vivid enough in England for us to understand that the remembrance of intercourse with them braced and refreshed him during his strenuous life afterwards. And Oxford likes to remember that before he left England for India in 1850, the Bishop of Oxford asked him to preach the ordination sermon in the Cathedral.

On his return to India he was appointed to the charge of the Tanjore Missions. Eight years of such work as he put in broke down his health again. His doctors said he must leave India. He made a compromise by leaving Tanjore and going—not to England but—to Ootacamund. There, with the Bishop's sanction, he established a Grammar School and a College for Europeans. To his scholastic duties were added those of the chaplaincy of the European prison, of assistant priest in St. Stephen's Church, and, with the energy left unconsumed by these labours, he helped to found the public Library and build St. Thomas' Church. Towards the end of 1870 he went to Bangalore, at the request of Bishop Cotton, to take the wardenship of a college for Europeans and Anglo-Indians. A church was built by-and-bye, and as it was regarded as the chapel of

this college, the Metropolitan asked Mr. Pope to be chaplain. He willingly added a chaplain's duties to his long rôle, receiving no stipend. Wherever he went we find the same record: generous output of his own powers and wealth of knowledge, and, for ingathering, the satisfaction which his own generosity gives to the generous man, and the warm appreciation and expressions of gratitude evoked by his work.

It is true that for his prison chaplaincy and for that of the fort at Bangalore he received the magnificent stipend of £120 a year, but so generally was his work done *con amore* that, when he finally left India, he left it so much the poorer in health and pecuniary means himself as the country was the richer for the treasures of knowledge and wisdom he had poured into it.

We will speak of Dr. Pope's literary work by itself, but let us touch upon the proceeds of his Tamil publications here in order that another light may be thrown on his character and principles of action. These books had an enormous sale; year by year they brought in an increasing income. All this he swept into the treasury of the Christian Missionary Societies, because the books had been written during his years of missionary work.

His services in the education of servants of the Government in India elicited warm thanks from the Government, but no pecuniary recognition. The college maintained that a pension was his due, but had not the power to confer one. He was not eligible for a pension from the Indian Government, technically speaking, and that Government did not seize the opportunity of testifying to their gratitude by a non-obligatory act. The Madras Government, however, made Dr. Pope the generous offer of a grant of £500 a year for five years when he was hoping to bring out his Tamil dictionary in after years. This, however, was not sanctioned, and, to Dr. Pope's regret, this great work, for which he had collected materials during many years, was not published.

Dr. Pope's working life in Oxford began in 1885, when he was appointed Chaplain of Balliol College and Professor of Tamil and Telugu in the University, teaching those languages to accepted candidates of the Indian Civil Service.

This seems to be the point for speaking of his literary work. In a letter of his to his dear and intimate friend, Dr. Caird, he writes of this part of his life's labours in detail. As is often the case with

Europeans studying Indian, African, and Polynesian languages, Dr. Pope had to make his own text-books. He compiled and published an *Elementary Catechism of the Grammar of Tamil in Tamil*. By his own admission this book supplied a want and "achieved a quite marvellous and permanent success." He was always so slow to admit anything to the credit of his own work that this remark, far from having to be discounted, may be taken as an understatement. Before the author had left India, the *Catechism* had gone through 75 editions, many of them containing 10,000 copies. His own pecuniary profit from this was £10, the munificent sum given him by the Madras Government for permission to reprint it for use in their schools.

Next he published a larger and more original *Catechism*, much valued by native scholars. A third larger grammar of *Tamil in Tamil* followed. To this was appended a complete lexicon of Tamil grammatical terms. Dr. Pope then published a Tamil poetical anthology and prose reader.

At the request of Sir Charles Trevelyan, while Governor of Madras, he published other books in Tamil, Telagu, Canarese and Malayalam, with critical apparatus. He compiled many books to help Europeans in learning Tamil, which are still Government text-books. A hand-book of Tamil cost him much money as well as labour. His editions of the *Sacred Kurral*, the *Natadiyar* and the *Tiruvācayam*, with translations, notes and lexicons and concordances, found eager acceptance among the Tamil people. Native scholars assured him that his work had had a great effect on Tamil literature. That it had entered upon a new and hopeful career Dr. Pope himself was ready to believe, and he told Dr. Caird that he thought he might have acted in some way as a pioneer.

In order to excite interest in this literature he wrote articles for the *Indian Magazine and Review*, the *Asiatic Quarterly* and the *Indian Quarterly*. These contributions he made gratuitously. Dr. Pope explains in his letter to Dr. Caird that his text-book of Indian history was originally the syllabus of lectures delivered at the college, Ootacamund. He had hoped to work these up into more complete book-form, but finding that white ants had been making ravages among accumulated materials for other literary work, he hastily sent his lectures to the printers to save them from a similar fate.

An abridgment of this history is published by Longmans, also his "*Little Rajah's History of India.*" A list of Dr. Pope's writings would be incomplete that did not include his contributions to the *Royal Asiatic Society's Journal*. It should be mentioned that the gold medal of this Society was conferred upon Dr. Pope. He was also made a Fellow of the *Leipsig Oriental Society*.

So whole-hearted was Dr. Pope's devotion to Tamil, so strongly did he feel that his mastery of Indian languages gave him a peculiar vocation, that he refused an African Bishopric that would have withdrawn him from India and directed his powers away from her people. Pupils of his were to be found in the Army, the Medical Service, and General Department as well as in the Civil Service. His ungrudging, unstinted outpouring of his gifts of mind and heart and knowledge never seemed to be checked or chilled by want of appreciation. Perhaps his own mind was too generous for him to recognise meanness in others. He had to leave the Society under whose auspices he began his work when his powers were in full vigour, but he did not on that account cease to use them in that Society's service whenever he could do so.

So far we have been looking at him in his public life. In his private life he was all that was simple, genial and unselfish. His methodical habits made him an almost perfect economist of time. He not only put every minute to use, but he got out of every beat of Time's pulse as much as man could get. His devotion to Oriental study did not make him neglect western and modern literature. On the contrary, he grudged no time or effort to make himself acquainted with modern books and various methods of thought, specially in different schools of theology. He studied the Early Fathers, but he never shrank from modern criticism.

His active brain and powerful intellect were the servants of a simple practical faith. He was at ease in expressing himself not only in writing, but in speaking and preaching. The conviction expressed in the farewell letter of the then Bishop of Madras to Dr. Pope when he was leaving India, that his preaching would be acceptable and attractive to many, was certainly verified. In this letter the Bishop says: "As a missionary and in education, in literary work and in ministering to Europeans, you have laboured with great energy and perseverance and have not spared yourself.

And you have memorials of your successful work in the Sawyerpuram Seminary, in the Bishop Cotton Schools at Bangalore, in All Saints' Church, in your useful school-books, and in the hearts and lives of many who have profited by your instruction and self-denying example."

As regards Dr. Pope's preaching, the fact that he was asked to preach before the universities of Oxford and Cambridge and in St. Paul's Cathedral, and was frequently requested to publish his sermons, witnesses to the attractiveness and acceptability of it.

A man who works well plays well. Dr. Pope was an excellent chess-player. Nay, more than excellent. To be able to keep three or four games going blindfold, and to win those games more often than not, is to lay claim to distinction.

Another of his recreations was verse making. Among his verses are translations that prove his knowledge of modern as well as classical, and of European as well as Asiatic languages. We give a translation of Herman Klekte's *Gort hat das Leben*, because it seems to express the attitude of Dr. Pope's mind as well as the nicety of his rendering the sense of the poem in another language.

LIFE IN GOD.

Let the world hate me or take me in love to its breast,
 Bereave me of joys or lull with sweet visions to rest—
 This world takes nothing away, and nothing can give:
 It has but mere seeming, 't is in God that we live!
 Brief is the dream-joy, and short is sorrow's sharp sting,
 Swift as a heart's beat and light as the breath of the Spring
 Comes soon a pause of joy's keen throb, and pain's sore strife
Here is the seeming, but *there* is the life!
 'Tis the seeming alone that now sickens the heart,
 Swift leaps the path upward from earth to depart;
 The world takes nothing away, and nothing can give;
 It has but the seeming—'t is in God that we live.

G. U. P.

Dr. Pope wished to die in harness and in Oxford. His wishes were granted. His life closed amidst many members of his family as tranquilly as he was wont to close a book he had been reading. From beginning to ending of his life's book, not a single page was sullied by any mark of insincerity, meanness, or self-seeking

His wishes respecting his funeral were also all fulfilled. He had desired to be buried near the grave of his friend Dr. Jowett, late Master of Balliol, and there he was laid. Representatives of Balliol and other colleges "followed his body to the burying." The organist of Balliol asked to play, the college servants to form the choir, at the funeral service. He had lived a long life, but he had not outlived affection, esteem, veneration. The voice of the University expressed unfeigned regret for their own loss, while giving thanks for his peaceful departure.

"However much one has looked forward to such partings," wrote a representative of Balliol, "the partings are always grievous when they come." The letter is addressed to a son of Dr. Pope, and continues: "No one did more work or more devoted work than your father did throughout a very long life, and we may thankfully feel he has his reward."

From Magdalen came the following tribute.

His death is a loss to the University, to learning and to religion, for your father was indeed a noble example of the combination of piety and knowledge. He has served his generation long and faithfully like the Patriarch, and now he has fallen on sleep and found his true rest. We must be very grateful for all he has done and thankful to have had him with us so long. . . . I shall not forget his brightness and geniality, and I am sure the University would wish me to express the general sense of the loss caused by his removal.

Another letter says: "A long, useful, kindly and genial life spent in rich work and in teaching leaves no cause for regret but only for gladness."

We find that we have omitted to mention in its proper place the erection of a Pope Memorial Hall and Library at Sawyerpuram. The cost was paid by public subscription, and it was a Jubilee Memorial of his work. Dr. Pope was very much touched by this recognition of what he had done. He finished his revised edition of the "Kural" during the last long vacation of his life, and made it over to the Secretary of the Educational branch of the Christian Missionary Society. This is being brought out as a Memorial edition.

At fourscore years of age Dr. Pope's brain was as clear and vigorous as ever. Not until he was eighty-three did he begin to feel any discrepancy between his will-power and powers of action.

Then, and not till then, was the magnificent pension of £150 a year sought for from Government at home. A letter in which his life, his work and his needs were succinctly put before the First Lord of the Treasury was signed (1901) by the heads of the University of Oxford, the Sanskrit Professor, Cambridge, members of the Indian Council, Madras Government, Royal Asiatic Society and others.

Thus it may be said of this great Grammarian and Missionary that, as he lived, so he died, "poor, yet making many rich."

J. R.

Oxford.

THE LABORATORY METHOD IN RELIGION.

THE scientific method is undoubtedly congenial to the modern mind. The results of this method, however, have sometimes destroyed, after bitter struggle, various religious beliefs ; and, therefore, in some minds a feeling has arisen that science and religion are necessarily enemies. The following thoughts, however, are given with the firm conviction that a young man not only can, but must, deal with the great questions of his religious life in a scientific spirit.

Every one now recognises that a student makes much better progress by handling materials and doing things than by merely reading about them. Every University in India is insisting, as never before, on well-equipped laboratories, and in most of the Provinces every student of science has to do more or less practical work. Teachers are convinced that a student cannot understand specific heat until he has weighed out some metal, and by the use of thermometer and calorimeter, has found it for himself. They feel that he cannot know hydrogen from the pages of a book, but must actually discover its properties himself. This "laboratory method" has been applied not only to Physics, Chemistry and Biology, as in our Indian Universities, but also in some advanced places in England and America, to Mathematics, to Psychology and to Sociology. In short, we have discovered that we learn best *by doing*, and that we know best those things which we have actually discovered in our own experience.

The question now naturally arises—Is there a place for the method of learning *by doing* in our religious life ? Let us suppose, for instance, that you wish to understand the kind of life that Jesus lived while He was on the earth. That life is described in our Christian books ; but the man who merely reads will never realise what that life is. Here it is most certainly true that

doing is necessary to understanding and believing. For Christ talks of self-sacrificing love ; of forgiveness ; of self-forgetful service. But these are things which can no more be known from the letters of a printed page, than can the index of refraction, or the properties of an electric current. If we would understand God's love, we ourselves must try to love ; if we wish to learn the full meaning of forgiveness, we ourselves must forgive. Every disappointing friend or disobedient servant furnishes a natural laboratory where the deep significance of love and forgiveness can be discovered.

But in a far more thorough-going way men are coming to believe that truth that is merely intellectually conceived has no meaning for us ; that abstract truth is almost useless ; and that truth acquires value only as it is actually lived out in experience. * Most people, for instance, would hesitate to say just what electricity is ; what they do know, however, is what electricity can do. In fact, people get their whole conception of the meaning of the word " electricity " from experimenting with it. Our clearest ideas of it are connected with what it is capable of doing. Beliefs about it are beliefs to be acted on. Apart from its actual manifestations in experience, electricity has little meaning to any one. So with gravity, light, radium and many other things in science. We understand none of these, and yet we accept them for what they are worth, for what they can do for us. Even though they upset and overturn all our theories, we recognise their value and use them.

So, many accept Christ. So, many accept the mystery of the Cross. They do not wholly understand them, but permitting the reality of the fact of Christ to have its natural effect upon them, they find Him working fully for their salvation. Not from the theory of the Absolute, not from *a priori* reasoning, but from the laboratory of experience do they approach Him as their Saviour. Christ's significance lies in Christ's power, and one understands Him as one uses Him.

In short, the laboratory method lays emphasis on the concrete, upon action, upon power. It is uncomfortable, away from facts ; its interest is in the success with which truths work ; it values, as truth, those leadings which pay.

* For this point of view see especially James' " Pragmatism."

By an entirely different method has the East proceeded. Its genius for the contemplative life has led it to scorn the utilitarian. Its goal has been the unconditioned Atman or Absolute. Truth is what we ought to think. The conditioned ways in which we do think, are so much Maya. The Sunyasi and the Yogi are its types. Its product—a product that cannot but command the intellectual respect of the world—is the emancipating knowledge of the Atman. He who knows himself as the Atman is for ever beyond the reach of all desire, and, therefore, beyond the possibility of immoral conduct. No action can defile you, *evam tvayi* “when you are thus,” *i.e.*, when the universe is for you plunged into the abyss of the divine being.

No one can sympathetically follow the sages of the Upanishads without feeling the attraction of its mysticism and acknowledging that from one point of view it elevates and reassures. But the more one loves India, the more one longs that she will test her findings by another method.

The modern world instinctively looks at the Vedanta from the laboratory standpoint. As with electricity, its significance is determined by what effects it is capable of producing. Its truth will be in its working value; and no true patriot, no one who really wishes to see India advance, can be indifferent to the practical outcome of his theory.

From this standpoint one sees that while knowledge of the Atman emancipates, it also benumbs; while it frees one from desire, it also frees one from development. In so far as one is thorough-going, it takes away all incitement to action or initiation; everything that one may henceforth do or leave undone belongs to the great sphere of Maya. With the knowledge of yourself as Atman, every action and, therefore, every moral action has been deprived of meaning. One who sees that all separation is unreal, may without sin drop his fear, and give up the burden of individual responsibility. This then is the significance—the meaning—of the knowledge of the Atman, from the practical standpoint.

The world-view to which the East has come is a result largely of the method pursued. India has always been a devotee of the abstract. Its yearning has been for the One than which there is no other. No one can doubt but that a very real religious comfort

comes to the one who, after long search, sees that the Atman is one with the Brahman, and that *aham brahma asmi*, "I am Brahman." One can no less doubt, however, that this comfort has been obtained at the loss of all contact with the real world.

For the only India we know is one that has its child widows, its uneducated masses, and its poverty. While the ascetic philosopher is explaining away all evil and pain as Maya, the hard facts before us are of conscious beings struggling in crowded cities or dying from plague, or longing for freedom. That philosophic method which enables us to ignore these concrete facts of life's joys and sorrows may satisfy a craving for contemplation of the Absolute, but it produces no inspiration for patriotism and social service.

The educated young men of India are beginning as never before to face the facts presented by their land. Two methods lie before them. They may make their first interest the Absolute, and arrive by India's century-old method at that world-theory, which in its ultimate monism is practically indifferent to any state of things whatsoever, here in this world of phenomena. Or with a scientific loyalty to facts and a willingness to take them into account, he may adopt the laboratory method, and judge that which he will call true, by the practical difference it will make to him, to his family and to his nation. If India is to raise herself, she must accept as true that which works.

A further distinction characterises the laboratory attitude. Truth for those whose search is for the Atman is an *answer* to an enigma—a knowledge of which brings rest. Truth for the person who has taken his scientific method into his religious life is *for use*, it is instrumental for life; truth for him is not so much a solution as a programme for more work. For him, an idea is true, in so far as it has a value for concrete life. The theory of the Atman may enable its adherents to suffer and endure, but not to act and work. But surely, this last is what India needs. The divine immanence, which it is part of India's greatness to feel so strongly, must be made dynamic and purposive—*i. e.*, *God in us for action*.

I love my Master Jesus because His meaning and significance for the world as tested, not by *a priori* reasoning, but by the laboratory method, is so rich and full of hopeful struggle. Let us cease

●our benumbing search for the Absolute, and let our hearts go out in loving loyalty to Him who is still going about doing good, who is still seeking to save the lost. This is the meaning of the Christ's life.

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.

We have hard work to do and loads to lift.

Shun not the struggle—face it; 'tis God's gift.

D. J. FLEMING.

Lahore.

A JACOBIN CLUB.

ON the 4th May, 1799—over one hundred years ago—Seringapatam was stormed by British troops, and the short-lived Mahommedan Kingdom of Mysore extinguished. Among Tippoo's papers was found a French manuscript endorsed in Persian as follows : " The agreement on oath by Dompard and others, Europeans, on the subject of making war, and of their loyalty to the God-given Government." The contents of the document had very little to do with either subject ; it was, in effect, a report of the proceedings of a French Revolutionary Club established in Seringapatam two years previously. In the beginning of 1797 a French privateer had arrived at the Port of Mangalore in a dismasted condition. The master of the vessel was named Ripaud ; he gave himself out to be a French naval officer, and second-in-command at the Mauritius, and stated that he had been instructed to touch at Mangalore in order to consult with Tippoo as to his co-operation with a French force that was in readiness at the Mauritius to assist him in expelling the English from India. Ripaud was in reality an adventurer who had no authority from the French Government, beyond being the commander of a privateer owned by private persons. The four great powers of the Indian Peninsula, the East India Company, the Sultan of Mysore, the Nizam, and the Mahratta Confederacy, were at that time at peace with one another. The course of events in Europe, where the Revolutionary Government of France was carrying everything before it, was well known to all of them, and was being watched by them with varying feelings. Tippoo, who had never forgiven the English for the losses they had inflicted on him ~~seven~~ years before, jumped at the opportunity which seemed to offer itself, and ordered his officers on the coast to send Ripaud to him. Ripaud had probably only assumed the character of a French envoy at Mangalore, out of vanity, and to secure the completion of repairs to

his vessel. On reaching Seringapatam, and finding himself taken seriously, he was obliged to maintain the character he had assumed. Among other papers found in Tippoo's palace in 1799 was a memorandum in the Sultan's own handwriting of various points of information given him by Ripaud. The value of them may be gathered from the following extract. "Names of the three Islands belonging to the English: Ireland, Guernsey, Jersey. On the English Island there was once the Rajah of a tribe called Coossea (Ecosseais), a hundred years ago, the English Rajah put the Rajah of the Coosseas to death, and took possession of his country," and then Tippoo put his own ideas on paper: "What occurs to my mind is this: To retain the Frenchman Ripaud as a Vakeel—ostensibly as a servant—to purchase the ship which he has brought, load it with black pepper, and other articles of merchandise. To send two confidential persons with letters from that Frenchman, &c.," and he proceeds to submit for the opinions of his ministers certain proposals. The French army having landed, Madras was to be destroyed, "and let the sea overwhelm it. Everyone to appropriate whatever plunder he acquires in the Fort of Madras and the Black Town." The Fort of Goa was to belong to himself, Bombay to the French: Bengal to be conquered &c., &c. Some, but not all, of the Sultan's ministers gave favourable opinions. "This Ripaud that is come, God knows what ass he is; whence he comes and for what purpose," wrote one sturdy adviser. "For the present it is advisable to retain him in the service of the Sirkar, and next season make this liar write letters to the Rajah of the French, and then wait to see what answers are returned. The French are not firm in their engagements; when, through the assistance of the God-given Government, they shall have acquired possession of territory, perhaps they will not adhere to their engagements." But Tippoo would listen to no advice that did not fall in with his own views. He made up his mind to retain Ripaud with him, while he sent an embassy in his ship to the French Government at the Mauritius. He also agreed to purchase Ripaud's vessel, or Ripaud's share in the vessel, for which he agreed to pay Rs. 17,000. The officers of the ship were to navigate her, while Ripaud remained with the Sultan. The ambassadors were accordingly despatched in April, the money being paid over to a friend of Ripaud's whose name is given as Pernore. Meanwhile, at Seringa-

patam, Ripaud found employment cut out for him. There were, at that time, a number of Frenchmen in Mysore in Tippoo's service. They had not failed to fill his mind with ideas of the irresistible power of France, but somehow they had not been affected by extreme Revolutionary extravagances, and Ripaud's feelings were greatly shocked at finding that they still attended Mass, and regarded the white flag as the emblem of their country. He at once set himself to work to instruct them as to the Rights of Man, and the superior advantages of the tri-color flag; with such success that, on the 5th May, the first meeting was held of a Revolutionary Club, on the model of those that had been so popular in Paris three years before. The record opens "Le Sextidi de la 2-ème Décade de Floreale L'an 5-ème de la République Française une et indivisible.

"Les Citoyens Français qui sont sous les ordres du Citoyen Dompard à la solde du Citoyen Tippoo le Victorieux, l'Allié de la République Française; dénommée ci dessous (*here follow the names*) au nombre de 59, étant jaloux de concourir de toute leur forces, et de tout leur pouvoir au ministre, et a l'affermissement de la République Française, et a connoître leur droits pour y parvenir se sont rassemble après en avoir obtenu la Permission du Chef Commandant: dans l'Eglise paroissiale le dit jour et an que cy desous."

The French is archaic and the spelling faulty, and it will be convenient to render the sense in English.

The proceedings being opened, Citizen François Ripaud addressed the Assembly: "Ye are all Frenchmen; your separation from the Mother Country has deprived you till this day of the knowledge of your rights as free Citizens. You have begun to know them in striking the White Flag, which the Nation held in execration, but which was the idol of your errors. There still remains a duty for you to fulfil, that is, to hoist the National colours, and to instruct yourselves in your rights, to learn what you owe, and what is owing to you. It is the duty of a Republican to instruct his fellow-citizens from his own feeble lights. I present to you the Rights of Man." After his speech, which continued at some length, business was begun by naming Citizen Contoir, as the eldest in years, Provisional President. Citizens Vrenier and Dachiret, Secretaries; Citizens Dompard and Provoi, Tellers; and Citizens Ivon and Abraham, Masters of the Ceremonies. Citizen Contoir then announced that the Assembly

was formed for the purpose of instruction in constitutional principles, and for framing laws in conformity with the laws of the Republic, and that the first step was to nominate a President by vote. Citizen Francois Ripaud, having been chosen President by a majority, took his seat, and gave the kiss of peace and fraternity to Citizen Contoir. The other officers were elected, and Ripaud opened the sitting with another oration. He read to them the Rights of Man, and gave them a lecture on republican principles and a plan of laws which he had drawn up, for future discussion. Citizen Thouvenir then requested leave to speak, and said, "Citizens, I speak in the name of my Brethren—Yes, Citizens, we have been in error; we knew not our duties, nor our rights, nor the standards which our Nation displayed, we have made our recantation and expressed our sorrow to Citizen L' Escalie, who was unable to answer us—and the political interests of Citizen Tippoo did not admit of our changing our Standard; this is the real cause of our error, which cannot, therefore, appear criminal in the eyes of the Nation; but it would now be highly culpable to display any Colours but those of our dear Country, to which our hearts are entirely devoted, which we swear we will die to support, and to defend the sacred rights of Citizens, and of the Constitution. We call for the burning of everything that relates to Royalty and to the Ancient Government, this is also the desire of our brethren in arms."

The Assembly decreed that everything which related to Royalty and the Ancient Government should be burnt on the day on which the National Flag should be displayed, and the oath to the Nation taken.

The President thanked Brother Thouvenir for his patriotic ardour, and the Assembly was closed with hymns to "our Country." Citizen L'Escalie was probably of Royalist views, for his name does not appear amongst those taking part in the proceedings.

On the 8th of May the Club met again, the Citizens, after having heard Mass, assembled peacefully and without weapons in the Church. First, President Ripaud pronounced this oath:—"I swear before the portion of the French people here assembled to support the Republican Constitution, to defend it, and my country, with all my strength, and with all my powers: to submit to the laws decreed by the Convention, and to those which we shall frame, or to die in

arms at my post in the defence of the sacred Right of a Citizen, to live free, or perish."

The other Citizens, to the number of ninety-seven, were then called up in succession, and took the same oath. A form of laws containing twenty-two articles was then considered and unanimously adopted. They provided for the establishment of a Council of Discipline, and for punishments for misbehaviour towards one another. A Citizen, whose name is not given, then got up and said, "I desire that the infamous White Flag may be burnt, and that we may sing the hymn to our country as a mark of our sense of the happiness that we have enjoyed this day. Tout d'une voix unanime ont dit, Oui ! Alors le President a levé la Séance, et ajournée à Dimanche prochaine Quintidi de la 3^{ème} décade du mois de Floreale L'an 5^{ème} après l'issu de la messe Paroissielle."

Many of those present had been sent out to serve Tippoo by the Government of Louis XVI. and there was apparently a religious element amongst them still strong enough to talk of Sunday, and attend Mass. A week later the Club attained its culminating point, which can best be described in the words of the document.

"The 15th of May 1797 (the fifth year of the French Republic, one and indivisible). A memorable day for all the Citizens, forming the French party commanded by Citizen Dompard, serving with the Prince Tippoo, the Ally of the Republic, who having obtained his orders by their joint solicitations, for hoisting the National Flag, displayed it accordingly at six o'clock in the morning, to the sound of all the Artillery and Musquetry of the Camp. After this august ceremony, Citizen Ripaud, Representative of the French People, with the Prince Tippoo ; Citizen Dompard, Commandant ; Citizen Vrenier, an Officer, with eight Citizens Artillerymen, repaired to the Parade of the City of Seringapatam, where the Citizen Prince waited for them. On their arrival he ordered a Salute of two thousand three hundred cannon, five hundred Rockets, and all the Musquetry : and the Fort of Seringapatam fired five hundred Cannon."

Tippoo then made a short speech, to which Ripaud and Dompard replied : they then proceeded to the parade, where the troops and the *National Guard* waited for them. The Standards were brought out under a guard, a Tree of Liberty was planted, surmount-

ed by the Cap of Equality, and then Citizen Ripaud broke out into an astonishing rhapsody. "Oh Frenchmen! my Brethren! do not you feel with me that pure joy which fills the heart, and leads you towards those Standards, and that cherished Tree which twenty-five millions of men have like you sworn to maintain? Do you not feel, I say, that virtuous inclination, known alone to free men, which leads you to swear that ardent love characteristic of the Republican warrior? Yes! dear, a thousand times dear to my heart, I swear to support thee, Oh Standard, and thou cherished Tree to the last drop of my blood. What horrors seize me! a religious sensibility over-awes me! My knees fail! My blood freezes! I behold the shades of thousands of gallant Warriors, the proud Defenders of their Country crying to us for vengeance!

"Citizens! My Brethren! With what horror the supporters of tyranny ought to fill you. It is those cowards, those false Frenchmen, who have caused all the crimes in France. The Army of La Vendée, and that of Jesus, who with the White Flag and their Lilies, the Host in one hand and the dagger in the other, have, like the infamous English, assassinated and massacred the boldest defenders of your rights. Revenge our Brethren, the victims of their own patriotism. Let everything that has the least relation to the old constitution be burnt on the spot. If we cannot be revenged on them, let us be so on their cherished Idol, the White Flag. Let them tremble at discovering, that in India, in the midst of the world, there are Republicans who have sworn to exterminate them. They will tremble, no doubt, at the name alone of Frenchmen. Pale with affright when they behold them, they will be three-fourths beaten."

There is a good deal more stuff of the same kind, but this sample will suffice. Ripaud then administered the oath, "Citizen, do you swear hatred to all kings, except Tippoo Sultan the Victorious, the Ally of the French Republic, War against all tyrants, and love towards your country and that of Citizen Tippoo?" All exclaimed unanimously, "Yes! We swear to live free or die." The proceedings then closed with more salutes from the Artillery, and singing "*Amour sacré de la Patrie*" round the Tree of Liberty, and the Flag. The day was passed in festivity, and ended with a ball which lasted all night.

There were two more meetings at which new members were introduced to the Club, and discussion took place as to the guarding of the Flag, and the conduct of certain members, and then the Club came to an end. The record terminates with a short unsigned memorandum of a meeting, at which Citizen Le Grand arraigned a member for some offence not mentioned, and was then apparently taken possession of by Tippoo, and placed among the archives of his kingdom with the endorsement mentioned, as a guarantee of Ripaud's good faith : for Ripaud had fallen into disgrace.

One can imagine the feelings with which these extravagant proceedings had been watched by the Sultan and his officials. The latter had long ago found out that Ripaud was an impostor, and held no commission from the French Government ; but Tippoo was too much engrossed with his designs against the English to listen to any remonstrances. The planting of the tree was no doubt regarded as an incantation that would bring him success in his undertakings ; the oaths were taken to be oaths of fidelity and allegiance, and the Club meetings to be for the elaboration of plans of warfare. Dompard and the other French officials in Mysore also can have been little pleased at playing second fiddle to a swaggering adventurer like Ripaud.

Now Ripaud's brief authority had come to an end. For unpleasant intelligence had reached the Sultan from Mangalore. His ambassadors reported that on their arrival at that port for embarkation, Pernore * had disappeared with the seventeen thousand rupees, and left them stranded. So Ripaud was placed under restraint, and the Club, which nobody else seems to have cared about very much, was closed.

But so infatuated was the Sultan, that, after keeping Ripaud prisoner for some time, he determined to send him to the Mauritius, after making him give a bond for the repayment of the money. Ripaud had scarcely got to sea, when he forcibly seized and opened the letters intrusted to the Ambassadors for the Governor of the Mauritius. Finding nothing in them prejudicial to himself, he carried the Embassy to Port Louis. At this point Ripaud

* It is not known what was the real name of this individual : Pernore was the native rendering of his name.

disappears from history. On their arrival the Ambassadors were dismayed to find that they were not expected, and that there was no French force ready to embark. But the French officers in the Mauritius were as foolish as Tippoo. Unable to render him any substantial assistance, they encouraged him in his plans with hopes of assistance from France, and gave the utmost publicity in their power to the negotiations. Intimation of the intrigue quickly reached the British authorities in India. A correspondence between the Governor-General and Tippoo ensued, in which the latter refused to take the opportunity of withdrawing from the false position in which he was placed.

Early in May 1798, a French frigate, *La Preneuse*, arrived at Mangalore, bringing back Tippoo's ambassadors, with a small handful of men and some officers, among whom were a M. Chapuis to command the French in Seringapatam, and Captain Dubuc, a naval officer. These were at first regarded by Tippoo as the forerunners of a larger force : but his gratification was changed to rage when he realised that this was all the aid that could be given him, and that the whole proceedings were known to the English Government. His first burst of anger was directed against his two unlucky envoys. Instead of drawing back while there was yet time, he determined on sending an embassy to Constantinople and another one to France by way of the Mauritius. Of Hussain Ali, one of the unsuccessful envoys he said, "If I were to hang him, his execution would not dispel the storm which is now ready to burst over me. I will send him as an appendage to my embassy to Room, that he may perish in the element by which he has conveyed to this country the sources of its impending calamity." Two other envoys were appointed to sail for the Mauritius whence they were to proceed to France. But they never got there. After leaving the Isles of France in *La Surprise* they were captured by the British ship, *The Brave*, and that was the end of the Embassy. Two letters addressed by Napoleon to Tippoo, announcing the conquest of Egypt, were intercepted in the Red Sea, and all Tippoo's plans were laid bare to the English Government.

On the 4th of May 1799, Seringapatam was stormed by British Troops, and Tippoo fell in the assault. On the following day he

was buried, exactly two years to a day from the first meeting of the Jacobin Club, under Ripaud: beguiled to his fate by his blind hostility to the English, and by the French impostors who used him for their own ends while he believed he was using them .

J. BIDDULPH.

London.

THE REMORSE OF EUROPA.

(Paraphrased from Horace in the metre of the original.)

Boldly Europa, innocent of evil,
Mounted the bull's back, but among the billows
Pale grew the maiden, fearful of the fabled
Brood of the ocean.

Few were the hours since in the sunny meadows
Culled she the blossoms for a votive chaplet ;
Now the stars only glimmered, and the waters
Darkled around her.

When she touched Crete, that glories in a hundred
Cities, she moaned : " O father, oh forever
Lost name of daughter when a daughter's duty
Yielded to frenzy !

" For a maid's error death is the atonement—
Far too light forfeit ! But perchance I slumber—
Free from dishonour, still my father's daughter,
Mourning a shadow,

" Mocked by a false dream from the Ivory Portal !
How was I charmed to wander from the fragrant
Blooms of the meadows and to face the foaming
Crests of the surges !

" Were the perfidious bull that has betrayed me
Now in my hands, I feel that I should try to
Break his curved horns and pierce him with a dagger,
Much as I loved him !

"Shameless I left the home of my forefathers,
Shameless I linger on the way to Orcus!
O God who hearest, let me—now and naked—
Fall among lions !

"Ere that these tender cheeks by care are shrunken,
Ere from my veins the sap of youth has filtered,
Let me be cast, a still inviting prey, to
Famishing tigers !

" 'Why still alive ?' My distant father chides me,
'Wretched Europa, from the ash above you,
Using the belt still fortunately left you,
Hang till you perish !

" 'Or, if you choose some other of Death's gateways,
From the tall cliff, with cruel stones beneath it,
Pointed to slay, your miserable body
Hurl to the breezes !

" 'If you prefer not meekly to essay the
Tasks of a bondmaid, and, a monarch's daughter,
Suffer a master's kisses and the taunting
Tongue of a mistress !' "

* * * * *

By the lorn princess stood the smiling Venus
And the sly Cupid with his bow unbended.

"Fairest of mortals," quoth the Queen of Beauty,
"Cease thy repining ;

"Know that thy lover reigneth on Olympus,
And a wide region, home of mighty races—
Such the God's boon—shall ever bear the honoured
Name of Europa ! "

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

Nova Scotia.

INDIA AND SOCIALISM.

I.

THE remark made a few months ago by Viscount Morley to the effect, that what is good for Canada is not necessarily good for India, has almost passed into a proverb, and is generally accepted as a dictum so final that to mention in connection with India any political doctrine still more advanced than those on which the Colonies and the United States are ruled appears at first sight ridiculous. Yet Indian politicians, official and unofficial, do not measure the needs and possibilities of India by what happened in European countries at the breakdown of the feudal system, but rather by the feasibility of introducing the latest and most advanced practices whose utility has been proved elsewhere. A hundred years ago there was not a railway in existence; fifty years ago a large proportion of the population of the British Isles was illiterate; but although we commonly say that India is still a few centuries behind Europe, we have trains as good as any in the world, and discuss schemes for universal education.

It is obvious, then, that the practical bearing of socialism upon Indian affairs will soon have to be considered, since socialism, which till lately was only an amorphous cloud on the Western political horizon, shows signs of materialising into a potent genie. It is still, to some extent, a *sans-culotte* sort of doctrine, but has this very important sign of vitality, that its adherents become more numerous ~~and more~~ intellectual year by year, and it is already a power to be reckoned with in the political world. As it has not yet finished materialising, it suffers considerably from a lack of definition, which makes it necessary to consider the larger aspects of its growth before applying its principles to Indian conditions. As a political or economic organism it is far in advance of the simple communism

which, from the time of the early Christians to that of the generous infidels of the French revolution, had demonstrated again and again its inefficiency. Its chief gain, from a practical point of view, is that it no longer ignores, as of old, the ineradicable factors of human selfishness and covetousness, though it hopes that education will be found greatly to lessen these evils.

For many years the only practical progress made in socialism took the form of trade unions—a one-sided and imperfect expression of an all-embracing doctrine, but a very real step on the way, and one which effectually separated a healthy growth from the ugly abnormalities of anarchism. The trade unions, at their best, regulated wages, secured rights, helped in time of sickness, buried the dead, and even made some slight provision for widows and children—a beneficent activity, but not very original, since it was only a modern revival in Europe of the trade guilds of the Middle Ages and has its counterpart in China and in the trade castes in India ; but there is a democratic spirit in modern trade unions which is an advance upon the older organisations, and their working is more scientific and more voluntary than that of the haphazard societies of which the Indian craftsman finds himself a member from birth. The analogy is only of value for our present purpose as showing that the wretched travesties of trade unions which have appeared occasionally during the last two or three years in India, as instruments for causing trouble to the authorities, do not justify the conclusion which strangers would naturally draw that Indians are incapable of real combination.

But it is only when it exceeds its normal functions that trade unionism becomes socialism, and the most logical step is to cease making war on the employer and to provide as well as protect employment; in this respect the most blatant trade union socialists are in a similar position to a certain school of Indian politicians—they demand that all powers should be placed in their hands, and until this is done they refrain from giving any practical proof of their capacity for business. The larger unions, like the engineers and the cotton spinners, could easily start workshops of their own, but they have not sufficient confidence in their own capacity for management to risk their own funds, and prefer to wait until the “nationalisation of the means of production” shall enable them to shift the burden of risk on to the shoulders of the general public, though when condemning

capitalism it is their custom to laugh at the risk and magnify the profits. However, this is not the place to criticise English or other trade union methods except so far as to point out that, in spite of their independent air, their capable management, and the sort of Maratha warfare which they carry on against the encroachments of capital, they are not sufficiently complete in themselves to throw off the feeling of dependence habitual to their members as employed persons.

This feeling of dependence is one which is particularly accentuated in India. The average native of India is greatly averse to standing alone in the world, and is ready to endure the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, if only somebody else, even a man of proved and notorious incompetence, will accept certain responsibilities on his behalf. He harbours little resentment towards the middleman who robs him of a part of his pay, but still regards him as his "father and mother," and he remains loyal to a raja of benevolent temper though he knows that his liege lord may not have sufficient force of character to put his good-will into action. This spirit of willing dependence, closely related as it is to mental indolence and physical timidity, is a greater obstacle to the realisation of socialistic ideals even in the West than the opposition of capital and all interests vested in the existing system ; but while socialists in Europe or America are reluctant to admit the full force of this voluntary dependence in their own lands, yet when (which rarely happens) they turn their attention to India or other Asiatic countries, they see in it a fundamental disqualification for socialism. The difference, in reality, is not an essential one, but is only one of degree, and is not so great as is commonly supposed.

While socialists are ardent missionaries, proclaiming that the kingdom of heaven is at hand, they seldom if ever insist upon the necessary strengthening of character in the individuals of their audience, but confine themselves to the rearrangement of property and privilege, and the desirability of enforcing the rearrangement by the exercise of political powers already possessed. This is certainly a weak point in the present-day campaign. Socialist leaders are naturally not unwilling to be looked up to and trusted by a multitude whose love of independence is strong enough as regards privileges

but who stop short of thinking and acting on their own initiative ; and those whose interests would be affected by socialist legislation naturally point out that it would end only in a change of masters for the masses, and with regard to the effects of the change quote, with some justice, the proverbial instance of the beggar on horse-back.

But the most reasonable view of socialism is to regard it not as a new heaven and a new earth, but as a set of laws which shall be able to secure justice in conditions which were never foreseen by the older law-makers, but which have now become common to the world, and result in intolerable wrongs to the many and outrageous privileges for the few. The vast possessions of land and money which make the plutocrat of to-day so powerful did not, under the old conditions, when there were no facilities for communication and no stability of kingdom or government, possess anything like the same potency, and the chief object of all reasonable socialists is to demolish these vast powers, which never existed before, and which are seldom, if ever, now that they do exist, used for the public good.

Apart from the want of individual independence of spirit among the mass of the inhabitants, we find that in India the conditions are far more favourable from a socialistic point of view than they are in England. The great difficulty of ownership of land hardly exists here. There are the Bengal zamindars, it is true. These have, as a body, failed to rise to the usefulness and dignity of the British landed aristocracy, but at least their possession is not so absolutely free as is that of the English landholders, and their failure, though it presents no valid excuse for dispossessing them, at least ensures that the rest of India shall remain State property—which means that land administration in this country must remain a standing object-lesson for British nationalists of land, whose notions as to how far the land, in a scheme of practical politics, can be “free,” are not generally characterised by lucidity. There are, of course, large zemindars out of Bengal, ~~but~~ they are not perpetual holders, and they pay rent to the public coffers for their tenancy ; they are at liberty to squeeze their subtenants to a certain extent, but they are practically unable to increase their possessions greatly, and one of the most unquestioningly recog-

nised duties of Government is the prevention of capitalists from becoming big landlords. And the condition of land-ownership which causes most resentment in England (a resentment, it must be owned, disproportionately greater than the actual hardship it entails) does not exist in India : for though His Highness the Nizam preserves a forest where distinguished guests may shoot the fatted tiger at their ease, we have nothing comparable with the two millions of Scotland's scanty acres reserved for the delectation of red deer, and in India the cock-pheasant is not "lord of many a shire" as in England. On the contrary, wherever there are available cultivators, waste land is brought under cultivation by the district officers, and is often the subject of new experiments in conditions of tenure, whose object is to increase the self-reliance of the individual cultivator, and to prevent the invocation of the civil law to aid the abuse of capital.

This, of course, invites the anti-socialist retort that nationalisation of the land has done little good for India, since her peasantry are no better off—suffer, indeed, more, in a year of scarcity—than the agriculturists of England. But this is due not to the principle of land-ownership. There are many other factors, and one would be actually disappointed if the British socialist did not point to the land assessment, involving a sixth or so of the value of the crops, as the real cause of the failure of public ownership in land in India to create universal prosperity. At present, of course, the "non-contributory basis" of national funds for the relief and protection of the working classes is a great war-cry among English socialists ; but when socialistic reforms shall have overcome capitalism, the western socialists will discover, perhaps to their disappointment, that the "non-contributory basis" has also disappeared, and that a vast working population from the midst of which rampant capitalism has been expelled, will have to supply, directly or indirectly, the funds for its own management.

Socialism is somewhat cursed with sesquipedalian catchwords, and one of these refers to the public ownership of the "means of production and of distribution." If this phrase means anything at all, agriculture itself, besides mere occupancy of the land, should be included in its scope ; but so far the only socialist agricultural venture that we know of is the farm at Hollesley Bay, referred to on March

13th last, by Mr. John Burns, as a dismal failure, entailing an annual loss of £22,000 and exciting the hostility of neighbouring agriculturists. While this is as far as agricultural socialism has progressed in England, it seems unreasonable to expect the State to raise crops in India. Yet in India the principle is not altogether impossible of practice. There are Government stud and dairy farms which are very successful; the experimental farms supply seed to the cultivator, and assist him to protect his crops; in Sind the district officials have (perhaps irregularly) managed the auction sales of the Egyptian cotton, so as to secure a fair price to the cultivator; and in many ways the small cultivator is a sort of employee of an agricultural State. Not the least favourable factor—a sort of unconscious working towards this end—is the legislation, the Deccan Agriculturists' Relief Act and others, designed to prevent capital from acquiring a practical ownership in land.

Of the part that co-operative credit will play in the future development of Indian agriculture it is as yet too early to speak; but it is significant as a part of the general question of public ownership and control that the co-operative credit societies are under the supervision of an official, and still more significant that he is an enthusiastic organiser, and that neither he nor his equally energetic honorary and paid assistants expect to derive any large personal profit from what may, under their fostering care, eventually become a huge financial concern. It will remain essentially a publicly owned affair, and though the societies may return "unearned profits" to shareholders—a thing hateful to socialism—the distribution of profits will be so broad, and the individual gains so small, that one of the greatest modern abuses of capitalism will be effectually avoided.

The spectre of famine might seem sufficient to scare away all fanciful ideals of a Utopian state, yet even here we find a state responsibility recognised which is lacking elsewhere. It is true that Lord Minto, at the Indian Famine Fund meeting in March, disowned as a political doctrine the Government's obligation to feed the starving—but at the time he spoke a million and a half were being fed by Government, while the same week the Unemployed Workmen Bill was thrown out by the British Parliament. It is true that famine relief is the reverse of luxurious, but it is given chiefly to people whose ordinary standard of living is not a high one, and,

though thus disowned by the head of the State, it is not flung at the heads of its recipients in the opprobrious manner in which official help is given to paupers in England.

This presentation of the conditions of agricultural tenure in India, of course, does not pretend to be complete, and certainly not to indicate that India is an agricultural Utopia ; but such points as it does possess, approximating to or facilitating the realisation of a more advanced social order, are worth accentuating, for agriculture is a stumbling-block where socialism would most like to spread. In western countries both the ownership of land and the necessity of a large capital outlay in agriculture, even more than the disorganisation of distance, stand in the way of socialism becoming a rural as well as an urban force ; while in India, though the peasantry is supposed to be as little susceptible of new ideas as the lower animals, the conditions, should the new ideas arise, are at least less antagonistic to a system designed to benefit masses rather than individuals.

Closely connected with agriculture is, of course, the system of irrigation, which in ever-growing areas, is making life more certain and enlarging the possibility of a genuine prosperity. This is a purely state-owned venture, and is an excellently paying one ; while the system of setting off the large profits of one canal against the small profits or actual losses of a necessarily less remunerative, but equally necessary one, is on the highest level of the conception of the parental State.

The mention of irrigation naturally suggests railways, which are often accused of having an unfair share of official preference. There is no subject over which controversy rages so fiercely in England as the nationalisation of railways. Socialists enlarge on the profits which go to shareholders (a very meagre percentage, by the way, upon the original capital) and with more reason condemn the wastefulness of competition between rival lines, and the want of consideration which at the same time is shown to many public needs. The opponents of nationalisation, on the other hand, declare that it is this competition which has produced progress in speed, comfort and cheapness ; that private enterprises are always managed with more efficiency and economy than public ventures ; and that State ownership would mean wasteful management, irresponsibility and absolute paralysis of progress. There are many arguments, illustrated

by examples, on both sides, but either from prevailing ignorance or because of India's transitional condition, the Indian railways never appear to be pressed into service for comparison. Railways in India commonly start with the private capital of shareholders, a dividend being guaranteed by Government, which, in exchange for the guarantee, has the right of eventual purchase. But from the beginning they are managed on Government lines, with all the drawbacks and not quite all the advantages of public concerns. The result is decidedly encouraging. The lines are not unenterprising, they study the requirements of the public (in some directions better than in others, of course), the management is efficient and exceedingly economical, and they pay a reasonable dividend on the public money invested. The trains, it is true, do not run so fast as in England and America—few people want them to—but on the other hand they run very much cheaper, which is a matter of far more importance to the humble individuals who comprise nearly all the public. The maintenance of separate systems also keeps up all the advantages of the "railway company" stage—it conduces to a healthy emulation, and to a rivalry, not for extermination and monopoly, but for public credit. The case for the nationalisation of railways would certainly lose nothing by a reference to India.

When we come to ordinary manufacturing industry, there is not so much to say. We have our Captains of Industry just as America has hers—able and astute men, not on such a large scale as the American "Kings," but equally ready to accept the credit of having made both themselves and their country. Neither in cotton mills nor in coal mines is there at present even the most distant glimpse of anything but capitalist ownership in India, but for that matter there is as little elsewhere. Salt and liquor are the only two manufactures in which Government operates on a large scale, and in these the details of management are left largely to contractors—often an unnecessary sacrifice of profits. There are a few manufactures which Government carries on for the supply of its own needs, more particularly in trades not indigenous to the country, and these concerns are generally worked so efficiently as to show a considerable profit compared with the cost of independent make or outside purchase—it is, indeed, the standard which a Government factory has to maintain to escape abolition.

That public ownership and official management are not inconsistent with economy, speed and efficiency is shown also in many other directions. Perhaps jail industries hardly count, but they certainly deserve mention as examples of Government's capacity as a manufacturer. More to the point are requests which are occasionally made to the Public Works Department and to Government workshops to undertake work which ordinarily would be done by private contract. A local example of Government efficiency in the labour market is the construction of the Matheran Railway (at the request of the promoters) by the old Marine Battalion, recently converted into the 121st Pioneers. Quite as significant too is the experience of the Bombay Improvement Trust, which, often requested to lend money to millowners for the building of chawls, on the plea that private enterprise was much cheaper, discovered, rather to its surprise, that it was able to build sanitary dwellings up to its own specifications, cheaper than building contractors would do it.

Another not unimportant matter is insurance managed by Government. Besides the large compulsory provident funds for railway servants, there are the Post Office life policies available for all Government servants and the Government servants' family pension fund—organisations which pay, and of which the terms are more favourable than those offered by any private enterprise, while it needs no argument to prove that their large accumulated funds are better employed in the public service than in enriching shareholders, or, as in America, in corrupting the electorate.

On a consideration of the condition of India as a whole, much of the foregoing may seem inconsequent, and to none more so, perhaps, than to the thorough-going socialist; but nevertheless, by paying attention to the relations of the State and its subjects in India, the socialist might learn much. The communistic ideal set up by Mr. Blatchford and others as the ultimate goal is probably a dream, but there can be little doubt that modern abuses of capital might be greatly mitigated by legislation and general rearrangement; the defence of capitalism is usually that it is the reward of merit and industry; but it cannot be denied that the biggest rewards are out of all proportion to either the merit or the industry. India is governed neither by its merchant princes, its captains of industry, nor its landed aristocracy, but by men paid at the lowest rate of wages

for which their services can be secured ; and from Lieutenant-Governors down to night-watchmen this is practically the rule. In the communistic ideal it is supposed that a man will always do his best ; in practical life it is found that he will not exert extraordinary talents or accept extraordinary responsibility without a commensurate reward. India can exhibit a very carefully graduated scale of the minimum necessary rewards, and this is quite as far as the saner socialists wish to go or care to imagine.

There is, of course, an objection to regarding the Indian administration in this light. It may be said that the men chiefly under whom India is thus held in a state of readiness for social evolution were themselves trained and hardened under the fierce competitive system against which socialism is raising its banner in the West. India's natural condition is one of great contrasts of power and helplessness, wealth and poverty—a condition which made a deep impression on the minds of those learned and unbiassed Jesuits, Tieffenthaler and Dubois, and it is possible that with the strong hand withdrawn it would relapse into its old state. And socialism, as conceived in the West, is, after all, a condition requiring so much self-sacrifice and public spirit on the part of the public that were these beneficent characteristics forthcoming, the theory would be almost unnecessary. But the proposition remains in India, and the peculiar conditions of Indian service do not immediately affect it, that government, the railways, irrigation, hospitals, the care and improvement of agriculture, the relief of distress and other things being efficiently managed by moderately paid State officials, and monopolies, where they exist, being less liable to abuse and more easily prevented from doing harm than when in the hands of " trusts," there is no good reason why India should not proceed along the road to a reasonable socialism as fast as countries commonly represented as more " advanced."

If there is less " public spirit " in India than in more democratic countries, there is a higher tradition of official efficiency, and a more honest endeavour to effect economy ; and whatever the failures and the tendency to nepotism, it cannot be denied that, on the whole, native officials are of as high a standard as will be found anywhere.

It is not intended here to preach a socialist propaganda—far less to suggest that India be delivered into the hands of Bellamys Blatch-

lords, Graysons, and doctrinaires of their type. From their point of view the very fundamental position of India is hopelessly wrong. All power centres in the King instead of in Demos ; and this very fact makes possible a Government unpolluted by the machinations of wealth and unemasculated by the tricks of agitators. The Western socialist dreams of an appeal to the ballot on every occasion ; he refuses to recognise that the ballot is liable to work in practice in a direction very different from what it should in theory, and that if there is sufficient honest public spirit to work the ballot properly, there must be enough to enable the official world profitably to dispense with it on most occasions.

With the rebellious red-tie-and-oratory aspect of socialism we have not the least sympathy. The Labourite who declares that it has been "their turn long enough, now it shall be ours," deserves nothing but deportation ; reform conceived in such a spirit never did anything but harm. It is probably true that a country gets the Government that it deserves, but things are inevitably changing now, and it behoves the "masters, lords and rulers of mankind" to meet the changes in the manner which will be of most benefit to their charges. The principal difference between the conditions of to-day and those of former times lies in the use of machinery, the subordination of man thereto, and the necessity of capital for successful industry. The capitalist of the Middle Ages was the Jew, who buried his money and lived in fear of theft. To-day capital enables its owner to manipulate prices and oppress those without capital in ways intolerable, and the remedy proposed by the socialist politician—the only man who offers any remedy—is the gradual absorption of ownership in land and the larger industries by the State. His remedies point to the possibility of other evils in the place of those he would abolish, but the tendency is to give them a trial. We have endeavoured to show that in India many of these remedies are having a partial trial, and on the whole a very successful one ; and that if the time comes, as seems not unlikely, when the principle of public ownership will greatly extend in Western lands, India will be found to be not only abreast of them in the new endeavour to promote the public weal, but will have many a practical object-lesson to teach the apostles of a gospel which at present is an unproven theory.

AUGUSTUS T. MORGAN.

II

THE war that is going on in the West between the capitalist and the labourer appears to be essentially a war between aristocracy and democracy. The days of monarchical absolutism fairly ended with the 18th century. They were succeeded for a short time by the aristocracy of birth. This was quickly followed by the aristocracy of business talent. Every revolution was effected in the name of democracy. The riotous cry of the masses had been heard centuries back when the English peasant sang :

When Adam delved and Eve span
Who was then the gentleman ?

Leadership entails trust. Trust creates monopoly. But glittering happiness is always mounted and is a moth-attracting glare. The anti-labourites largely allege that many of the ills complained of are imaginary. But the fact that the labour movement, which is either allied to or whose goal is socialism, is steadily gaining ground in Europe, says much to the contrary. Even conservative England is of late seriously interesting itself in this movement thought not in socialism direct. The social legislation that is now passing through the Houses of Parliament are an index of its strength. By overt denunciation and covert conciliation the old parties are trying to keep their ground.

Socialism is a shield and sword in one. The labour-leagues and the working men's guilds do effectively shield the labourer's interests, and sometimes aggressively dictate terms to the grumbling or chafing capitalists. The horrors of trusts, their corrupt manufactures, their unscrupulous ways of corrupting senators are too well known to need a detailed mention. Few men like President Roosevelt have the courage to declare a crusade against the trusts. Even this departure from American political traditions shows the direction in which the wind blows.

The ambition to do away with capitalism may not appeal to the swollen middle classes. After all the attempt may or may not succeed. To an Indian the ultimate success or failure of this problem in the West cannot be very striking. In self-governing countries the transfer of all capital to the State confines the scene of strife to the Council Chamber. There will, on the part of the people, be greater control of State-affairs and less want. Every man's interest will then be in the State, and the State will be watched by a thousand eyes. Perfection there can never be; and evils will be of a peculiar colour. It is not our purpose to preach socialism, and there is no use therefore dilating on the possible evils.

As all nations aspire after Democracy, so all nations suffer in some form or other the fever of socialism. Government is in the constitution of man. Even the so-called inorganic races ruled by alien powers govern their communities somehow. Attempts at co-operation, combination and even organisation, and sometimes order, are discernible among them, if closely seen ; social harmony is a welding force ever active until and unless the aesthetic sense in man is totally killed. The ever-dividing force at work in the best of societies is man's passion to lord it over his neighbour. This degenerate tendency recoils on his own head and the extreme phase of the reaction is socialism.

In a country like India, socialism appears with its own peculiarities and is even hydra-headed. The land where race superiority and sectarianism have done their worst, the empire ruled by an alien people with neutral and perhaps exclusive interests, makes a fertile breeding ground for the passion for equality. How far it will be satisfied is another question. The days of Brahmin superiority, nay, of Brahminical tyranny, have fairly ended, though a credulous Bengali publicist conjures his Mymensingh audience by the force of his Brahminical badge. The Brahmin is cursed as the cause of India's degradation. Even the untouchable Pariah laughs at the Brahmin's orthodoxy and stoutly refuses to step out of his way. The "irreverent" Sudra keenly competes with the Brahmin in all the walks of life, and is often preferred to the Brahmin. The political agitation worked by Congress parties is not shared by the Muhammadans as a community. Some Muhammadans in the North complained to Mr. Keir Hardie that the Hindus' cry for Hindu Swaraj is unjust, and that they would join if it is for Indian Swaraj. The agitation of Uriyas of Orissa for a separate Lieutenant-Governor over the whole Uriya-speaking country is mainly due to the ill-treatment which they received at the hands of Telugus in Ganjam and Bengalis elsewhere. Behar for Beharis—what is that cry due to? The great enemy of socialism is "the struggle for existence and the weakest must go to the wall." They do not want the devil to take care of the hindmost. "The greatest good of the greatest number," and later on "the highest good of the greatest number," nay, "of all," is their war-cry. That "the many are for the happiness of the few" has not only become in this 20th century a self-conned illusion, but it is looked upon as an unpardonable assumption. No caste or community shall domineer over another. This is the social or national aspect of socialism. The possibilities of Indian nationalism lie not so much in each caste or race trying to enjoy or

demand its own rights, as in respecting and not encroaching on the rights of another. Even the ruling race—the Anglo-Indian community—may benefit itself not a little by the warning that is repeatedly given that their aggressive conduct is one of the undesirable causes of the growing Indian unrest. Absence of concord leads sometimes to mutinous discord, which levels in its fury all distinctions. Let all the advanced communities in India profit by this pregnant lesson from Western socialism.

If socialism has any colour, it is the colour lent by economics, with which it identifies itself in the West. Here the labour question crops up in all its hideousness, to the discomfiture of the niggardly capitalist, and strikes are an ugly feature of it. India is becoming quite used to it. So many strikes have been organised in Calcutta that it is aptly nicknamed the "city of strikes." Just think of the great East Indian Railway strike, and the telegraph strikes. Strikes are becoming the order of the day. They are here, there and everywhere. Even in the South, in the benighted Madras Presidency, the Tamilian could organise the Tuticorin mill strike!

The struggle between capital and labour involves the essentials of democracy—*liberty, fraternity and equality*. The employer cannot treat his employee as his equal. He, to whom money is everything cannot but exact the largest work for the lowest wages. How, then, can he show brotherliness and grant liberty to his dependents? So far as the Western liberal institutions have advanced, democracy is still an unrealised theory, a mirage, a game now receding, now advancing, always in the distance. In the United States, the most democratic of all civilised countries, the Jew (the *Times* correspondent informs us) is treated as a *Pariah*. The Negro still smarts at the unequal treatment meted out to him. In England the House of hereditary Lords vetoes the measures of the House of the people's elected men. Where sentimentalism and conservatism hold sway over the most civilised of nations, it cannot for a moment be expected that the capitalist will, to the detriment of his self-interest, act up to an ideal but little realised anywhere.

Some time back the place of honour was assigned in the *Rapid Review* to a powerful article on the signs of English degeneracy. The writer, among other causes, alarmingly pointed to the growing ease-loving ways of the middle classes. The enormous decrease in the birth-rate of these classes is attributed to this. He quotes the authority of two eminent men in support of his arguments. When Jesus the Christ said, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven," perhaps his prophetic vision

extended so far as to include the capitalist of to-day. Be that as it may, there is no denying the fact that the effects of *capitalism* are doubly demoralising. It demoralises the capitalist as well as the labourer. In this age of mechanism and steam, the problem of the ever-swelling numbers of the unemployed apart, low wages, long hours and departmentalism are making men into slaves and machines. Whether it be the factory or office, the trained labourer or the passed candidate, all equally yawn in their posts or watch for opportunities to evade duty. Under the existing system duty neither requires smartness nor keeps body and soul together. No doubt the highest grades are exceptions to this; but they are the lieutenants of capital and not the rank and file of labour. The heads, soon after they get into the cushioned chairs, are metamorphosed into masters of slaves. They, as the men on the spot, are omnipotent, which blindfolds them into omniscience. They are the cause of all unrest.

Our ideals are day by day mounting the skies, and we are descending into soulless passions and fashions. Where is conscience, where is truth, when justice is corrupted, elections are influenced and honours sold? Civilisation is degenerating into simulating greatness and dissimulating angularities.

The East is imitating the West. Plantations are dreaded by coolies, factories are becoming a reproach to humanity and public offices have developed an "official conscience." Larger pay and less work is a bribe that teaches men to extort heavier bribes. To Indian students of socialism it is not a little interesting to study the controversy carried on for some time past between Messrs. Chatterton and Havell on the question of weaving, the one being for the factory system and the other for the hand-loom weaving by the village weaver. The one with his official patronage and the example of the all-powerful Manchester mills at his back, and the other with his keen expert knowledge of the art and the Indian conditions, are fighting a tough fight.

It is for the Indian public to adjudge between the two. This will largely determine the future of socialism in India. Not that weaving is or is to be the only factory industry for India, but that the weavers and the weaving question afford a test case to see whether India is carried away by the glamour of Western civilisation to repeat its horrors, or whether it persists in maintaining its individuality. To put it in clearer terms, is India to have wealth or welfare? Would you dump the foreign marts with Indian cloth as Mr. Chatterton wants you to do, or would you be content to set the starving weaver on his feet and teach him manliness? Are you

for overcrowding your towns, filling them with smoke and filth to harbour plague and above all, do you prefer serfdom to self-help? To prefer hand-loom weaving is to strengthen the village, which is the backbone of the nation. To teach independence and co-operation to the villager is to make capital and labour meet half-way.

Professor Ramachandra Rao pleading in the February number of *East & West* for economic chivalry in India, suggests that "*public service* should be freed from the considerations of the *love of wealth*," and to this end he advises the wealthy to take the initiative. He thinks the present time is "most opportune to educate and raise public opinion in this country, so as to create what we might call the *Code of Honour in Commerce and Industry*." But educating public opinion in India is a fad which congresses and conferences have been perseveringly attempting with little success. To filter down ideals from the higher to the lower strata is only a hobby. The Pharisees are opaque bodies. To ask a poverty-stricken people to prefer honour to wealth is to give a hungry man stones for bread.

Where a society is not well cemented, where interdependence is not felt, where there are hopeless divisions and sub-divisions, where each man is quite indifferent to the enormities and atrocities of his neighbour—to talk of public opinion, communism or socialism is a betrayal of one's own blindness. Socialism is to be evolved. Revolutionary socialism is anarchism. What is called socialism in free states passes for nationalism in subject races. If the one aspires to level down differences, the other longs after levelling up inequalities. In the one case the aristocracy are to come down, and in the other the masses have to go up. Mountains must be removed and chasms filled. Before the individual grows to the full height of manhood and peeps into divinity, to shout for socialism becomes inordinate passion, and not natural thirst. This is why even wise men shudder at socialism in the West and advise moderation and evolution in the East. Not that the classes are immaculate, not that the masses are untouchable, but that there may be construction before destruction, lest good, bad and indifferent should all be swept away. Immature longing degrades man into greed for power, cuts the wings of progress, becomes the hotbed of poisonous ease; religiosity is killed and morality warped. Liberty is dearly priced to be worthily won. Plunder leads to unbridled license.

Let us put Individualism before Socialism. The source of socialism is where humanity ends and divinity begins. The greatest opposition to Western socialism comes from religion. A writer confesses mildly that socialism is, "if not anti-Christian and anti-Theistic, at

least . . . very definitely non-Christian and non-Theistic." "It may on occasion be compelled, in self-defence even, to adopt the aggressive attitude in these matters. I think we may conclude that the oft-repeated saying of Tridon, to the effect that socialism stands for a new theory of life, expressing itself in economics as communism, in religion as atheism, and in politics as international republicanism, taken in a wide sense, cannot be regarded as destitute of justification." Socialism as above interpreted is an exotism that finds very uncongenial soil in India. As the "Historians' History" endorses, "it has been truthfully said that the Hindus are the most religious of all peoples." Faith in man's divine origin calls forth the highest and best in us. Faith supplies the hope, the inspiration, the sustenance required by unchecked progress of head, heart and soul. There is no antidote to selfishness except in the faith in our ultimate, eternal destiny. The failure of churchianity is the West has resulted in the suicidal attitude of socialism. Certainly, with reference to denominationalism its attitude is homicidal. It aims at universality to which it is diametrically opposite. But its trend is significant. Let India develop the individual, with his consciousness of divine origin and support ever present, and she shall undoubtedly give to the world a larger socialism, a truer socialism, that will be in tune with the harmony of harmonies. Then shall capital be labour, and labour capital, in the unity of Knowing is Being.

J. V. NARAYAN.

Chatrapur (Ganjam Dt.)

THE EDUCATION OF A GREAT KING.

(Continued from our last number.)

WHILE openly agreeing with the King, pandering to his low tastes and encouraging him in his violent and tyrannical projects, the subtle and astute Seckendorff and Grumbkow were working diligently in unsuspected concord for one and the same end, *viz.*, to frustrate by every means in their power the proposed alliances with England, which fell in ill with the plans and wishes of the Austrian Emperor and Prince Eugene.

"The honest farmer," as Frederick William dubbed Seckendorff, bought and sold every creature at the Prussian Court, whom he considered worth a price, or of use to further his projects. If France or England were in the field first, he outbid them. "Never," he declared, "would he let the King of Prussia slip through his fingers." He listened with avidity to every word the King let drop, when, half-drunk with wine, his tongue was loosened; and many valuable hints the artful minister thus gained, to be repeated to his master, the Austrian Emperor, at the earliest opportunity. He surrounded the King in a net-work of intrigue, treachery and dishonesty, ably abetted by his co-conspirator, Grumbkow, whom Wilhelmina succinctly described as concealing under a fine exterior "a dishonest, interested and treacherous heart. His whole character is but a tissue of vices,"—adding spitefully, "He had given proofs of his courage at Malplaquet by remaining in a ditch through the whole action."

The ill-natured and satirical Princess was not far wrong. With his open, pleasant face, witty conversation, attractive polished manners and excellent business habits, Grumbkow ingratiated himself into the King's most intimate confidence, making himself necessary to him on all intricate points of discussion or questions of state policy, only to serve his own ends and fill his pocket with

foreign bribes. "Without principle or faith," open to the offers of the highest bidder in any court of Europe, selling one patron after another if he could make a better bargain, this man really ruled and swayed the King in all the most important transactions of his life. Difficult as the sturdy old Brandenburgher was to manage, coerce, advise or control, he contrived by flattery, expediency and diplomacy to guide "his Jupiter" through the most labyrinthine paths of home and foreign politics, undermining on every occasion possible the influence of the French and English ministers, so as to bring prominently forward the prior (better paid) claims of Austria.

Between these two cronies, Seckendorff and Grumbkow, the only honest man in the Prussian Court was dogged, deceived and betrayed; and, strangely enough, he was fully aware of their treachery.

We must now glance at the teachers and tutors with whom Frederick William surrounded his son from his earliest days. It was often remarked that the King, by some crooked trait in his character, "always did the very contrary to what he should have done to secure his object"; he wished to bring up his boy as an honest, God-fearing, brave and conscientious gentleman; and, above all, to be German in thought, word and deed. He, therefore, made, to attain that end, the extraordinary choice of several French exiles to mould the youthful mind of the future King of Prussia.

Madame de Rocouille, a lady who spent thirty years in Germany without learning a word of the language, was deputed as religious instructor to the royal children. She was a Calvinist of the strictest and most forbidding type, yet withal, a thorough Frenchwoman, pining for her country, despising and ridiculing other nationalities, clever, witty and cynical, and not over particular in the tenor of her conversation.

Jaiques Egide Duhan—picked up in a trench at the siege of Stralsund, and engaged on the spot as tutor for "Fritz" by the eccentric and impulsive King—was the son of a French Calvinist refugee, and his lines of instruction were thus traced out by the all-presiding monarch. "He was to explain the maps to his pupil, teach him the history of the last hundred years, and not earlier, the stories in the Bible, but above all arithmetic." *

* "The Youth of Frederick the Great," page 9.

Frederick William earnestly desired that his son should believe in universal grace and the consoling doctrine that Christ died for all. He, *therefore*, according to his wont, surrounded him with men who had sacrificed all for their unflinching belief in predestination, a doctrine the King considered so dangerous that he "forbade the chaplains to preach on this subject to the troops, lest the latter should conclude that they were predestined to desert and should act accordingly." But his son was from his earliest years exposed to the subtle arguments and insidious influences of the staunchest supporters of this dogma !

Duhan was commanded most authoritatively to leave the Greeks and Romans severely alone ; the histories of ancient peoples, long since passed away, would be of no service to a German King building up a modern monarchy. Nothing was to be taught that was not for a practical purpose. Duhan compromised matters. The Prince did not learn out of a book, but his indefatigable tutor collected for him the most important events in chronological order, and by conversations and translations of the great masterpieces of antiquity, made his pupil acquainted with the charms of classical history and mythology. As the languages of the ancients were likewise tabooed, Duhan had recourse to another trick : " It was the duty of a royal prince, heir to an electorate, to have read the Golden Bull, one of the constitutions of the Holy Roman Empire of the Germanic nation. Duhan bethought him of explaining this venerable document to his pupil. He entrusted the charge to an auxiliary tutor, but by ill-fortune it chanced that the King entered during one of the lessons.

" What are you about, you scoundrel ? " he asked the master.

" Your Majesty," answered the luckless tutor, " I am explaining the Golden Bull to his Royal Highness ! "

" Indeed ! " replied Frederick William, " I will Golden Bull you ! " and he rained blows upon the unlucky professor ! †

Thus ended the surreptitious Latin lessons ; and was it likely that the quick eyes of the boy did not discover instantly that his father was being disobeyed and deceived ?

Secretly, the young enquirer after knowledge, with the aid of his tutor, formed for himself an extensive library, in which were included most of the works of Voltaire—the very thought of

whose blasphemy and profanity made the King's hair to stand on end—Rabelais, Descartes, Bayle, Locke and Machiavelli. Duhan kept the key of the cupboards where these treasures were concealed ; and every spare moment Frederick spent in the enjoyment of these forbidden delights, his father's tyranny and narrow-mindedness distorting into a crime the legitimate eagerness of a precocious mind hungering after purely intellectual pleasures.

Two notable warriors, General Fink and Colonel Kalkstein, were chosen to instil martial ardour into Frederick's breast ; the former a veteran of world-wide reputation, loving war for its own sake, and believing that no other profession than that of arms was possible for a scion of nobility ; the latter played an important part in Frederick's education, and initiated him in all military virtues ; both were well-educated, accomplished soldiers and strict disciplinarians.

Two other French refugees, Nande and a monk, La Croze, supplemented the lessons the Prince received from Duhan ; clever, intellectual men, well-read in all the historical, scientific and philosophical literature of the day, and anxious to impart their knowledge to the intelligent mind all on the alert to receive it.

Thus, unintentionally perhaps, these various teachers totally subverted the King's theories of education ; but at the same time, they moulded Frederick into the celebrated refined man of literary and scientific tastes, for which he was afterwards distinguished, the "philosopher of Sans-Souci" and friend of Voltaire.

As the young scholar grew older, the breach between him and his father widened, until the bluff dogmatic autocrat ended in hating the very sight of his son, whose presence was a continual reproach to his coarse pleasures and brutal manners. "There are people," said the father, "who are giving him ideas contrary to mine." Frederick, on his side, bitterly resented the detailed supervision of all his actions ; he writhed under the king's tyrannical restrictions on his liberty, independence, and individual tastes ; his only pleasure at last became thwarting and disobeying the stringent commands laid upon him. He welcomed with delight the advances of those ministers who were opposed to the king's party. When only fourteen, he encouraged Du Bamgay, the English, and Rattenburg, the French minister, to communicate to him matters of great political import-

ance, in return giving them "an exact account of all that the King his father said." He dwelt with unction on the prospect of his father's death, or, if his paroxysms of fury continued, of his ultimate confinement in a lunatic asylum. With the queen and his sister, he intrigued with those Governments known to be hostile to the King, and secretly moved heaven and earth to bring about the much-desired double marriage with England. He contrived to get his debts paid by different loans, lent him, *sub rosa*, by France, England and Austria, for money of whatever coinage was always acceptable to the impecunious young prince. He never did and never intended to repay these loans, which he always regarded as just payments for his confidences. The King, however, had some inkling of how matters stood, and his hatred was intensified by his suspicions. One day he broke out, "I know, little rascal, all that you are doing in order to escape my rod, but you are mistaken if you hope to succeed; I mean to keep you in leash, and to mortify you yet awhile," and thenceforth the Court of Prussia became a hell, where everyone endured the torments of the lost. *

Through M. Lavisse's fascinating narrative we are led, as in a drama, from one scene to another to the culminating tragedy of Katte's execution. A comic vein runs alongside of the tragic; one moment our sympathies are warmly enlisted on the side of the unfortunate victims of a half-mad despot, and then we smile irresistibly at the strange and absurd figure this most moral and best regulated court in Europe cut before the critical eyes of the bystanders; where no one member believed in or trusted in the other; where all spied, intrigued, and suspected; where the father showed the greatest aversion to his heir, beat, maltreated, bullied, and feared him; where the mother, daughter and son equally disliked and deceived the father; and where the son concealed all his true inclinations, his actions, good or bad, under a cloak of unnatural reserve, giving his father no clue to his real disposition. For years "Frederick maintained a secret correspondence with the English Court. He received letters from the Prince of Wales, whenever a safe opportunity occurred. He had found a means of reconciling the contrary wishes of the two courts: England desires the double

* Ibid, page 211.

and Prussia the single marriage. Let England be satisfied, for the moment, with the union between the Prince of Wales and Wilhelmina. The Crown Prince gives and reiterates in writing "his word of honour never to marry anyone but Princess Amelia," thereby disposing of himself without the knowledge and against the will of his father The King did not know all this for certain. Could any man, any King, imagine that it was possible for him to be so duped? One of his ministers, Cuyphausen, hands over his secrets to France and England; another, Grumbkow, tells them to Austria, and makes use against his master of the very envoy sent by the latter to represent him in London. The Queen and Crown Prince intrigue against him. The whole story is perhaps that of the greatest network of deception ever conceived." *

A dissipated, good-natured youth, one of the King's pages named Keith, pandered to Frederick's vices, aided by the clever, unscrupulous young Lieutenant von Katte, whose friendship for the Prince cost him so dear. That Frederick won the warmest sympathies of those around him, by his father's extraordinary behaviour, is certain, but each individual tried to turn that sympathy to his own self-interest, and to form a party in contradiction to that of the King. Rattenburg, the French Minister, was among the most forward to range himself secretly on Frederick's side. "The young Prince was indeed precocious! Rattenburg could not contain his admiration for the manner in which he played his part. To the Imperialists, who were seeking to draw him to their side by promising to obtain favours for him from his father, he answered, as a model son should, 'That he hopes, by carefully observing his conduct, to merit the consideration of the King, and that, should he ever fail in his duty, he would not deserve that anyone should exert influence on his behalf.' Even in speaking to his friends, who were informed of all his secrets, he used expressions to conceal his thoughts. He spoke not of his own party, but of the party of his grandfather, King George." †

To get at the bottom of these embryo plots, which he shrewdly suspected were being hatched against him, the King actually made his unfortunate son drunk, so as to reap benefit from any unguarded sentence he may let fall from his lips. However, Frederick drunk

* Ibid, page 210.

† Ibid, page 181.

was as diplomatic as Frederick sober, and the listener gained nothing by the monstrous stratagem.

One extraordinary scene, depicted by M. Lavissee, is too characteristic to bear curtailing ; we quote it in full.

"They were still at Wusterhausen when the Feast of St. Hubert, came round—a day that the King always liked to celebrate joyously. Frederick was seated next to Suhm, minister of Saxony, next to his father and mother. He began, contrary to his custom, to drink deeply. "I shall be very ill to-morrow," he whispered to Suhm. Shortly afterwards, when the wine mounted into his head, he began to complain to his neighbour of the life of slavery he had to endure. He entreated him to procure, through the intervention of the King of Poland, leave for him to travel. He spoke so loud that his words reached the other side of the table. The Queen, disturbed, made signs to Suhm to calm him ; but the Prince continued to talk, and pointing to the King, repeated: "And yet I love him !"

"What does he say ?" asks the King.

Suhm replies that the Prince is tipsy, and not responsible for his words.

"Nonsense," answers the King ; "he is pretending. But what does he say ?"

"The Prince says that although the King forces him to drink too much, he loves him very dearly."

"He is pretending," repeats the King.

Suhm gives his word of honour that the Prince is really and truly drunk. "I have just pinched him, and he felt nothing," he says.

Fritz becomes serious for a minute, but a fresh attack soon comes on. The Queen retires : Suhm advises the Prince to go to bed ; the Prince replies that he will not go before he has kissed his father's hand. The King, amused by the scene, gives him one hand ; the Prince demands the other. He covers them with kisses, and draws the King towards him. The spectators applaud loudly. Then Fritz goes round the table, throws himself at the King's feet, speaking to him all the time, and kissing him. He declares that he loves him with all his heart, that he has been calumniated by people who would serve their own interests by making a breach between father and son, that he will love and serve the King all his life.

"Good ! good !" says the King, "let *him* only be a man of honour ! "

Everyone wept, and finally the Prince was removed." *

What a scene ! What a satire upon the principles of truth and morality inculcated by the strictest Court in Europe ! The acting was so good, the King was deceived by it, and was delighted by this gross exhibition. At last his heir was learning to drink like a man ; he was putting away "all effeminate, lascivious and womanly occupations ;" perhaps, as time went on, he might give up having his hair curled "like an idiot," might develop into a smoking, drinking, hunting chip of the old block, hobnobbing with his father's cronies, and relishing their unsavoury jokes. All things were yet possible with such a sudden amendment of evil ways !

The Prince, in truth, sat skilfully on the fence, though the position was a strained and uncomfortable one. He considered a little judicious compliance with the King's tastes, a few pages of servile and hypocritical sentiments addressed to his father from time to time, would form a convenient ground to fall back upon, if "the Prince's party failed."

The truce, however, between the combatants was very short-lived. The King suspected the sincerity of Frederick's new-born virtues, and becoming more incensed against him, beat him unmercifully almost daily with the pertinacity and violence of a slave-driver.

The King was not partial in his blows. He had no respect of persons ; he beat alike servants, tradesmen, citizens, judges, doctors, tutors, lawyers and Jesuits. The only person in his family who never felt the weight of his fist was the Queen, but he cursed her with his tongue instead ; the only persons in the Court who escaped corporal chastisement, were the foreign ministers, though his hands often itched to test the strength of his cane on their backs. They were, however, tried in other ways, till to be accredited to Berlin was synonymous with purgatory to the exiled diplomats. The Prussians, with no way of escape open, had to bear their indignities as best they might. Events, meanwhile, were approaching a climax. One day the King sneered at the Prince for bearing as a coward, treatment that would have made the King

* Ibid, page 201.

himself run away a thousand times if he had been subjected to so much ignominy. Such a means of relief from his woes as his father implied, had often, in truth, passed through Frederick's mind. He confided to his sister that, on the earliest opportunity, he intended to fly to England or France. Neither of these countries, however, appeared anxious to receive so embarrassing a guest, and politely counselled him to remain with patience where he was. Intrigues and counter-intrigues were as usual in full force for and against the English marriages, the King's party *versus* the "subterraneans," as the Queen's followers were designated, mining and countermining each other, Sir Charles Hotham working for the latter, Reubenback and Grumbkow might and main for the former; the King, with characteristic indecision, changing his tactics towards the contending diplomatists hour by hour, and much disconcerting their various schemes and manoeuvres. One day, allowing Wilhelmina to be publicly congratulated on her engagement to the Prince of Wales, the next ignoring that such an occurrence had taken place. His love of bartering got the better of his discretion. Not being able to obtain the "shovelfuls of sand" he coveted in the shape of the duchies of Juliers and Berg, he was determined to spite the English Court, though it was to his own detriment, by finally refusing to give his consent to the double alliance. The Prince of Wales desired to wed Wilhelmina—well and good, let him have her—but he would receive no extravagant fine lady for Fritz's wife, unless he had substantial compensation for introducing so dangerous an element into the frugal simplicity of the Prussian Royal circle; and at last he finally declares, "While he lives, the Crown Prince shall not marry an Englishwoman."

(To be concluded).

FRANCES SWINEY.

DIARY OF A DERELICT.

(Continued from our last number.)

SEVERAL of the Statutes of Henry VIII. quoted by Froude take us back to the time when the English monarchy had apparently some of the ideals of Manu—so different from those under which “wealth accumulates and men decay.” The Japanese resemble the English of those days and of the time of Queen Elizabeth—and may find imitators in India. What are the laws regulating the rise and fall of nations? If “sparing justice feeds iniquity” among individuals as well as among nations, what is the time allowed for repentance and reparation? How long does it take for the poisoned fountain of the will to clear itself, and for “the flower inwoven soul divine” to emerge with all its triumphant harmonies?

17-7-05.

“Suffer in silence, do you? No, cry aloud upon the house-tops, sound the tocsin, raise the alarm at all risks, for it is not alone your house that is on fire, but that of your neighbour, that of every one. Silence is frequently a duty when suffering is only personal; but it is an error and a fault when the suffering is that of millions,” so says Mazzini. What would Tolstoy say to him?

The little needle always knows the North,
The little bird remembereth his note,
And this wise Seer within me never errs;
I never taught it what it teaches me;
I only follow when I act aright.

This was Emerson's *anubhava* (experience) of the *Sákhi* (Seer). And *anubhava* may reconcile Mazzini and Tolstoy—and show us “One hope within two wills, one will beneath two over-shadowing minds,”

24-7-05.

We see the sun, the moon and the stars revolving, as it seems to us, round us. That is all false. We feel that the earth is motionless. That is false too. We see the sun rise above the horizon; it is beneath us. We touch what we think is a solid body. There is no such thing. We hear harmonious sounds; but the air has only brought us silently undulations that are silent themselves. We admire the effects of light and of the colours that bring vividly before our eyes the splendid scenes of Nature; but, in fact, there is no light, there are no colours. It is the movement of opaque ether striking on our optic nerve which gives us the impression of light and colour. We burn our foot in the fire; it is not the foot that pains us; it is in our brain only that the feeling of being burned resides. We speak of heat and cold; there is neither heat nor cold in the universe, only motion. Thus, our senses mislead us as to the reality of objects around us.

So says Flammarion in his book on "The Unknown." We are yet but little children "picking shells by the great Ocean Truth." We can only say

Infinite Ideality!
 Immeasurable Reality!
 Infinite Personality!
 Hallowed be Thy name.

25-7-05.

The musical history of mankind consists of three stages—the drum stage, the pipe stage and the lyre stage. Is not that also the history of our souls? Before they can have the sweetness of the lyre, they have to do their drumming and piping. Blatant denials and denunciations of the unknown are apparently the drum stage—the honest doubter is in the second stage; and when faith "brightens at the clash of yes and no"—the lyre stage succeeds and this can become as "sweet as stops of planetary music heard in trance."

Some Barristers also go through these stages. First comes the drumming—plenty of swagger and bluster; then comes the piping, usually during the last part of a trial—and finally comes the lyre, when they address the court, and say such nice things of its exemplary patience and courtesy? But the starry spirits never dance in their mild lights, and planetary music, alas! is certainly never their forte.

26-7-05.

What is sleep? Sleep, it is said, discloses a "regulative self"

adjustment of cell metabolism"—big words which merely conceal our ignorance. The greater the catabolism, the greater the anabolism—says Hering. In deep or "dead" sleep, die temporarily our powers of movement and sensibility—our co-ordinating faculties—our imaginative faculties—and our consciousness: only organic life remains. When consciousness also remains—we have sleep of degree 3. When in addition the imaginative faculties remain—we have sleep of degree 2; and when the co-ordinating faculties also remain—we have sleep of degree 1. Science is, however, not yet able to say what causes sleep. The accumulation of "fatigue-substances" in cerebral cells does not account for it—for it is during the first hour or two that sleep is progressively profound. It is not due to a sort of asphyxia—caused by the cessation of cerebral respiration, so to say. The brain has its pulsations (like the heart), its oscillations (like the lungs) and its undulations. The Yogic Vrittis may be defined as pulsations, oscillations and undulations of the brain. But physiologists do not agree as to sleep being a kind of cerebral asphyxia, and according to the Yoga Sutras, sleep is itself a Vritti, for we are able to say when we awake: "I slept profoundly", or "mine was a kind of dog sleep," or "my sleep was full of dreams" &c. Physiologists agree that in sleep there is cerebral anæmia, but they are not able to explain why there should be any connection between such anæmia and sleep, or why such anæmia should be "chief nourisher in life's feast" and should "knit up the ravelled sleeve of care." They do not agree as to what raises the "threshold value of stimuli" during waking hours, or as to what lowers it, as in hypnotism. They are at loggerheads also in analysing and defining the dream state, and they cannot account for the "swift and lovely dreams that walk the waves of sleep." Here are things of which we have experience every day and yet we cannot explain them and cannot even give a rational account of them. Why, then, should we blame the seers and saints who liken *anubhava* to the tasting of sugarcandy by the dumb: and who even go so far as to say

That sleep has sights as clear and true
As any waking eyes can view.

May it not be, as the Upanishads say, that in deep sleep the spirit goes back to its source, and hence the death of each day's life becomes a balmy bath and "great nature's second course"?

27-7-05.

Elisée Reclus—an ethnographer—after reviewing barbarism and civilisation, says: "Thus it is evident that among civilised men all is not satisfactory, while among uncivilised all is not unsatisfactory. We are led to infer that civilisation amplifies and intensifies its elements. We had already occasions to note that among ourselves the extremes are wider apart than among the barbarians. We can say that we are at once materially much better and much worse off, and morally much better and much worse off than savages. And as to man himself, it can be said that of all ferocious brutes he is the most cruel, and of all gentle animals the most affectionate." Here there is a scientific summing up by one who is apparently not a follower of Schopenhauer—and what does it come to? A paradox. And yet spiritual paradoxes are supposed to be fictions. If a scientific paradox may be true—why not a spiritual one?

28-7-05.

Pope called Bacon "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind." Spedding objects, but Bacon himself, we read in Spedding's pages, wrote to Rawley: "I was the justest Judge that was in England these fifty years. But it was the justest censure in Parliament that was these 200 years." The justest Judge was most justly held corrupt. The truth again lay in a paradox. The Rajas and the Tamas became triumphant in Bacon when he took presents from suitors. But his Sattwic personality asserted itself when he came to actually decide a case, and when he finally confessed his guilt. It may be, as Spedding says, that Bacon disposed of every case *secundum aequum et bonum*—for every one of us is a paradox, Was not Nero himself a pupil of Seneca?

* * *

Bacon remarks in his "Apothegms": "It was said of Augustus, and afterwards the like was said of Septimus Severus, both which did infinite mischief in their beginnings and infinite good towards their ends, that they should either have never been born or never died." So even the professed atheist may one day graciously modify his judgment of God and God's works and indulge at least in a similar paradox.

Diogenes said of a young man who danced daintily: "'Tis better, the worse." He would probably have said the same thing of pretty atheistic mental dances.

29-7-05.

Why did Hume assert that Berkeley's arguments "admit of no answer" and "produced no conviction"? Ward answers, because "the epistemological problem was as hopeless as before." Is it, however, really hopeless to a Yogi? Do we not sunder our absolute whole into subjective and objective factors? "Since the world is a plenum," writes Leibnitz, "all things are connected together, and every body acts upon every other more or less according to their distance, and is affected by their reaction; hence each monad is a living mirror representative of the universe according to its point of view." And hence, "he who sees all could read in each that which passes everywhere else." To a high Yogi all *objects* are—to use Professor Clifford's term—mere *ejects*—*ejects* of Atma. What is trans-subjective becomes subjective in him. His "sensori motor adjustments" to his environment are universalistic, not individualistic. Everything is a meeting point of all relations to him. He whom he meditates on full-fronts him, "In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul, and the clod." His Empirical Ego knows how to merge in the pure Ego.

* * *

"Epictetus used to say that one of the vulgar, in any ill that happens to him, blames others; a novice in philosophy blames himself; and a philosopher blames neither the one nor the other." What did he mean by his "philosopher"? Apparently a man who had soared high enough to realise absolute truth, though not able to express it—high enough to hear "thought's melody . . . too sweet for utterance."

2-8-05.

How does the realm of fact come before the seeing soul? What are "the conditions under which objectivity in general becomes possible material for cognition?" What is "the process mediating the unity of the ego and the multifarious detail of actual experience?" Though what "are *objects* so determined that they are possible matters of knowledge for a conscious *subject*?" What is it that determines the conditions of non-contradictoriness in thought?

What is it that determines objects, gives uniformity to the receptivity of sense, realises notions, is the general directive in experiential researches—systematises all experience and synthetically subsumes each particular under its appropriate universal? What is the source of parallelism between ideas and objective reality? What supplies “the *unity* in difference of objects known and subject cognising?” Whence come “the ultimate pre-supposition with the aid of which alone can harmony or ethical and aesthetic completeness be gained for our conceptions of things?” How is it that we are able to “treat each special aspect or determination as an integral portion of an organic whole—a portion of which must prove itself unintelligible and contradictory if regarded apart from its relations to the whole?” The “concrete unity and totality of thought” depends upon the unifying intelligence (Buddhi) in which alone “is to be found the secret of knowing and of being,” the secret as to “the nature of the ultimate relation between the individual thinker as such and the world within which his thought is exercised.” And that unifying intelligence, that central unity of self-consciousness, derives its life from the Jiwa Atma. Our notions are “not merely mechanically formed psychical facts.” They are not “products formed from the data supplied by presentative and representative experience.” They are not “mere subjective abbreviations of what is given in experience” or mere hieroglyphics or signs. There is a unity within, which works wonders, and all our notions are the functions or forms of that unity in conscious experience and of these notions are formed our judgments, whether simple or elaborative—whether categorical, hypothetical or disjunctive. Neither progressive nor regressive—neither synthetical nor analytical—neither deductive nor inductive nor analogical ratiocination is possible without that unity—the meeting-point of all relations—the Alchemist of thought. It is because the absolute whole is one, that subject cognises object and high spirits can call

The future from its cradle, and the past
Out of its grave, and make the present last,
In thoughts and joys which sleep but cannot die,
Folded within their own eternity.

22-8-05.

Unity in difference is much more interesting than unity in non-difference. The union of a male and a female is much more interest-

ing than the single-blessedness of either. So is the union of prakriti and purush.

To the intense, the deep, the imperishable spirit—matter is united,
Even as a bride delighting and delighted.

Spirit and matter so united and glowing with love and loveliness are merely a phase of the Supreme. The infinities and finites are but shadows of the Absolute, and the Absolute does not cease to be Absolute on account of such shadows.

* * *

Evil is as little irrational as darkness. Evil is not an implicit of freedom when this word is used in the sense of Moksha (salvation). But it is an implicit of freedom on our present plane if freedom is used in its ordinary sense of liberty of choice.

* * *

The subjection of the Soul to the compulsion of Eternal Loveliness—of Eternal Splendour—is freedom in the sense of Moksha. Freedom and compulsion—two relative irreconcilables—are thus reconciled in that last stage, for souls so subject are not senseless automata.

* * *

Reverence is the mother of Insight.

(*To be continued.*)

NASRIN : OR AN INDIAN MEDLEY.

(Continued from our last issue.)

CHAPTER XXIII.

“ZAHURAN,” said Begum Haidar Jung with a sigh, as she lay on a small bed, “give me a glass of cold water.”

Zahuran brought the water and the Begum sat up and drank it off, and with a moan fell back on her bed.

Alas ! time seemed to have encompassed centuries in a year for her ; when we last saw her, gay, young, and charming, happy in the love of her Nawab, she was the very incarnation of youth and spring, but now how changed ! Her eyes were encircled by dark rings and had lost their lustre, her hair dishevelled and uncombed, parted over a face which was insipidly pale, her delicate form was emaciated beyond all measure, and looked like a drooping lily from which the waters of life had been withdrawn, breathing away her lost fragrance.

Since the Nawab had fallen in love with Nasrin and begun to spend his days and nights with Raj Singh, the sweetness of their intercourse had come to an end. Often and often he had tried to talk to her in the old sweet way, but there was something lacking, something wanting to give that freshness, that sweetness, to his caresses which used to fill her soul with ineffable bliss. She had done all she could to win back his love, and had to a certain extent succeeded : when Nasrin again appeared in Lucknow, from that day she felt as if she had lost him for ever. She asked no questions, but one day disguising herself she followed the Nawab, and discovered the cause of his indifference towards her. She had heard them talk with her own ears, as he was saying to her :—

“My beloved Nasrin, how long do you wish to torment me, how long are we to remain strangers ?”

“Dearest,” Nasrin was saying, “is it not enough ; what more can we desire ? I am happy in your love, and are you not content with being loved as no one has ever been loved before ?”

The Begum could listen no more, she was on the point of fainting, and hurried away from the place of her retreat. From that day she neglected herself, looking into space, uttering no complaints but slowly consuming herself. It seemed as if her soul had left her body, leaving it tenanted by a mere shadow of life. If any one pressed her to eat, she forced herself to put a few morsels in her mouth and then sank back again into a state of blank abstraction, answering all queries with a listless smile, and receiving all sympathy and attempts of her servants to cheer her with indifference.

The absolute neglect of physical wants brought on fever and cough, which allowed her no sleep or rest, yet she made no complaint and seemed dead to all sensations. The Nawab came as usual to sleep in her room ; she asked him no questions and gave short replies to his formal queries about her health. Sometimes, moved with pity, he would come and sit near her bed and say,

"You are getting no better ; the treatment does not seem to do you any good ; we had better change it."

"I am all right," she would say, "no medicine can have any effect on me now."

"But why?" he would ask, "I will send for a new doctor to-morrow."

"Pray, don't trouble yourself about me, it is no use ; my days in this world are over," was her invariable reply.

"Don't be silly," he would say, patting her cheek, "you will soon be all right."

She would look at him as if to discover that which sometimes the tone of his voice reminded her of, the days long past, and finding only pity where she sought love, she would bury her face in the pillow and shed tears of despair.

He would sometimes bend down and kiss her with real love, and then, as if her heart could read every passing fancy of his mind, her face would brighten, her eyes would glisten with a new light and illumine her whole soul with love.

"Dearest," said she one day, "sit down near me and talk to me of the days when we were so happy together, when this house, this very room whose dreary bare walls stare at me with such sadness, seemed to be a paradise on earth. O happy were those days, what happiness was crowded into those few years."

"It was a happy time," said he, looking back into the past, and the old memories reviving the old love, "ah, but the days past can never return."

"Alas! no," said she, "but I live in the past. I see you as you were in the time of yore, I know the very sparkle of your eye which came like a ray of light, entered my heart and filled it with joy; ah, how you would sit hour after hour, never weary of my company."

"The body decays," said he, "but the soul remains ever the same, the eyes still have the same old light, but the time stays not."

"Ah," said she, "I am glad I am going. I cannot endure life when what gives it colour is no more. May you be happy!"

"You let your imagination work too much," said he, "you have ordinary malarial fever and cough, which must go away in a few days."

"I do not wish them to go without taking me with them," she replied, "what have I to live for?"

"Won't you live for my sake?" he asked.

"If I could give even a little happiness to you, if I could but brighten, one moment of your life, I would renounce heaven itself for your sake; it is for your sake that I wish to leave this world."

"For my sake," gasped the Nawab.

"For your sake," said she. "Are you silly enough to think that I know nothing. I know all. I have seen you with these eyes with the person you love, and have heard the confession of your love from your own lips. Oh, don't be annoyed," she added as he turned pale, "it distresses me: I know it all and I would do anything to make you happy. But I can assure you that she can never love you as I have loved, and confident in my love I can wait for you on the other side of the grave."

"I have been a fool," he confessed, wholly conquered and falling on his knees and kissing her parched lips, "pray forgive me."

"That is kind," said she, "God alone knows how long I have thirsted for this nectar. I have thought over this for days and days and wanted to speak to you; and if my life could add to your happiness, what could be sweeter than to lose it and become one with you."

"Oh, forgive me," he, repeated "I was a fool, I was mad; do forgive me."

"Forgive you," said she, "it is I who am to blame. My love was unripe, otherwise how could I ever think of myself. But, thank Heaven, it has ripened through pain and suffering, and I know the divinity, the sweetness of love. Tell her also that I love her and would like to see her once. It will be so sweet."

"Talk to me of no one," said he, full of remorse. "I have been very cruel and nothing in the world can atone for my sin."

"It was so willed by God," said she, "who wanted perhaps to test the strength of my love."

"My love, my love," sobbed the Nawab, as he sank on the bed beside her, "do forgive me."

"I have nothing to forgive," she replied lovingly, as he softly stroked her hair and laid her head in his lap. "May God bless you for giving me strength to stand this severe test."

"My own dear husband," she said again, bursting into sobs. "Oh, why did you desert me so long? Ah, the nights that I passed wishing for the dawn of the day, and then how wearily I would wait for the night to come. The days lengthened into years and the night into centuries, till love destroyed all time and transmuted my base metal into its own divine essence."

The Nawab, without saying a word, took her into his arms; they mixed their tears in a sweet loving embrace which wiped off the memories of cruel days and still more cruel nights in a moment of bliss.

From that day the Nawab never quitted her. He waited on her with loving solicitude, her every look came like a stream of love and thrilled his heart; the days acquired a new significance for him and the nights murmured to him the real meaning of life, as he sat beside her bed, telling her old tales and reading to her beautiful poems.

Days passed on and though her eyes sparkled with the old fire, her body grew weaker and weaker, but love spoke to her with a voice which ed her soul with peace and she patiently, nay even cheerfully, awaited the gradual march of inevitable decay.

One day, as he was seated beside her bed, a strange calm spread over Nature; the wind hushed, every leaf on the trees stood still, as if transfixed with light. The sun's rays, shining through the still air, penetrated through green blinds and lighted the room with a soft mystic light. The *pankha* waved to and fro, stirring the air, which was being cooled and made fragrant by *khaskhas latees* which were drenched in water. There she lay on her small silver bedstead, surrounded by all the delicate elegancies of womanly refinement. A golden saree wrapped her emaciated body and a spiritual light shone from her eyes.

"Dearest," said she, "tell me some more stories. These summer days are very, very long."

Once upon a time, (said the Nawab, lovingly looking at her), there was a King of Berar who had a jewel of a daughter, whose name was Damayavanti. She was surrounded by a hundred pretty maids and among them all she shone "like the luminous lightning in the clouds."

When she attained her fifteenth year, the king, her father, arranged a *swamvar*, and kings and princes from all parts of the world came to win the hand of Damayavanti, whose celestial and peerless beauty was the talk of the whole universe. The king's palace echoed with the clatter of hoofs and sounds of trumpets. The hall where all the guests assembled, each dressed in his best, glittering with jewels, looked like the hall of Indra's kingdom: when Damayavanti entered, all eyes were turned upon her, each aspiring for her hand and waiting for her smile. But there among them sat a prince called Nala, who shone like the sun among a galaxy of stars. The maiden looked round and when her eyes fell on Nala she blushed, she looked up again and her eyes met with his, and then, as if drawn by a magnet of immense power, she passed through the whole crowd and bashfully touched the hem of his toga, and put a garland of flowers round his neck. All the other guests departed in disappointment, and the marriage of Damayavanti was celebrated with great splendour with Nala. The bridegroom took the bride home; for a time they lived together happy in each other's love. Damayavanti adored her husband, while Nala prized her more than his life: it seemed as if the sun and moon had incarnated in the body of Nala and Damayavanti, and united themselves in marriage. They were supremely happy, when a neighbouring chief paid them a visit and invited Nala to play with him. Nala consented and began to play, but each time that Nala threw the dice it turned against him; the more he lost the more he staked and continued to play, till he lost his kingdom, his family jewels, his garments, and nothing was left him. His guest having won so much, coveted still more and urged him to play on.

"But I have nothing to stake," replied Nala.

"Yes, you have," said the rascal, "there is your lovely wife."

"Scoundrel," said Nala, unsheathing his sword, "were you not my guest I would have cut this villainous head of yours off your body."

"This sword is not yours," said the gambler, with a contemptuous smile, "I am no more a guest but the owner of all your property."

"Ah!" said Prince Nala, as he threw aside the sword and put off his dress, "I shall not intrude on your hospitality," and thus saying he at once set out towards the jungle. Damayavanti had heard everything, and clad in a white saree, quietly followed her lord. When he stopped to take rest she approached him and began to soothe him.

"Dearest," said he, "go back to your father, I cannot bear to see you wandering about in the jungles; it unnerves me, it makes my heart bleed; if I live I will come back to you again."

"My beloved husband" said she, "even a wilderness with you is more than a palace garden to me. I will soothe you in weariness and comfort you in your sorrow."

"Are you not angry with me for having gambled away your kingdom?" asked he. "Don't you hate me?"

"I love you all the more," she replied, "I love you, not your palaces, gold and jewels."

"O my dearest," he exclaimed, burying his head in her bosom: "you are my good angel and will still save me. I will work like a slave for your sake, to win back all that I have lost."

Thus talking, they laid themselves down for repose, Damayavanti soon fell asleep, but Nala, with mind and heart distracted, could obtain no rest. He sat up and lovingly looked at his wife who lay on the ground like a delicate white rose, filling with fragrance and beauty the very dust it touched. Nala forgot his troubles in his love for her, and was happy beyond measure, when his eye fell on drops of blood oozing out like priceless rubies from her tender feet. He got up, wiped the drops of blood with the hem of his loin cloth, and then sank on the ground in despair. He could not bear to think of her going about barefooted with him, and with a superhuman effort he resolved to slip away, hoping that, finding him gone, she would go to her rich father and wait there for his return.

He did not know what to do, the very idea of her walking barefooted beside him through the jungle cut deep into his heart, and yet he could not leave her alone. His heart refused to move away from the essence of its life. He steeled his heart with one last effort and there on earth he wrote his last message. "Dearer to me than life," wrote he. "I cannot think of your going about with me, it gives me pain which no words can describe. I would rather die than see you suffer even the least inconvenience. If it were in my power, I would willingly pave your path with my eyes, so that they may reflect nothing but the image of my beloved. Fate has cast me out, and God knows what I may have yet to bear. Do go back to your father, I will go into the world and try my fortune; if we live we will meet again ere long, if we die we will meet again in Heaven; now farewell. May God protect you and give you strength to bear even this."

Having written this, he rose and cast one last look on the sleeping face of his beloved wife, looking like a delicate rose on a fragile stem, and then turned to go away, but his heart refused to move a step from her side: again and again he returned, and at last he fled into the jungle.

When Damayavanti awoke and read the message which Nala had left for her, she went mad with grief; her anguish was keener than the edge of a sharp sword and cut her through and through; she rushed hither and thither in the hope of finding him who was her life; she disdained the idea of living in comfort, while he whom she loved toiled in forests, and resolved to go after him or die in the search. She walked almost the whole day, her delicate feet bled, torn with thorns, her clothes were in tatters, her dark raven hair fluttered in the air unheeded, when she reached a grove where some Yogeas were busy with their prayers. They applied balm to her torn feet and gave her food; moreover, they gave her hope that she would meet with her lord, though they refused to reveal to her the day or the place where she could find him. With hope and trust in her love, she set out again in the morning, refusing all comfort, when he whom she loved was without it, asking of the trees, streams and birds where her beloved Nala was. She went hither and thither calling him by name. Towards the evening she reached the banks of a river where she saw a small encampment and entered it, but when they saw her they laughed at her, and jeered at her, taking her for a mad woman. The chief of the caravan was a kindly person. He bade her approach and asked her to tell her story. She related what had happened. The chief heard everything, offered her shelter and invited her to travel with them, giving her hope that they might find Nala somewhere on the way, or he would ask the king whom he knew to institute a search for him. For days she travelled with the caravan without any mishap. But one night when they had encamped beside a large lake, fragrant with lotuses in the midst of the mighty forest, wild elephants attacked them. They all ran away and took refuge; so did Damayavanti and from her hiding place she heard some people talk.

"What has brought this ill-luck upon us," said one, "this is the result of the bird of ill-omen that crossed our path yesterday, for surely we worshipped the gods before we started."

"Everything is right with us," said another, "our disaster has arisen from the presence in our camp of that maniac woman whom our chief picked up on the way; she is certainly an inhabitant of the forest" (churail).

"That might be so," said the third, "we should kill her with stones and thus get rid of her."

On hearing these words, Damayavanti slipped away unobserved, and fled into the woods, reproaching herself with such words as those: "Fierce and great is the wrath of God upon me peace reigns not where

I am. I have never done any wrong in thought or action in this life to any one, but this must be the result of my actions in a past life, for my husband was happy, but when I came to him he lost everything ; even the travellers who gave me shelter have not escaped disaster."

Oppressed by these thoughts she walked straight on and reached the city of the king, who was famous for the justice and generosity of his rule. The boys of the city gathered round her as she walked to the king's gate ; from the terrace the queen saw the poor and sorrowful lady in the crowd, and was moved with pity and sent a servant to bring her in the palace. When she heard Damayavanti's story her heart melted with compassion, and she entreated her to stay with her, promising to institute a very careful search after Nala and inviting her to be her guest until his return ; she sent a message to her father, who came and carried Damayavanti home ; Damayavanti consented to stay with her father, but would neither sleep on a bed nor eat from a gold plate. She made her bed of straw in one corner of her magnificent apartment and ate from a leaf of plantain, refusing all good dishes and contenting herself with the coarsest kind of food, and often remaining without it, thinking of her lost lord.

Nala in the meantime, had passed through the forest, meeting many adventures, and had at last entered the service of the king of Oudh. His handsome face and skill in training wild horses soon drew the attention of the king, who raised him to the rank of his own charioteer and companion. He often played dice with him, and thus Nala came to learn all the secrets of the gambler's art. The enquiries instituted by Damayavanti's father brought no trace of the lost Nala. Only once a lady from the kingdom of Oudh visited Damayavanti, and talked of the strange skill and peerless beauty of the king's charioteer. Damayavanti questioned her closely and became sure that the charioteer was no one but her own lost lord, but how to draw him home and make him reveal his identity she did not know. After some time she hit upon a plan and had a private message sent to the king of Oudh that as the heroic Nala was no more, Damayavanti would hold another Swamvar and choose a second husband.

The king at once ordered his chariot and spoke to Nala about it : what words can describe the anger and despair of Nala ; he reviled in his mind the fickleness of women. With a heart torn with anguish he drove the king to her father's house. When the king entered the palace he remained by the chariot, burning with anger and determined to avenge himself. But Damayavanti had seen him from the window and imme-

ately sent a slave girl to talk to the charioteer. The maid servant came and talked of nothing but his beauty. He is beautiful like Krishna said she, before Krishna's face was darkened by the hissing of the serpent: he is restless like mercury, she added; he picked some flowers and held them in his hands, but the flowers instead of withering became gayer and more odorous.

Damayavanti was in despair, she did not know what to do to send back the king of Oudh and get Nala to come back to her. She thought of many a plan, but her impatience would brook no delay.. At last in utter despair she threw off all modesty, ran through the courtyard to the outer gate, where she threw herself on the feet of the charioteer. The wanderer was subdued, and the floodgates of his affections being opened, he raised his wife into his arms, and the lovers who had been separated so long, wept and rejoiced together.

"So ends the story," said the Nawab.

"It is a beautiful story," said the Begum, "you see how constant women are; when they love, they love with all their heart, all their life long, while men soon forget their love."

"It is a touching story," said the Nawab "and speaks highly of the Hindu customs. I do not know why they have given up the holding of Swamvar."

"It was a beautiful custom," murmured she, "so simple and pure. Nala and Damayavanti met again, as we have," she added, "and were united for ever. How beautiful it must have been. I wish I might pass on before the light of your love is darkened by a cloud."

"Are you so eager to leave me?" he asked, "how cruel of you to think so. Look at Damayavanti, she never thought of anything but her love."

"These days which I have spent with you," feebly murmured she, "have opened to me a new world. I feel as if by departing this life I will be re-united with you, so little I am now jealous of you. Who can love you as I have loved? I can close my eyes happily on this world."

The Nawab sobbed, and then bending over her bed clasped her to his breast.

The sun was sinking in the lap of the blue clouds which were fringed with silver and suffused with golden dust. The birds were returning and twittering about their nests on the feathery bamboo groves, their little voices fading into stillness of the evening, and filling it with peace and hope over which was now rising, calm and serene, the first star of the evening like a glowing flower on the grave of the day.

"Beloved," murmured the Begum, casting one last look towards the sun. "My course is run, you love me and I close my eyes with the sweet consciousness that you love me."

"Beloved," said the Nawab, "speak not to me like this."

But she had closed her eyes, her small head nestled in his arms like a delicate flower that had shed its last perfume.

(To be concluded.)

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ABDUL BEHA.*

ABDUL BEHA, the living spiritual head of the Behai Church, is about sixty-four years old. The time of his birth coincided with the period of the Bab's proclamation and the first persecutions of the believers in a creed which threatens, in years to come, to absorb the faith of Mahomed. The life story of Mohamed Ali, the Bab, that mystic youth nurtured in the rose-flavoured atmosphere of Shiraz, is known to most of us. His death was the signal for a series of persecutions which culminated in the compulsory exile of Subh-e-Ezel and Mirza Hussein from Persia into Turkish territory. Mirza Hussein proclaimed himself as the prophesied Manifestation. The brothers fell out, the Turkish Government separated them, sending one to Famagusta in Cyprus and Mirza Hussein to Akka, now the new Jerusalem. It was from this place, fit for convicts, that Mirza Hussein proclaimed the tenets of the new faith, far and wide. Of the new religion he was the Christ, of which the Bab was John the Baptist. This simile is too often quoted by the Behais of to-day. He became Beha Ullah, the Glory of God. He lived a life of utmost simplicity, passing his days and nights in a state of godliness. From this prison-house he addressed epistles to various sovereigns, inviting them to the new faith, two of which—to the Emperor Napoleon before Sedan and to the late Shah of Persia—proved prophetic in their suggestions. To the Western scholar or enthusiast the Bab was the head priest of the new religion that had sprung in the heart of Persia, while its followers were called Babis. Babi has now become a condemnatory or contemptuous term used by the devout fanatic Moslem. The adherents of the new religion are now known as Behais, and the very few Ezelis who are followers of Subh-e-Ezel and the seceders who follow Mahomed Ali, the brother of Abdul Beha, are named non-believers or Nakazain.

* Some Answered Questions - collected and translated from the Persian of Abdul-Baha, by Laura Clifford Barney (Kegan Paul & Co.).

Les Lecons de Saint-Jean-d'Acre, translated by Hippolyte Dreyfus.

Beha Ullah died in 1892. His son Abbas Effendi, known in the lifetime of his father as the Master, assumed the name of Abdul Beha, the slave of Beha. Beha Ullah by his last testament as disclosed in the Book of Covenant appointed him as his successor. Mr. Browne, who saw him at Akka in 1890, described him then as a tall, strongly built man, straight as an arrow, with a broad prominent forehead and eyes keen as a hawk's. Gifted with great eloquence, none equalled or equal his knowledge of the *Koran*. His life from his childhood till this day has been one long series of charitable deeds and acts. Of recent years hundreds of Christians, mostly Americans and Frenchmen, have been to Akka as on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, but somehow not one of them has given a book narrating in detail the life of the Master at Akka and of his little family. The student who is not a Behai, but has the curiosity to probe into the secrets of this new religion, searches in vain for documents that may enlighten him on many unknown points in the Master's life, of his brothers and his sisters, his wives and his children. In America and Paris, in Persia and Turkey, on the dark continent and in Japan, in Burmah and India, the new creed has its adherents. In Bombay there are over a hundred Behais, mostly Zoroastrians. They guard their writings, notably the works of Beha, with the jealous eyes of ecstatic lovers, and would not let an infidel gaze at them too long. This trait seems to be in direct opposition to the principles of the Master who from his corner at Akka circulates letters and tablets among the faithful, and there, in his home of many years, mixes with men of all religions. He never puts the cloak on his face; he never hides his soul.

The book before us is a translation from the Persian of his many tablets and of his discourses or table-talk. It is published with the Master's approval and is principally meant for the Christian world. Behaism is a universal religion; at least it aspires to be so. Its principles are so simple that to whatever religion we belong, we, for a time, cannot help feeling that we, in truth, are Behais. One section of the book is given to Christian subjects. The Persians are the most metaphysical people alive. Abdul Beha dislikes metaphysical dissertations. His style is terse, subtle, but simple and clear. He was the scribe of his father. The words of some of his little letters, notelets to the faithful in Persia, particularly that oft-quoted letter to Jamshid, are strung together like so many quivering hearts. He recognises the perfections of Jesus; Christ was born of the Holy Spirit. But is it as conceived by the dogmatists? "The honour and greatness of Christ," he observes in a discourse, "is not due to the fact that he did not have a

human father, but to his perfections, bounties and divine glory. If the greatness of Christ is his being fatherless, then Adam is greater than Christ, for he had neither father nor mother." An observation like this would have indeed brought joy to the much oppressed heart of Renan. Discoursing on the necessity of Baptism, he emphasises the necessity of altered requirements. What was good five hundred years ago is not good for this age. A time comes when laws are no longer suitably adapted to changed conditions. There are ten sentences of death in the Pentateuch. Would it be possible, he questions, to keep these laws in our time? "The subject needs deep thought Blessed are those who reflect!" The explanation of the symbol of the Bread and the Wine is not theologically elaborate; but it would nevertheless heal many a nonconformist wound. The religion of Beha is not spiritually mystic. How practical it is can be judged from the discourses of the Master. He does not laugh at miracles. Miracles are in the powers of the prophets. But do not, he says, ask for their proof. Do not dream miracles where the facts are simple. "Whenever it is recorded in the Holy Books," he observes, "that such an one was blind and recovered his sight, the meaning is that he was inwardly blind, and that he obtained spiritual vision, or that he was ignorant and became wise, or that he was negligent and became heedful, or that he was worldly and became heavenly." So too his explanation of the Resurrection and the theory of Predestination is characterised by sound common sense.

We commend to the notice of every reader of this book the tablet on Adam and Eve. Knowledge, he says, is essential to life; it is essential to religion. Religion must not oppose knowledge. It is this that makes him condemn the papal see. "Happy are those," he concludes the letter explaining Peter's confession, "who spend their days in gaining knowledge, in discovering the secrets of nature, and in penetrating the subtleties of pure truth! Woe to those who are contented with ignorance, whose hearts are gladdened by thoughtless imitation, who have fallen into the lowest depths of ignorance and foolishness, and who have wasted their lives."

In the section which illustrates the necessity and influence of prophets, Abdul Beha attempts to prove by chapter and verse the prophecy about the coming of Beha Ullah. In the hierarchy of God's Chosen, from Abraham down to the Prisoner of Akka, we curiously enough miss the name of Zoroaster. If we rightly remember, Zoroaster's name occurs only once in the book before us. Is it because the tablets and the discourses embodied in this book are intended primarily for the

Christian? The prophet's place in the universe, or rather his necessity, is based thus. Education, according to the Master, is of three kinds: material, human and spiritual or divine. Divine education is the true education. It is the supreme goal of the world of humanity. "Now we need," he observes, "an educator who will be at the same time a material, human and spiritual educator, and whose authority will be effective in all conditions It is clear that human power is not able to fill such a great office, and that the reason alone could not undertake the responsibility of so great a mission One Holy soul gives life to the world of humanity, changes the aspect of the terrestrial globe, causes intelligence to progress, vivifies souls, lays the foundation of a new existence, establishes the basis of a marvellous creation, organises the world, brings nations and religions under the shadow of one standard, delivers man from the world of imperfections and vices, and inspires him with the desire and need of natural and acquired perfections Certainly, nothing short of a divine power could accomplish so great a work." The prophet comes with the cause of God at his heart. He is capable of giving to mortals proofs of his prophethood. But is it fair to demand of him miracles? The Master quotes a clever reply made by Beha Ullah to some questioning *ulmas* who demanded of him a miracle. "You have no right to ask this, for God should test His creatures, and they should not test God. The cause of God is not a theatrical display that is presented every hour, of which some new diversion may be asked for every day. If it were thus, the cause of God would become mere child's play."

The fourth section of the book deals with the origin, powers and conditions of man. In it is found much food for students of natural history and philosophy. As we have observed, the Master is not elaborate and dissertative. He is terse and simple in his suggestions. This is how he distinguishes mind and spirit. "Mind is the power of the human spirit. Spirit is the lamp; mind is the light which shines from the lamp. Spirit is the tree, and the mind is the fruit. Mind is the perfection of the spirit, and is its essential quality, as the sun's rays are the essential necessity of the sun." His explanation of the differences in the characters of men and his theory of the religion of movement are very striking. In that little discourse on the evolution of man in the other world, and the answers he gives to some questions relating to the existence of the soul after the death of the body, are to be found all the philosophy of the old and the new schools of thought. Of fate and free-will, of reincarnation and pantheism, he talks with the

subtlety of a convincing philosopher; while the passage we quote from his long discourse on the Prophet's Seasons illustrates in a marked way the simplicity of his diction as well as the depth of his intellect :—

"Only the name of the religion of God remains, and the exoteric forms of the divine teachings. The foundations of the religion of God are destroyed and annihilated, and nothing but forms and customs exist. Divisions appear, firmness is changed into instability and spirits become dead; hearts languish, souls become inert, and winter arrives; that is to say, the coldness of ignorance envelops the world and the darkness of human error prevails. After this come indifference, disobedience, inconsiderateness, indolence, baseness, animal instincts, and the coldness and insensibility of stones. It is like the season of winter when the terrestrial globe, deprived of the effect of the heat of the sun, becomes desolate and dreary. When the world of intelligence and thought has reached to this state, there remain only continual death and perpetual non-existence. When the season of winter has had its effect, again the spiritual springtime returns, and a new cycle appears. Spiritual breezes blow, the luminous dawn gleams, the divine clouds give rain, the rays of the sun of reality shine forth, the contingent world attains unto a new life, and is clad in a wonderful garment. All the signs and gifts of the past springtime reappear, with perhaps even greater splendour in this new season."

An inquiry into such fine, thoughtful writings will repay the reader. The author of these writings is a pious holy man. His French translator calls him the Saint of Acre. This he assuredly is. He is perhaps the most remarkable man living on the face of this earth. The eyes of ten million people are turned towards him, while he, from that distant prison, calls himself by no greater name than that of the slave of Beha. He is the successor of Beha Ullah, and now the spiritual head of Behais. Of Behaism it may be truly said that it is the religion of supreme common sense.

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Bombay.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Literary Activity in India.

Those who express their disappointment from time to time that fifty years of higher education have not produced Indian writers of originality or power, who may be counted on one's fingers' ends, may with profit read Mr. E. F. Oten's *Appreciation of the Chief Productions of Anglo-Indian Literature*, in which the critic opines that most of the literary work of Anglo-Indian writers is marked with the stamp of mediocrity. Edwin Arnold and Rudyard Kipling, Meadows Taylor and Mrs. F. A. Steel, Alfred Lyall and others that could be easily mentioned are exceptions to the rule, and some of these, while technically classed as Anglo-Indians, did not labour under those well-known difficulties which tend to suppress the literary genius of the white exile in the tropics. Most of these difficulties are common to Anglo-Indians and educated Indians alike. Most Englishmen come to India to make money and their energies have to be devoted primarily to that end, if they would succeed in life and make a decent provision for their old age. John Leyden, a promising poet and scholar who was cut off in his early years, sang long ago in his *Ode to an Indian Gold Coin* :

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true ;
I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.

The climate is enervating, and much of the work in which the mind has to be steeped, notwithstanding the relief afforded by personal assistants and Sherastedars, is of a leaden and uninspiring character. As a rule, literary men are supposed to be too eccentric to be entrusted with high administrative duties. Even in England one has to make a choice between literature and politics, and only a

few men of exceptional talents and energy, like Disraeli and Gladstone in modern times, and Burke and Macaulay in earlier generations, not to go further back into history, have made a name for themselves in both spheres. The talent may exist, but the energy is vouchsafed to few under the Indian sun. Fifty years ago life in India was perhaps full of interest, and even excitement: now the universal complaint is that the European official has no time even to cultivate personal relations with the natives of the country and understand what is working in their minds, for, in the words of Bignold, he has to—

Explain why this was entered, that omitted,
 Why A was flogged, why B acquitted ;
 Note whence this shameful error of three pai,
 And why Ram Chandra did not dot an "i."

The subjects which Anglo-Indian writers are fitted to handle do not generally interest the reading public in England, and the readers here are too few to gratify the ambition of the author who is human enough to write for fame. Anglo-Indians write mostly for the delectation of their own countrymen: they seem to care as little for the approval and admiration of purely Indian readers as for that of Zulus or Negroes. There is so little of intellectual and social sympathy between Europeans and Natives that from the standpoint of the author they might as well live on two separate planets. The Anglo-Indian educationist may believe himself to be charged with a mission to elevate a backward race to a higher degree of civilisation, or at any rate to assist in the blending of two civilisations, each with its own leading ideas and its contributions to the sum-total of human knowledge. The Anglo-Indian author would in most cases acknowledge no such mission: he would be content to help his brother-exile to beguile a weary hour under the swing of the lazy punkah. The West is interpreted to the Indian by English writers: the literary Anglo-Indian's task would be rather the reverse—to interpret India to his countrymen in the West. Even if he wrote for Indian readers, it must be confessed that he would not find a large circle of them, whose appreciation would adequately reward his labours. Very narrow, indeed, is the circle of those who would pay for his books, unless they were prescribed for the university examinations! Such are the disadvantages under which the Anglo-

Indian with a literary turn of mind, especially for poetry or fiction, labours. And similar are the conditions which offer themselves to the educated Indian, who is expected to nourish the mind of his country with new food.

Most educated Indians are absorbed in the routine duties of their offices even more deeply than their European superiors. Their domestic and social surroundings are not particularly inspiring, unless they wish to shine as satirists. A society in transition produces declaimers and lampooners more abundantly than it gives birth to poets and seers, especially when the transition takes place under modern conditions which leave no room for romance and heroism. The little eddies on the surface of society attract the literary aspirant more than those eternal problems and Homeric passions which strike a responsive chord in all breasts and in all ages, and lend such a deep and abiding interest to the creations of the great masters of literary craft in all countries. The reading circle is limited, and within this narrow circle the competition of European writers has to be reckoned with. Indian literary compositions suffer as much from this competition as Indian manufactures. Not only is English literature vast and varied: English literary patterns and the English language present charms which the Indian vernaculars cannot emulate, even in dealing with Indian themes and thoughts of Indian origin. It would be the despair of any writer in the Indian vernaculars to compress so much poetry within so small a compass as Sir Edwin Arnold has managed to squeeze into his description of that glory of India's landscape, the snowy abode of India's gods:—

Northwards soared

The stainless ramps of huge Himalay's wall,
Ranged in white ranks against the blue—untrod,
Infinite, wonderful—whose uplands vast,
And lifted universe of crest and crag,
Shoulder and shelf, green slope and icy horn,
Riven ravine, and splintered precipice,
Led climbing thought higher, higher, until
It seemed to stand in heaven and speak with gods.

The Indian languages often require the elaborate machinery of sentences where the English language would need only a few pregnant words. The trick of condensing little poems in a

few metaphorical words is peculiar to the genius of the language of Shakespeare and Shelley, and it will take a long time before the Indian tongues can learn and adopt it without offending orthodoxy. Even without the adventitious aid of a rich and plastic vocabulary, the skill with which the English writer can weave his thought-fabrics with the raw materials supplied by India surpasses anything attempted in the same line by India's literary artists in the past. Nothing in Indian thought lends itself to a more beautiful combination of poetry and philosophy than the creations and deceptions of Maya. Yet few Indian sages, wishing to pierce the veil of that subtle Power, have burst into an apostrophe more deeply suffused with poetry than the hymn to Narayana, in which Sir William Jones, the first great Anglo-Indian scholar, addresses the Enchantress thus :—

Blue crystal vault, and elemental fires,
That in the ethereal fluid blaze and breathe ;
Thou tossing main, whose snaky branches wreath
This pensile orb with intertwined gyres ;
Mountains, whose radiant spires
Presumptuous rear their summits to the skies,
And blend their emerald hue with sapphire light ;
Smooth meads and lawns, that glow with varying dyes,
Of dew-bespangled leaves and blossoms bright ;
Hence ! vanish from my sight !

It is not that the Indian cannot, if he accepts the fashion, throw into his philosophy the illuminating dyes of a Rembrandt, but it has not been the fashion with him, especially in later times when philosophy was dominated by the spirit of asceticism. The ascetic thinker dislikes the luxury of poetry and starves his philosophy into the gaunt anatomy of a Sudama. The Western lover of good living—and a character in a recent novel tells an Eastern man that every great nation must be a nation of good eaters—would not complete the picture without covering its bones with the flesh and blood of sensuous poetry, and covering its nakedness with the folds of an oriental suit. The superior art of the European writer places the Svadeshi author at a disadvantage.

A study of the quarterly catalogues of Indian publications, compiled in each province by the Government Curator, is always instruc-

tive. The catalogues give us no idea of the quality of the workmanship, but they tell us the nature of the subjects which engage the minds of those who are not content to flash their light upon the world through the columns of a newspaper, but must bestow upon their creations the comparative longevity of a book, stitched and bound, though it may be sold at only a few annas per copy. The Bengalis take the lead in literary as in other spheres where intellectual fertility and fervour are required more than business capacity or physical endurance. During the three months to which the last published catalogue relates, 3 of the dramas and 5 of the works of fiction registered in Bengal dealt with social topics; 2 of the dramas and 2 of the novels are said to have imitated "English models." Publications of this kind are characteristic of a period when society is in transition, and the impact of a new civilisation is felt in almost every concern of life. No fewer than 13 works of fiction are described as "detective stories." Thirteen is not a large number in itself. Detective stories are common enough in English periodicals, and no railway stall would be complete without them. Yet, considered in relation to the output of other classes of books, the number of detective stories may raise a suspicion that the demand for sensational literature, as that for foreign liquors, is on the increase. Equally characteristic of the period are publications such as a history of the independence of the American and European States; an essay on boycott and Svadeshi; another on modern warfare, arms and ammunition; lyrical poems on patriotic subjects and the present condition of the country; and a lyrical monologue on Sivaji's attempt to put down Mogul misrule. The "present condition of the country" has been a favourite theme with authors and orators ever since English education taught men to compare the state of society in India with that in Europe. Indeed, Native writers of pre-British days were also for centuries in the habit of bewailing the "present condition" of the country and comparing it with the golden age when righteousness flourished, the rains never failed, the beggar's bowl was never empty, men grew tall and lived long, and women were personifications of virtue. Derozio, a Eurasian teacher who seems to have wielded considerable influence on young Bengal in his day, and who taught his students and native friends how to appreciate European ways, European literature, and even European articles

of diet, is quoted by Mr. Oten as lamenting patriotically, in his "Fakir of Jungheera," over the decadent condition of his motherland, and apostrophising :

My country, in thy day of glory past
 A beauteous halo circled round thy brow,
 And worshipped as a deity thou wast,—
 Where is that glory, where that reverence now ?
 The eagle pinion is chained down at last,
 And grovelling in the lowly dust art thou :
 The minstrel hath no wreath to weave for thee,
 Save the sad story of thy misery.

The chains which the young reformers felt pressing heavily on their feet in those days were the chains of custom, of ignorance, and superstition. The young eagles of to-day aspire for freedom of a somewhat different kind. In the opinion of many, the recent developments of patriotism in some quarters are diverting the intellectual energies of the young into channels worse than unprofitable, and literature is bound to suffer. There is, however, every reason to believe that this phenomenon is temporary, and the sudden ebullition of a new-born patriotism will subside when experience teaches wisdom and restores a consciousness of the strong and overwhelming current of history which is making for the common good of mankind under British rule in this land.

The true Svadeshi literature of India is not English writing, but the employment of the vernaculars of the country. There are some who look forward to the day when the vernaculars would be either extinguished or relegated to the kitchen and the bazaar, and English would be the common instrument of all higher thinking and of all public business. That day may arrive after the vernaculars have once flourished and declined. They are not declining now : on the other hand, as primary education spreads, there is every reason to believe that educated men will devote themselves more and more to the patriotic, and maybe paying, work of developing the vernacular literatures. The demand for newspapers is increasing, and that for books will be equally great. The literary capacity of a people cannot be judged from performances in a foreign language. It would be about as reasonable to expect Indians to secure a conspicuous place among the makers of English literature as to expect

literary Englishmen to carve for themselves a niche in the temples where Homer and Virgil, Kalidasa and Confucius lie enshrined. Vernacular literatures are developing along their own lines, neither breaking away abruptly from the past in imitating and assimilating the works which are popular with the educated classes, nor maintaining a slavish conformity with the forms and ideas of the past. The heaviest debt which the vernaculars will owe to English literature will not consist of words, for which there are no equivalents, but literary modes and ideals. From the English language the stylist will one day borrow the witchcraft of making little words alive with imagery by a free use of that figure of speech which has been rather neglected in India in the past—metaphor. To Edwin Arnold, among Anglo-Indians, we shall owe the art of clothing dry metaphysics in the garb of poetry. Rudyard Kipling shall teach us how to observe every little detail of native life, and to invest with a “moral value” the life of a street-boy as that of a Lama.

CURRENT EVENTS.

All India has been reading with parted lips and bated breath the remarkable evidence given by a witness at the Alipore trials. No opinion can be expressed by the public at the present stage on the probability or otherwise of the conspiracy deposed to by the witness, with the extent of its alleged ramifications. The sensational character of his revelations has been further heightened by the arrests made by the police. These include persons revered for their learning and young men of good family connections. Explosives to be carried about in cocoanut shells in the place of the begging bowl of the Sannyasi ; Viceroys and Governors to be blown up ; Europeans to be indiscriminately destroyed ; terrorism to be spread everywhere—how daring the programme, how reckless of human life, how tragic in the blindness and callosity of the idea fixed in the young mind ! The Viceroy acknowledged the other day the ignorance of what passes in the native mind, prevailing among Europeans. This ignorance is not confined to them. How many leading Natives knew that bombs were coming ? The evidence may be true or it may be false—at the present stage it is not for the public to pronounce on its value. But it shows the possibilities of political developments in India—possibilities that may remain long unsuspected by Natives as well as Europeans. The fiftieth anniversary of the Great Sepoy Mutiny has not witnessed another upheaval of disaffection in the same part of the social crust : it has witnessed in a different quarter something akin to an eruption. While hot ashes and lava have been belched forth in the delta of united Ganges and Brahmaputra, steam and mud have been thrown out in other parts of the Continent. Mud volcanoes are not very dangerous : the geologist may say that they are even useful. But the sanguine prophet is silenced and the confident

orator is made thoughtful by the grave reflection, how much of heat may lie pent up in the vast mass of humanity known as the peoples of India, and in what terrific forms it may escape where the overlying crust gives way.



The Government has adopted prompt measures, of the usual sort, to arrest the spread of the mischief which was hitherto unsuspected. An Act, similar to that which was passed in England by the Liberal Government soon after the Phoenix Park murders, has been enacted with a view to the prevention, by severe penalties, of the manufacture and unlawful possession of explosive substances. It is said that the facilities available for the manufacture of explosives in this country are as great as in any other, and the vigilance of the police will be put to a severe test in making the Explosives Act a real success. Another measure passed on the same day and with equal urgency is intended to prevent by special penalties incitements to murder and violence by newspapers. One newspaper had persisted, in spite of repeated prosecutions under the ordinary law, in preaching the gospel of terrorism, and it appeared from the confessions of some of the young men arrested that exhortations of that kind are not mere cries in the wilderness, but they operate too surely upon large numbers of impressionable young minds. The main provision introduced by the new Act enables magistrates, at the instance of Government, to confiscate the press where the offending newspaper was printed, so that a repetition of the offence might not be possible without further expenditure of money. The collection of money and the setting up of a press must at least involve a delay which would cripple a newspaper campaign of violence and terrorism. Money also will not be forthcoming in abundance for purposes which will do nobody any good. Handbills printed surreptitiously at some friendly press are not touched by the new law, but the mischief that they can do is not comparable with the influence which a newspaper, appearing every day or every week, with its budget of seductive news and articles, is apt to wield over the public mind. The handbill gives out the mind of one writer: the newspaper is supposed to represent a school or a party, and therefore makes converts more easily. How the Act will work, it is difficult to divine at present. The Secretary of State has

promised to watch its operation carefully and report the results to Parliament. The Act which was passed in Lord Lytton's time to control the vernacular press was found to be practically a dead letter, and it was abolished. The threat of confiscation of presses may have the desired deterrent effect, and the Act may remain as a curiosity or a scarecrow on the statute-book. The utility of a penal law is not to be measured by the number of prosecutions conducted or orders passed under it : its deterrent effect is equally a test of its value.



What object could any one have in blowing up a Viceroy or in killing a few Europeans ? None, said the witness in the Alipore trials, except that the European rulers would be compelled to realise their position in India and yield readily to the wishes of the people, whenever these find any strong and decided expression. Whether this be so or not, there are Europeans who seem to think that their prestige would be lost and their position would be weakened if any administrative reforms of a liberal and sympathetic nature were introduced at this juncture, precisely because the agitators would imagine that the concessions were extorted by putting the Government in fear. They believe in presenting a bold front and in the perilous inexpediency of showing any real or imagined signs of fear. This school of thinkers has charged Viscount Morley and Lord Minto with cowardice. The critics of the Government's policy in pursuing the scheme of reforms, however, ignore the real sequence of events. The reforms were proposed before anything was known or suspected about the manufacture of bombs or the hatching of murderous conspiracies. Agitation of some sort or another there has, indeed, been for a considerable time past ; but the agitators have been asking for one thing and the Government proposes to give something so very different from it that, whether the concessions please the agitators or not, there is no likelihood of their imagining or boasting that they have succeeded in putting the Government in fear, and their recommending a persistence in a similar policy in future. Not only does the Government's scheme bear upon it the impress of an independent desire to associate the people, as far as may be, with the management of their country's affairs : the determination to put down sedition in the press, which must be patent to every observer of current events,

disproves totally the charge of cowardice. The only basis for that charge, which has any degree of plausibility in it, is perhaps that the Government has not strictly enforced its published views on the undesirability of students participating in active politics. But the hesitation of the Government is easy to explain. It is not easy for educational authorities to enforce any discipline outside college and school without the co-operation of parents, under whose control the students remain. The first step in enforcing discipline of that kind is to extend the system of the boarding-houses or hostels connected with colleges and schools. It is not by rustication on police information that the Universities can effectually control the behaviour of students. The Universities should not be allies of the police : they must perfect an independent machinery of their own to watch and to guide the conduct of the rising generation. The perfection of such machinery requires time.



Apart from the Simla scheme of reforms and the Decentralisation Commission, several of the local Governments have already taken steps to entrust more power to the people in the management of their local affairs, and to anticipate and minimise the usual criticism in the Legislative Councils. In Madras the practice of consulting the non-official members before finally submitting the local budget to the Government of India has already been introduced. It will be followed in Bombay from next year, and there is no doubt that other provinces will one after another adopt a similar policy, where they have not already done so. In Bombay, again, it is proposed to increase the proportion of elected members in the municipalities to two-thirds, and to allow them generally to elect their own presidents. This is a distinct step in the direction of promoting popular Government. Care will be taken to see that the executive vigour and wisdom of the municipalities does not deteriorate too much, and also to see that the self-governing bodies do not entirely get out of hand. In Madras it is proposed to introduce a larger measure of popular election not only in the municipalities, but also in the taluka and district boards. Thus the broadening of the basis of Government is being gradually and steadily carried out. And the men at the helm almost everywhere are known for their broad sympathies and sound judgment.

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THE WORLD'S TASK TO-DAY.

THE East and the West are the natural complement of each other. Of like race they have developed under conditions so different, and so far apart in time, that on meeting they seem strangers the width of the world apart. Each appears inscrutable to the other ; but the moment we quit externals, the mere surface of things, and approach the inner realities, the great problems of existence, then we begin to understand and approach each other, to speak the same language, to think the same thoughts. When East and West approach in thought, the great underlying Unity, then they approach the essentials, and surface differences lose their dividing power. The approach may be on the lines of Science, Philosophy, or Religion ; or even by way of Poetry, or the elemental emotions. Religion is one, yet its surface manifestations have been the great dividers, the inspirers and intensifiers of race hatreds. But the general trend of religious thought is towards the universal truths underlying surface formalism ; and it is too often forgotten that the great religion of the West—Christianity—came from the East, as did most of our philosophy. Science speaks alike to all scientifically educated minds ; and its results, as far as they go, are of universal application. But, at present, the nearest approach that can be made by East and West is on philosophical grounds ; and the need is for the union of the philosophic outlook with popular exposition.

The most pregnant and illuminating thought I have met in Western philosophy was first put in popular form by that great philosopher, Fichte, one of the brightest intellects of all time, "the cold, colossal, adamantⁿe spirit, standing erect and clear like a Cato Major among degenerate men ; fit to have discoursed of Beauty and Virtue in the Groves of Academe," as Carlyle said of him. But Fichte was more than a century ahead of his time, and the value of this thought has not been realised, or it has been strangely overlooked ;

yet in the last analysis it is implicit in the theory of Evolution which is accepted and has transformed Western thought. By developing Fichte's idea in the light of later knowledge and later events, we can get in rough outline a chart of humanity's progress for centuries to come, and we can discern the right task for to-day. By taking our tasks in the right order and at the right time, we "hitch our chariot to a star," as Emerson would say, and our work increasingly prospers; but if we take them in the wrong order, and at the wrong time, or hurry them, we are checked by reaction, or we see our efforts wasted, and we sink into pessimistic discouragement.

Fichte held that there is a definite plan underlying the turmoil of events; a Divine Idea which unfolds itself through the ages; and that it is the business of the philosopher, or teacher, to discern the outline of this plan, and to interpret it to his age for the guidance of practical endeavour. How marvellously Fichte did this for his own age is seen in the fact that for a whole century events have followed his predictions as if his words were a resistless fiat compelling their own fulfilment, rather than the speculations of a philosopher. True insight is shown by the power of prediction it confers; whereas from the ordinary "practical" standpoint "it is always the unexpected that happens," and we are continually warned "not to prophesy unless we know." The Divine Idea is implicit in the theory of Evolution, as already said; we merely interpret it in higher terms. But we can meet the Agnostic on his own ground and say: Given the constitution of the Cosmos, of man and his environment, and the impelling forces as we know them; then things and events *must* move on in a certain direction, and our power of prediction—on large general lines—will be in the exact ratio of our insight into the real nature of man and his environment.

As in the natural world, the play of conflict and of organic forces results in the steady improvement of organisms; so in the human world there is a great purpose which is always furthered, act as blindly as we may. Nature, like a beneficent despot, prompts to it by high missionary self-sacrifice, allures by greed and ambition, and compels by the scorpion-whips of poverty and the pressure of over-population. The ultimate purpose is Universal Organisation; all must organise or go under—or remain so. Organisation is the foundation of civilisation; and we often mistake the gaunt foundations for the real

edifice, and lay ourselves open to the charge of "civilising" by comparatively barbaric means, and we involve ourselves in curious contradictions. The essential condition for the realisation of the highest ideals, for all true progress, is that these foundations of civilisation must be world-wide, and until they are so, true civilisation, the higher morality, and social ideals are held in check. Isolation is impossible; all the world must be brought into touch, and all must keep step on pain of subjection. Nothing but organisation can resist organisation, and until there is equilibrium war, aggression, and oppression will go on. Fichte says:—

"It is the vocation of our race to unite itself into a single body, all the parts of which shall be thoroughly known to each other, and all possessed of similar culture. Nature, and even the passions and vices of men have, from the beginning, tended towards this end; a great part of the way towards it is already passed, and we may surely calculate that this end, which is the condition of all further progress, will in time be attained. . . . Until the existing culture of every age shall have been diffused over the whole inhabited globe, and our race become capable of the most unlimited inter-communication with itself, one nation or one continent must pause on the great common path of progress, and wait for the advance of the others, and each must bring as an offering to the universal commonwealth, for the sake of which alone it exists, its ages of apparent immobility or retrogression. When that first point shall have been attained, when every useful discovery made at one end of the earth shall be at once made known and communicated to all the rest, then, without further interruption, without halt or regress, with united strength and equal step, humanity shall move onward to a higher culture, of which we can at present form no conception." *

This brilliant conception of the vocation of humanity sends a flash-light through the whole range of history, and shows the meaning and significance of all ancient and modern movements. We see the East whose history stretches back into the night of time, attaining a very high stage of civilisation and culture, while the West was sunk in barbarism. But the purely Eastern progress was arrested, while its influence swept round the world. The West having received a vivifying touch from the East started on its own lines of deve-

lopment ; these were complementary, or supplementary, supplying the deficiencies of the earlier developments. The westerners came to closer grips with the rougher realities, and generated expansive energy of a very aggressive type. Proud of their achievements in scientific, commercial, and warlike developments, and conscious of power, they blindly took up the very task which the philosopher points to as the essentials of the higher progress ; that of bringing the whole world into touch. Inspired by varied aims, and using diverse means, the end is always the same. The missionary with his religious mandate, the wild adventurer seeking excitement, the military caste lusting for promotion and the glory of conquest, the trader thirsting for gain, all unconsciously carry forward the great plan. The lure of gold or precious stones tempt men to brave the blistering heat of sun-drenched continents, or the frost fiends of ice-locked lands. The fascination of the unknown impels the explorer to the ends of the earth regardless of hardship and danger. Science removes the natural checks to population, and people breed beyond the means of subsistence, and cause an expansive pressure which forces men to leave all that is dear to them to seek new homes in new worlds. The ever-expanding "Civilisation" cannot tolerate barbarism on its borders, and it exercises repressive overlordship, compelling peace by war and threat of war ! Aggression begets aggression, and other nations follow the leader's example in rivalry or in self-defence. Fear compels precautionary measures against attack ; and the construction of roads and railways is feverishly pushed forward ; wires and cables are laid, even where there is little hope of immediate profit. These are the veins, arteries, and nerves of the organism which is the goal of universal organisation. Thus we see that all the great driving forces of humanity unite to impel men to carry forward the real task of to-day, that of making our race "capable of the most unlimited inter-communication with itself."

Now, when any work is carried forward so resistlessly, by forces so diverse, inspired by motives equally diverse and contradictory, we are compelled to regard this as Nature's purpose; or the Will of God if you prefer that term. Although this is all so obvious when once pointed out, it comes as a startling surprise to find that Nature does not leave her purpose to the precarious agency of the preacher, to morality or good intentions ; but these and all the energising pas-

sions of men, good, bad and indifferent, are over-ruled to the one end, to the carrying out of the Divine Plan.

This throws a new light on the question of progress. Some of our foremost thinkers are pessimistic on this subject, pointing to the great men of old to show that we are not superior intellectually to them. It is urged, too, that we are not morally better, or happier than our forefathers ; while we have introduced many evils which were unknown of old. But this is a wrong standpoint ; although progress has an upward tendency, its trend to-day is to spread laterally, to lay the foundations for the future upward advance ; to spread existing knowledge, culture, and institutions over the widest space ; to awaken and energise slumbering or backward races ; to bring the whole world into touch. This is the task of the time, and the progress on these lines is amazing ; the great nations are carrying forward this work with the fiercest, the most sleepless energy of which they are capable. While barbarism exists in any part of the world, civilisation is tainted by it, and held in check, and we are compelled to suppress barbarism even by barbaric means. While this rough pioneering work has to be done rough means will be employed ; and each stage of the world's work should have its own ethic. We involve ourselves in endless contradiction and inconsistency by applying the higher morality of a later stage of civilisation to a lower, a preparatory stage ; the realisation of the higher depends on the proper carrying out of the work of the lower, which thus carries its own justification. The opening up of new lands, the subduing of barbarism, even by conquest, or the establishment of " Protectorates," is really a heavy educational task which would be shirked even by the most aggressive nations if they could count the ultimate cost to themselves. They really educate and stimulate the conquered peoples to organise themselves, sink their internal differences, and throw off the foreign overlordship ; to throw off the foreign yoke ; or to send their foreign schoolmaster about his business when he has done his work. These are only various ways of stating the same fact.

Where an effete civilisation is swamped by barbarians the conquerors are educated while the conquered are the unintentional educators, who receive new blood and energy in return from the more virile race. So the conquerors are always the conquered in one way or another, sooner or later.

But a great change has been brought about by the advance of science and invention. While physical bravery and stamina still count for much, the chief source of power is scientific organisation, discipline, and the destructive forces furnished by modern invention ; thus Knowledge is Power in a new sense. Under this momentous change the nations most advanced in material "civilisation" will be the most powerful, and will have nothing to fear from the less advanced. The great lessons taught by the awful scourge of war are discipline, organisation, and the necessity of bringing humanity into line. So organisation is the task of the world to-day, and there can be no halt or regress until it is world-wide. Organisation gives power, and will be aggressive until equilibrium is attained. The essence of progress is the movement from chaos to creation, which is only another name for organisation. The conflict of the atoms is organised into helpful co-operation in vegetable and animal organisms; and this hints in rough analogy the real task of humanity. The conflict of individuals must be replaced by helpful co-operation by organisation. Organisations always tend to grow and expand. For war or defence we have first the tribe ; then the nation ; the empire ; United States ; and allied groups of nations or empires. The tendency of these groupings is to extend the area of internal peace ; the continual war between tribes is suppressed, and gives place to occasional wars between nations or empires. These wars are more terrible when they occur, but the larger the federated groups the less frequent the wars, and the longer the periods of recuperative peace. The fear of war is a haunting spectre compelling discipline and organisation, and the repression of internal feuds. Europe is an armed camp, staggering under the burdens of military and naval expenditure, full of mutual suspicion and mistrust.

The hope of unity in the White Race seemed remote until a new factor appeared on the horizon ; their *international* rivalry will be gradually replaced by *racial* pressure and rivalry. The "Yellow Peril," so long scoffed at, is becoming a very real thing, which will be dreaded by the short-sighted, welcomed by the far-seeing. The response of the dreamy East to the awakening touch of the more vigorous West is passing all expectations ; and it is possible that the *Golden Races*, as I prefer to call them, may again lead the way to a higher stage of civilisation. The amazing receptiveness of Japan to Western

ideas has surprised the world. The arts of war and peace have been readily adopted, the instruction improved on, and the appropriately named "Land of the Rising Sun" has sprung suddenly to the rank of a Great Power. This is one of the most momentous facts of the time, and is a clarion call to the whole Orient. The example of Japan, and the pressure of the White on the Golden Races will compel the latter to sink their own differences, and to unite and organise to resist the Whites. When the myriads of the East begin to do this, then the pressure they will exercise will be so strong that the White Races will be compelled to sink their own differences and weld themselves into a united whole to resist the pressure. The adoption of Western methods to repel Western aggression will gradually educate the opposed races to mutual respect, which will be an enormous step forward in the progress of humanity, as all will be enriched by the interchange of their individual achievements.

In the view so roughly sketched, or suggested, it will be seen that man is working through strife to unity. The ever-widening spread of organisation, the sinking of petty differences, the repression of petty wars, the enlarging groupings of men for defence, and the extension of the areas of peace among themselves, are the means Nature is using to bring about in this piecemeal fashion the ultimate unity of mankind; the Brotherhood of Man, dreamed of and foretold by the seers of all ages. The most significant thing in this view of the great world-movements is that men, blindly following their own selfish interests, are building more wisely than they know, and are promoting a great and beneficent plan which does not come into their calculations. Nature sets men working with their fiercest energy at their own petty schemes, and quietly overrules all to her own ends.

I cannot help thinking that the great German philosopher, Fichte, has thus given us the clue to the true working hypothesis, one which gives the fullest justification of the Titanic work John Bull has done in the world in his own absent-minded way. He is the greatest organiser the world has ever seen; he has taken staggering burdens on his shoulders, to carry out the very work which Fichte says is the essential condition of further progress for the whole of mankind. He has taken stupendous tasks of policing vast tracts of the world's surface; putting down petty internal wars, and gradually extending

the Pax Britannica. Having attained the highest form of Government yet achieved, and the largest freedom, he has carried these educational ideas to all the peoples he has brought under his sway. After several severe lessons, he has learned to hand over self-government to peoples when they have proved their fitness for the task ; and the Governments of our Colonies, or daughter States, are the freest in the world. The recent action in South Africa is, perhaps, the most amazing event in the whole range of history. After all our vast expenditure of blood and treasure to prevent the oppression of our countrymen by the Boers, we, after the shortest probationary period, hand over self-government to the colonists, well knowing that the Boers are in the majority. This is Quixotic devotion to principle, and I fear is an example of extending advanced principles to unadvanced peoples, which has led America into such trouble with the Negroes. John Bull also adopted a fiscal policy which the world is proving to be unsound, that of so-called "Free Trade." This was Providential, as by throwing open the countries he had conquered to the trade of all nations, he took the burdens of conquest while sharing the benefits with all. He thus had a moral justification for his conquests which no other Colonising nation could show. He thus proved himself a true Trustee of Civilisation. Throughout the rise and growth of the British Empire, John Bull has been a purblind agent in the hands of Nature, or of Providence, incurring burdens out of all proportion to the benefits to himself. His mission is essentially educative ; and some races he is educating to resist him and throw off his Government. But he has shown himself sufficiently true to his principles to make it certain that he will accord self-government when the time and the people are ripe for it. The ripeness of the time and people will be indicated accurately by the extent to which the people organise themselves, sink internal differences, and are able to make a united demand.

The case of Ireland may seem an exception to the lessons of that one great principle ; but it is not so. The South fiercely demand Home Rule, while the North, or Protestant section, as fiercely oppose it ; when the demand is a united one it will be granted quickly enough. Indeed, it will be granted long before that unity is attained, but on larger and more statesmanlike lines ; by granting Home Rule to England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, while the Empire-politics

will be managed by representatives of the whole Empire. The freedom for national development on their own lines by all peoples, within the larger unity of Federations, Unions of States, or Liberal Empires, is the Ideal which is steadily realising itself.

What has been said of World-Politics is equally true of all the smaller movements. Organisation is the work for to-day. Labour organises to enforce its demands ; Capital responds to resist them. Labour can attain ultimate success only by International Organisation; the demand must be a united one, or it will be suicidal to those making it. For Labour to force up wages in one country much above that ruling in competing countries would be to kill its foreign trade, bring the nation to bankruptcy, and many of its workers to starvation. So International co-operation is necessary for the larger demands of Labour to be successful. By such means will the fierce national antagonisms be softened, and a sense of solidarity be engendered.

What has been said of Capital and Labour is true of all human interests; all must organise, or go under. The smaller organisations tend to absorption in the larger. The small business tends to absorption in Trusts, or Combines; and the aim of the growing body of Socialists is the taking over of all such concerns by the State.

Thus we see that the World's Task to-day is Organisation, and this must extend until it is world-wide. Power is proportionate to perfection of organisation and internal unity. The pressure of power generated by such means will compel organisation and unity to resist it, and attain the equilibrium of peace. By pressure rather than preaching in piecemeal fashion, will the ultimate Unity of the Race, the Brotherhood of Man, be realised. Nature has ordained that all the manifold activities of man, prompted by the whole range of motives, altruistic and egoistic, shall work irresistibly to a given end, and the end is identical with that figured by the Seers, the Prophets of all time. It is named differently as the Solidarity of Humanity ; the Federation of the Race ; or as the Brotherhood of Man.

This is being brought about, as in the lower forms of Evolution, by a fierce struggle for existence; but by recognising the end and the path, we may better the means. The destiny of Man is to a large extent a foregone conclusion; we may be blind to it and remain under the scorpion-whips of Nature's harsher evolutionary methods; or we may consciously discern the Great Purpose and make it our own and

realise it by gentler means. In the one case we are like dumb, driven cattle ; in the other, we may be heroes in the strife. Whether we co-operate, or oppose, will determine whether we are to be great or small; moral or non-moral ; but the goal will surely be attained by a wisdom greater than our own, enshrined in the heart of things, which will realise the great purpose in its own great way. We have the freedom of choice; we may blindly drift, or wilfully oppose; but it will be futile, as "there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we may." If, on the other hand, we learn the lesson Nature is so insistently teaching, and discern the great purpose and the right means for its realisation, then we grasp the secret of true statesmanship, we can draw on all the forces of Nature's own Power. House, we make the Divine Will our own, are no longer blind pawns in the hands of destiny, but are masters consciously carrying forward the World's Task of to-day.

E. WAKE COOK.

Lomaon.

PRÔPHETS AND PRIESTS : THEIR PLACE IN RELIGION.

TO the student of history, nothing perhaps possesses a higher significance than the fact that nations, even more than individuals, have their appointed missions in the world. The civilisation of Western Europe, acknowledged to be remarkable in the annals of history, furnishes excellent instances in point. Races as far removed in customs and manners as from pole to pole have contributed severally towards the formation of this rare product. Of its literature and art as of its science and philosophy, the rudiments are to be traced to the efforts of Ancient Athens. Imperial Rome endowed it with the institutions of government and law, and with that strong sense of unity which has kept Europe a compact body in the midst of circumstance and change. Nor have the modern peoples withheld their own quota from the grand consummation. The sentiment of nationality which conduces so much to the steady growth of democracy in the West, Europe owes to the unconquerable love of freedom ingrained in the Teutonic races.

If this is true of the various forms of human activity generally, it is decidedly so of the most important of those forms, *viz.*, religion. Indeed, in the whole range of history, we do not come across more than two examples of nations making in a special degree for the cause of righteousness in humanity. And they are the Hebrews of Palestine and the Aryans of India. Among communities, ancient and modern, these two stand out in clear relief, with their vivid realisation of the awful sacredness of the eternal barrier between right and wrong. Other peoples there have been, to be sure, who have constructed elaborate religious systems admirably suited to captivate the imagination or gratify the love of pomp. But they are not filled in the same dominating manner by an overpowering sense of the

Unseen whose ways are beyond searching out. The pagan religions of Greece and Rome were little more than huge social organisations, mere contrivances to keep men together. They had in them beauty, health, even virtue from the point of view of the social philosopher; but little of that inward and personal element which is the essence of true religion. Of those that flourished in the fertile valleys of the Euphrates and the Nile, we can only be silent in the present state of Assyriology and Egyptology. With the exception of Zoroastrianism represented by a few hundred thousand Parsis, they all have been crushed out of existence by the vigorous growth within historic times of the powerful systems of India and Judæa.

A comparative examination of these two systems, then, may be expected to yield results extremely valuable as throwing light on the subject of religion. We shall, therefore, make no apology for entering upon such an examination. We shall take first those large features that stamp upon them their character of likeness. Next, we shall take these minor traits which serve to distinguish them from each other. In the end, we shall attempt to suggest certain broad conclusions likely to hold good of all religious evolution.

A striking peculiarity about the systems in question, which impresses even a most casual observer, is their singular abundance of prophets and teachers. Every religious system, of course, must claim kinship with some prophet or teacher, some seer divine who has pierced through the veil of mystery and has stood face to face with the Eternal. But it is the glory of these two religions that theirs have been the holiest and purest among the children of men who have spoken with the voice of truth of the Most High. As the story of Rome is that of her warrior-statesmen slowly building up her world-empire, as the story of Greece is that of her poets, artists and thinkers, culminating in that empire of mind whose sway continues to this hour, the story of India and Judæa is chiefly the story of their Rishis and prophets, messengers of God sent to succour mortality in its unending wail amid darkness and sin. There are no greater names, accordingly, in the domain of religion than those of Yagna-*valkya* and *Vyasa*, *Suka* and *Sankaracharya*, *Moses*, *Isaiah* and *Jeremiah*. Nay more. The two personages who at the present day are worshipped as the Lord incarnate by more than two-thirds of our race, have sprung directly from these venerable faiths. This

institution of prophets is beyond doubt their exclusive distinction. No other religion that we know of has a like claim to so many illustrious names on its roll.

This it is which lends them their profound impersonal note. No particular teacher or prophet is entitled to their especial allegiance. "They are, as it were, national, emanating from out of the very depths of the national being. Curiously enough, their names themselves suggest some such fact in a way almost unmistakable. "The Sanatana Dharma" or the Eternal Religion points to no single teacher. It is, in its widest sense, the Religion of the Rishis. "The Law and the Prophets" of the Hebrews has obviously a similar implication. Again, take their sacred books of the highest authority, the Vedas and the Old Testament. Neither of them can be ascribed to any one author; nor do they, like the New Testament, profess to expound the teaching of any one prophet. On the contrary, they are, in form and in substance, the embodiments of the thoughts and feelings, the doings and sufferings of whole generations of men intensely alive to the great problem of existence. It is true that they both affect to revere the memory of their respective law-givers, Manu and Moses. This is nothing strange; for so has tradition assigned a law-giver to every people that has stepped out of the swaddling clothes of barbarism. What concerns us here is that neither of these law-givers is believed to have originated the system connected with his name. The religion of the Vedas existed long before Manu, and Moses was unborn when the foundations were laid of the Jewish cult of monotheism.

We now come to a second characteristic of the systems under consideration. Probably, no system of religion has ever flourished under the sun without its sacerdotal order, whose duty it is to watch over the popular faith entrusted to its charge. It is the inevitable result of division of labour coming into operation. In the infancy of society, when the wants of the community are few and the population is not dense, the father is the head of the family, its supreme law-giver and judge as well as its priest. But this stage is soon passed over. As the community becomes more highly organised, the larger social functions begin to be differentiated, new offices come into existence and among others a regular ecclesiastical hierarchy. Such, in bare outline, is the origin of the Roman College of Pontiffs, of the

caste of Brahmans in India and of the sons of Aaron among the Jews.

Their express function is to support and preserve the national religion. They are the accredited keepers and conservers of the truths brought down from above by the prophets of old. They uphold in ecclesiastical polity the principle of order as the prophets do that of progress. They are the representatives of the human element as the prophets are of the divine element in religion. Thus, they are in justice to be subservient to these children of light. But in human affairs, nothing long subsists in a state of incorruption. Hence, not uncommonly, a struggle ensues between these two orders, as determined as in politics and as far-reaching, on which depends the whole future of the community in the sphere of religion.

It is here that the systems of India and Judæa put forth their native capacity for self-development. As a rule, the perpetual danger of priesthood is its liability to stagnation. The persistent conservatism of primitive societies is well known. This conservatism is nowhere so persistent, so deep-rooted, so jealously guarded as in religion. Against the perils of such a position, there is no more potent influence than a frequent contact with those who have breathed a purer air and seen a diviner vision on the mountain-tops of truth. Even so was the fact in these two cases. From the very beginning, seer after seer came down with the dew of heaven fresh upon his head, and proclaimed in immortal accents the Everlasting, whose throne is set on righteousness, whom the sun illumines not, nor the moon nor the stars, whose glory, mind and speech, seeking, do not find. And the spirit of God breathed and all men heard the sound thereof and were stirred by its breath. And the people were in favour with the Lord. And the tree of life grew ever more and more till it reached the skies and in the fulness of time yielded food and shelter unto all the kingdoms of the earth.

In India, this prophetic tradition has been continued in a more or less unbroken succession up to the present age. Nineteen hundred years before Christ, in the Land of the Five Waters, the seeds were sown of this wonderful religion. To-day, nineteen hundred years after Christ, its missionaries are wandering in far-off lands, carrying the life-giving bread of the Vedas to nations in the van of

modern civilisation. When Buddha appeared with his gospel of equality and preached the universal brotherhood of man, levelling castes and creeds, millions flocked to his fold and took refuge in his word. Now, when Vivekananda returns crowned with laurels from the Parliament of Religions in America, not a hamlet in the country, not a soul but hears the welcome news and rejoices in the event. Of a truth, the unshaken stability of Hinduism is something astonishing. With much that is pernicious, much that is grotesque, it remains a potent influence for good. Its promise for the future is brighter than its performance in the past. Its proudest triumphs seem yet hidden in the womb of time.

Far different was the fate of Judaism. After a certain stage, possibly after the 4th or the 3rd century before Christ, a blight of decline settled over the people. The voice of prophecy was hushed in despair. The sons of Eli, that unlovely tribe, now waxing strong in number and insolence, stalked in the Temple with brazen fronts. The Pharisees prayed in the synagogues and in the corners of streets that they might be seen of men. Verily, they had their reward. The grim tragedy of Calvary sealed their doom. The curse of God lighted upon them and all the seven vials of wrath that are written in the Book of Revelation. They were dispersed over all the parts of the globe, and Judaism as a power came to an end. "His Blood be on us and on our children."

But the most distinguishing feature of these two religions yet remains to be noticed. We are all familiar with religious systems which, at first homogeneous, have in their natural course branched off into a diversity of sects almost always distinct and often at deadly conflict with each other. Whatever may be the ethical or social justifications of such schisms, they generally indicate the presence in those systems of much superfluous spiritual output.

As examples, we may mention the Greek, Roman and Protestant Churches in Christianity, the schools of the North and the South in Buddhism, and the Shiah and the Sunni sects in Islam. But the spectacle of sects beginning in normal obscurity and growing gradually with the growth of ages till whole nations might rest in peace and plenty under their protecting shadow, is a phenomenon which in itself is extraordinary indeed. That both Hinduism and Judaism afford such a spectacle, that in fact they are the prolific

sources of all the three historic religions of our time, is an undeniable testimony to their strong vitality. What is more, we in vain may look elsewhere for this particular form of organic development.

It is interesting to observe that the new teachers were all men of the old line of prophets and, except in their towering genius, were in no wise distinguishable from others of that line. Christ came not to destroy the law or the prophets ; he came not to destroy but to fulfil. The founder of Islam, admittedly, endeavoured only to restore the religion of his countrymen to its pristine Mosaic purity. The teaching of Buddha, again, as has been well pointed out, is but the logical fulfilment on the practical and emotional side of the simple doctrine of the Upanishads. If we ask what it is exactly which distinguishes these solitary outbursts from the more common manifestations which never aspire to rise above the ordinary limits, the answer must be found in the diverse working of the principle adverted to in the foregoing. The power of these outbursts assuredly belongs to the magnificent energy of the individual characters. But the note of wide human sympathy which pervades them all is due as much to these characters as to the national condition of inborn spirituality which refuses to be bound within the strait-waistcoat of a ritualistic formula. Also, the characters themselves cannot be conceived apart from the races which gave them birth. If Jesus is the crowning flower of Hebrew faith, so is Gautama of Aryan wisdom in the East ; and Muhammad too is a specimen of the true Semitic type. So then, if the Hindu and the Jewish systems are unsurpassed for their well-nigh complete adjustment of the rival claims of the prophet and the priest, we may with advantage regard as the ripe fruit of this happy union, their transcendent capacity to invigorate and to nourish many nations of the human family.

The subsequent progress of these historic offshoots, by an instructive contrast, strengthens indirectly our position as to the parent faiths. Like Athene of old, they have all come out of their founders in their full perfection ; and, as implied by their names, are closely bound up with the personalities of these founders. Also, they have been conquering religions. Their conquests uniformly have extended far beyond the lands of their birth ; so much so that except in the case of Islam, their interest within those lands

has come to be next to nothing. In other words, they have ceased to be national and have been thereby cut off from the perennial springs which else would feed the religious consciousness of the masses. In this way, by a kind of double necessity, they have been hemmed in, cramped and restricted by limitations imposed on their free movement. Or, what is the same thing, their priest-hoods, almost invariably, have taken to the dead forms in utter neglect of the weightier matters of the Law.

Nor is the explanation far to seek. By an irresistible impulse of human frailty, the world accords first a high worship to the supreme founders, then an exaggerated veneration for their inspired sayings, and lastly a slavish and trembling obedience to the cold records embodying them. An historical basis is set up for religion which none may question. This same historicity, however, is an obstacle to its healthy growth. The truth of religion is the truth of idea and not the truth of fact. When, therefore, the portion constituting tradition is insisted on as a matter of fact and history, the gates effectually are shut against the permeation of new ideas, the cries of the godly are stifled in persecution, the ecclesiastical order degenerates into an oligarchy, and a despotism of ignorance and bigotry sets in, which man cannot put down nor all the waters of life wash wholly away. Hence it is that Buddha has become a memory of the past and Muhammad has ceased to conquer. If Christ still walks in the high places of the earth, that is because of the good fortune of Christianity in having fallen to the lot of the empire-building races of the West.

A minor resemblance between the two religions leads us to a point where they take their departure in totally different ways. Under a powerful priest-class, exercising an almost absolute sway, an elaborate system of ceremonial was reared up in each country, which tended more and more to emphasise the tribal and exclusive character of the people. This circumstance, which is common enough in all early societies, produced very different results among the Hebrews and the Hindus. The former, with their hard, Semitic nature made white-hot by the passion of an idea, were stubbornly impervious to every influence inconsistent with or alien to that idea and eventually developed a most notable instance of austere bigotry among communities of lax morals and laxer beliefs.

Wherever they lived, whether in Egypt, or in Palestine, or in Babylonia, the Jews displayed in all the vicissitudes of their chequered career a fierce aloofness which was at once the wonder and the detestation of the Eastern world. The Brahmans of India were saved from this besetting sin of priestly power by their philosophy. Not that they were socially less exclusive than the Hebrews: far from it. But with their Aryan love for a wide outlook of things, they were not slow to perceive the mutual incompatibility of tribal exclusiveness and religious bigotry. Therefore, while they became more and more separate as a community, they at the same time cultivated a breadth of view, a comprehensive tolerance, a catholicity not easily to be met with. If they refused to admit strangers into their pale, they at any rate had the charity to recognise, even as a matter of doctrine, that every religion looks to the same Lord who is as the golden string in a necklace of gems.

Closely connected with the above is the enormous difference in substantive doctrine which divides these two peoples. The uncompromising monotheism of the Semitic races is as necessarily the outcome of their realistic commonsense method of thinking, as the lofty conclusion of the Vedanta is of the scientific Aryan mind. Still, it would be exceedingly misleading to estimate the worth of the two systems solely in accordance with the standards of the doctrinaire. We ought rather to study their practical effects on the national lives of the two races. Evidently, the atmosphere of the Vedantic heights is too rare to sustain creatures of ordinary spiritual build, and the masses often are left behind amidst the tangled meshes of demonolatry and fetishism. The result is a huge heterogeneity of population with every variety of customs and manners, of beliefs, of intellectual and moral advancement. Superstition is their curse and a disintegrated or rather a non-integrated nationality their heritage. A uniform monotheistic faith, on the contrary, is eminently calculated to elevate the masses in all those aspects of life which are summed up in the term civilisation. But then, if superstition is the attendant evil of philosophic pantheism, bigotry is the attendant evil of rigorous monotheism. For their bigotry, the Jews paid the terrible penalty of national annihilation. We live in a world of compensations, however. So, as Judæa saved Europe from the unutterable despair that was eating into the hearts

of nations during the decline of the Roman Empire, India at this moment gathers up her garments to go forth and preach the saving truths of her Rishis to peoples drunk with power and pelf, wandering to and fro in all the realm of sense and reason, seeking rest and finding none.

To sum up : Two religions are there amongst us which have come down from time pre-historic, Hinduism and Judaism. They both have received tremendous shocks and both of them prove by their survival their internal strength. Both alike elaborated vast and complicated hierarchies of priesthood which obtained a nearly unlimited dominion over the people. Both were saved by the national and impersonal character which at the very outset was stamped indelibly upon them. On the one hand, they were not rigidly tied down to the declared utterances of any single teacher whose overwhelming authority might become the pretext of a slavish and unnatural interpretation of those utterances. On the other hand, the intense religious tone pervading the mass of the people was as the salt of the earth in preventing the stagnation of a corrupt or powerful sacerdotal order. A series of prophets arose one after another, whose mission it was to perform this beneficent task of keeping the populace in touch with the spirit of the Law. This institution of prophets as part of the religious system forms the vital characteristic of these ancient faiths. The great world-religions of our later time are not distinguished in the same way. Certainly, they show, in their genesis and development, the rich energy inherent in the older faiths from which they have arisen. But they were themselves liable to the evils from which the others were free. The unapproached eminence of their founders which secured initial success in their victorious march proved at last the fruitful source of much priestly corruption.

Alike in India and Judæa, thus, the prophets founded and also fostered the national faiths. Nevertheless, in doctrine and dogma, they proceeded on different lines. The Hebrew prophets, with their souls aflame with the vision of the Eternal who loveth righteousness, preached a severe, intolerant monotheism which the gentle touch of Jesus transformed into the ennobling religion of modern Europe. The Rishis of India, ever meek and wise, have given us a religious polity which, serious, even monstrou

defects notwithstanding, has not its equal as a harmonious combination of religion, philosophy and science.

We are now in a position to appreciate adequately the evolution of the religious spirit in history. Stated succinctly, prophets and priests constitute the two-fold force which helps the stream of progress to flow. Of these, the prophets are the unfailing sources that originate, and the priests the ever-present means that convey the moving power. All religions properly so called, all those that attain to the dignity of systems, take their rise from these perennial sources. In ministering to the wants of man, they naturally come into contact with human elements in their course. And they are corrupted. Too often, they imbibe this corruption from the very channels through which they pass on their way down to the commonalty. Hence the need for fresh purifiers of the flowing tide. As these tributary springs are plentiful, if weak in volume and force, so is the power of the main stream to fertilise the spiritual world. This truth, Judaism after Christ and Christianity after Luther illustrate in opposite ways. In the light of the remarks made above respecting the unique claim of Judaism and Brahmanism, the Reformation in Europe presents a significant phenomenon. Among races little conversant with any but the temporal concerns of life came a handful of men whose strength was not of mortal fashioning ; and under the vivifying influence of their abundant natures, arose the smiling garden of a new heaven where had been the foetid stillness of the swamp. Here, as everywhere, the instinct of self-preservation, innate in mankind, has a virtue all its own. In the profoundly penetrating words of the Gita:—" For the protection of good and the destruction of evil, for the establishment of righteousness, I am born from age to age."

Madras.

S. V. SUBRAHMANYAM.

LIFE ON A BESSARABIAN COUNTRY ESTATE. (1906.)

MANY people left Russia this summer and went abroad, in preference to running the risk of staying on their country estates. Only one corner was reported to be comparatively safe—Bessarabia. It is known chiefly in England as having for its principal town Kishinoff, of Jew-baiting memory ; but the estate of Madame V. is at some distance from thence. She is of Greek extraction, though married to a Russian officer, and her management of the estate shews her inheritance of the business capacity of her race.

The journey from Odessa took 14 hours, and the crowded, bustling great station seemed a last glimpse of life before the death-like stillness of the country. Trains were changed at 5 o'clock in the morning at a little junction. Photographing diverted the journey. A snap-shot at a gendarme brought a soldier armed with a bayonet to demand an explanation. He was shown the camera, which he did not understand, but murmuring, "It is indeed a little one," he withdrew, apologising. All the stations were guarded by police.

The carriage drive across the steppes was swift, and the stormy sky lit up by the setting sun had as magnificent, as wide and unbroken an expanse, as at sea. The jolting over the ruts, however, made one of the servants very sick.

Through the rivers (because the bridges were too narrow and rotten for our four horses), past villages, where women with distaffs stood at their doors spinning, storks perched solemnly on the roofs, and hungry dogs flew after us barking, past a great prince's house in the very middle of the village—new, yellow, glaring, magnificent—then up and down over low hills, brought at last the carriage to a house on the summit of a gradual slope, with a great fruit garden

stretching away in front. The house is new, built of stone, which is cheap in this part of Russia, one story high, but imposing with its flight of steps and pillared verandah. The rooms are large and high and solidly built, with double windows, now in summer with the outer one replaced by gauze to keep out flies and mosquitoes. The servants' quarters and kitchen are apart in the stable yard. With eight servants and many extra helps there is constant quarrelling. The wages are not ruinous, the under-housemaids only receiving 2/6 a week, but they are quite incompetent.

The village of Kupchino is 20 minutes distant and from thence come the villagers with sick children or their own heads broken. Madame V. makes wonderful cures, and has a wide reputation. The poor think that she does it to get grace in the next world. "If I were rich," says a poor woman, "I could give medicine and make cures and then I could get easily to Heaven. How nice to be rich!" The doctor also is at hand at the dispensary in the next little town, with free treatment, but the ignorance of the people is shown in their horror of the Doctor. Madame V. never goes to the village herself. Certainly, the houses with their little windows are very dark and dirty inside.

The peasants speak a soft Latin language, Moldavian, much resembling Italian. "Non e bene" they say for "it is not good," and something very like "bon soir" for "good evening." They are very picturesque in their working clothes, and seem to have come off the operatic stage. Dark gipsy faces are set off by bright kerchiefs; the men wear white suits, and look like brigands with their high hats and matted hair. Only on Sundays the attire is prosaically civilised, and the young men ask to be photographed in black suits, even smoking the anarchistic cigarette. Many are real gipsies, for Bohemians often come here. Then there are Roumanians, Little Russians and Austrians. The Austrian frontier is only 20 odd miles away.

Gipsies they are, too, in their propensity for thieving. Our night-watchman, with his gun, walking the garden all night, has no sinecure. One woman, photographed with her daughter and little grand-child (the peasants marry at 15 or 16 here) is a most remarkable thief. She helps the great lady every year with the jam-making, and it is delicious too; but she is a great "snapper up of unconsidered

trifles." Not only that, but she will manage to secure the recipe for medicine given her by the kind lady, have a bottle made up and sell it at double the price. History does not record if the patient suffered greatly from the unsuitable medicine.

Life is simple in the village. The women still weave their own cloth, and spin as they guard the sheep or cattle. They beat the coarse linen in the river and spread it out in the sun. They often thresh out the corn or the beans on old-fashioned threshing-floors, though there are machines now as well. Their food is *mammaleeka*, or maize pudding, like the Italian polenta, and they eat hardly any bread and never meat. You see no samovars in the village, because they drink no tea—only kvass.

The nearest vineyards are some distance away as the vine requires sandy soil. Maize is much cheaper here than wheat, which is all reaped by the end of July. The maize grows pale green, as tall as a man on horseback, the long, tassel-like flowers waving in the wind. In the midst, among the pale maize grow the dark fir-tree-like rape plants with their funereal plumes.

The country is undulating, with a river (dammed up for the use of Madame's steam mill into a large pond) flowing through it. The large high mounds or *tumuli*, on nearly every hill and in many valleys, form a strange feature of the country. The night-watchman, Damian, has an explanation for them. "Why! yes," he says slowly, "those must be from the war time. I was young then, but I remember Plevna and Ismail. I took my cart and sold to the soldiers,—120 roubles a month I was paid. Do you think it was much? There were many expenses. Wars, ah! yes! Many and many a battle has been fought about here. My grandmother—she could remember when the French were in Sevastopol—but I remember how we buried the dead. Two long lines—as may be from here to the garden gate—and we put in the corpses, frozen hard they were. Yes, Turks they were. Where you see two mounds together, those are Turks. Where one alone is, those are Russians. Over the Russians we put crosses, one at the head of the long lines of dead, one at the middle, one at the feet. Scared at the fighting! Why, no! You get used to it," and the kind, jovial old fellow's eyes twinkled.

Climbing one of these *tumuli* you can sit down at the summit and overlook the rich country-fields of yellow corn and green maize,

little bright, white villages, clean from a distance, two small woods, and undulating hills on which sixteen other tumuli can be counted. Great piles of dead Turks rot under these high hillocks. The peasants cultivate them and plough them right up so that maize grows up the sides. Turkish money is found from time to time.

Speaking of land—of course, the peasants echo the cry for more land. However, the country people are said to be very lazy. They throw the seeds into the earth, scrape them over with a little earth, and then sleep all the winter. The windows of their huts are very small, their chimneys little more than holes in the roof, and the atmosphere is very close, and to them, comfortable. They cook out of doors with fires fed by straw. You see the bright flames far off in the summer nights. The huts have a wicker frame, and are then smeared over with cakes of dung and then plastered whitey-blue. The nearest village, belonging to a monastery, is wretched and straggling. The houses are planted down without any order, surrounded sometimes by stone walls from the quarry half a mile away. There are no gardens, rank weeds fill up the spaces round the houses, sometimes pumpkins fight with them for a precarious existence.

In Kupchino the villagers are wealthier. There is a neat school-house, and there are a few trees and fatter cattle, but the villagers plant no fruit trees. The rich peasant's daughter, who is learning German with Madame's governess (and whose father has 10,000 roubles according to the Jews), says that her father cannot plant trees, as the fruit would be all stolen, and if her father tried to defend it, he would be killed. All the same, the Jews here do well. There is a Jew in the village, who sent Madame an invitation to his daughter's wedding. "Moses," as he is called, set up a tent with dancing and refreshments, and every one who came paid one rouble. Madame spent five roubles by the servants, but Moses' former employer (when he was steward) came herself. Middle. Moses married a young Jew from America, who has returned with a nice round sum and is setting up here again. The Jews are forbidden to own land here, but they evade the law, and most of the proprietors in this neighbourhood are in their power. Madame herself lets out her land at farm to a Jew (such a farmer is called here by an English word, or possibly derived from the French—

"Possessor") and is quite satisfied with the result. A respectable-looking Jew has applied to her to buy one of her woods,—a little one (arranged for picnics which never take place) and which brings her in no money. He has offered 2,000 roubles for it, which is, however, cheap.

The management of this large estate is an interesting study. Of the 300 dessatines most are out at farm; the fruit garden consists of 12 dessatines, and is the only one for many a long verst. Madame has planned and organised it all herself, and the fruit goes into the market-town or to Odessa. This year fruit is scarce in Odessa and plentiful here, so that apples and pears and plums are being gathered and sent off rapidly. Generally, the garden brings in about £50 a season, but contains about £1,000 worth of trees. Another venture is the steam-mill to grind the peasant's corn, which is reckoned to cover the rent of the town house at Odessa,—about £200 a year.

The steward and his wife live at the end of the garden by the mill. He is an old soldier—gendarme, having served under the late colonel, and he considers he is doing well by receiving now a salary of £12 a year. He is a gentle, large man, slow in speech, and it is to be supposed that he is honest. It is true he will take a little more than is given him; if he is allowed to keep one cow he keeps four, but still, he is a good fellow. His large, pleasant comely wife is under the taint of being of Jewish origin, but looks like an English farmer's wife, and the house is spotlessly clean, with most elegant mirrors and artificial flowers in the best rooms.

Life goes on lazily and smoothly in this strange border-land. Madame's plans with the fruit garden and the mill fill up her time. In case of revolution (and peasants come to her from time to time, asking to buy land) she has decided what to do. She will give a certain amount to the peasants and keep the rest.

In the meantime, over the land and the garden, over orchard and mill, lies the pleasant summer-sunshine. It gilds the rosy cheeks of the apples, it touches the pale tassels of the maize, waving over hill and valley or mound of the dead, and beautifies the busy little mill whistling lustily for customers. Bessarabia is a fertile land, and might be still more fruitful, though whether it would be so in the hands of the peasants, remains to be seen.

E. J. DAVIES.

Odessa.

NASRIN : OR AN INDIAN MEDLEY.

(Concluded from our last issue.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

YEARS have glided on with their freight of pain and pleasure, darkness and sunshine; Mazhar and Miss Gurney have met never to part again. Naturally they were married according to the Registration Act, for they both never thought of forsaking the religion in which each of them was born, and yet the marriage blessings never gathered stronger promise of fulfilment than in the rectitude of their mutual pledge. She was glowing like a rose-tipped white lily in the warm sunlight of content; he watched her sober gladness which gave a new beauty to her every movement, and added a new charm to her habitual attitude of repose, with a delight which made him say to himself that it was enough of joy for him to be continually by her side.

As soon as the usual formalities were over, they started for their village, which was to be their home. The whole village flocked to see the "Mem Sahib" as she arrived, and in their eagerness to pay their respects to her, they unceremoniously walked into the drawing-room which had been newly furnished by Mazhar Ali Khan. He was about to order them out of the room, when his wife interposed and invited them to sit down.

"You are too kind," said Mazhar, "and if you encourage them, they will always be intruding."

"I can never regard them as intruders," she replied, with a sweet smile, "they are my children and I will try to make them happy."

In the meanwhile, quite a crowd of them had quietly settled down on the carpet and were looking at the room with great admiration and pride as if it was their own.

"Look! that is a clock," said an old man, knowingly, as he pointed with his finger towards one on the mantelpiece, as it struck the hour.

"Who moves it?" asked a young man, "what makes it go like a living thing, how it throbs, tick, tick."

"The Englishmen know the secret of it," said the old man, with an air of pride and knowledge. "What a fool you are not to know even this much?"

"No," said the young man, a bit abashed, "I have never been out of the village, and so have not seen even the railway."

"The railway," said the old man, "is a wonderful thing; it flies away screaming under clouds of smoke. The Faringees are great lovers of gold, and have invented this fiery car to ease us of our money. They take your money, pack you up in small boxes and then press some button, and the train flies away with you. When I went to Jugennath I was almost suffocated to death."

"How wonderful," gasped the young man, "I would like to go and see the 'rail gari;' this carriage of smoke which you speak of must be a marvellous thing indeed."

"In our time," said another old man, "we travelled decently on bullock carts, and took some time in reaching the places, and thus caquired some merit. But now they put you into a railway carriage, which takes you in twenty-four hours to the other end of the world. What can be the good of such a pilgrimage?"

"Do you never travel by rail?" enquired the young man.

"I am not such a fool," said the old man. "They have invented this infernal machine to destroy our caste and rob us of our Dharma."

"One can keep one's caste," said the first old man. "I never tasted a drop of water as long as I remained in the carriage. I never used the pipe water, but always drew pure water from wells for my use."

"That is the right thing to do," said the second old man, "but it is killing to go without water in summer, while they tempt you with impure water at every railway station. I was shocked to see good and high caste Brahmins using pipe water in the holy of holies at Benares."

"It is Kalyuga," said the old man, with a sigh. "Anything may happen in this age. Who ever heard of a Brahmin falling so low?"

"I saw it with my own eyes," repeated the old man, "I can assure you I was shocked. The world is coming to a strange pass, everything is going from bad to worse."

"Kalyuga," said another man, "has now grown into manhood. It is written that when Kalyuga outgrows its childhood, fathers and mothers shall forsake their children, wives their husbands, and the land will refuse to yield any grain."

"So it is happening," said the old man, "we work harder than we

ever did before ; we surely produce more grain, and yet it has no barkat." *

" Yes," replied another villager, " with the reign of Angraiz Bahadur, all auspiciousness seems to have flown from the land."

" Has it really ?" enquired Mrs. Mazhar, in her best Hindustani. " They say the country is very prosperous."

" Hazoor," said the village elder straightening himself. " I am an old man, and have seen the days of Nawabs. There is no doubt that we produce more grain than we ever did in the time of yore, but it all passes from our hands somehow. Fifty years ago one could have 2 maunds of rice for a rupee and now one can hardly get 10 seers of the coarsest rice for a coin of silver. We used to have milk and butter in plenty, but now it has become so scarce that even well-to-do people can hardly afford to get it: the pasture lands have been brought under the plough, and we cannot keep cows or buffaloes."

" We had grain, milk and ghee," remarked a young man, who was dressed in a scarlet shirt of Manchester cloth, " but we never had such superfluities of clothes and ornaments and other good things."

" We want grain," cried several voices, " what is the good of all these things when we scarcely have food enough to eat ? "

" They are very poor, dearest," said Lilian, turning to her husband, " what is the cause of this poverty ?"

" The land-tax is very heavy," replied Mazhar, " almost half of what is produced is absorbed by the tax, and it is continuously increasing. The standard of living has risen, things which were unknown in days gone by have become necessities, of life and yet the settlement officers go by rule of thumb and continue to increase the land revenue which presses heavily upon the peasants."

" That is what is at the bottom of the unrest in the Punjab, I suppose," Lilian enquired.

" That is exactly what I have been telling my official friends," said Mazhar. " I am sure in the ripeness of time the land-tax will be decreased. Our Government has enormous sources of revenue from railways, canals and forests with immense possibilities for development."

" Don't you think it is time to tell our good friends to go ? " he added, as he wanted to be alone with his wife. " They will never go until you tell them."

" All right, dearest," said his wife, " though I love to see them about me."

Turning to the villagers she said in good Hindustani, "I am so glad you came to see me and hope to know every one of you in a few days, come and see us whenever you like."

The village elder understood the hint, rose and made his salute, and then they all trooped out of the room.

Mazhar and his wife retired to their room, happy in each other's love, which opened its sweet fountains of joy for them.

Mazhar and Lilian were so supremely happy together, that they rode out with the dawn of the day and spent hours on end, in the mango groves where nightingales sang their sad melodies, and awakened their soul to the impermanence of earthly pleasures and touched them with divine love, which sought no selfish happiness in the outer world but found it in the inner recesses of its own nature.

As for the villagers, they regarded Mrs. Mazhar Ali Khan as the incarnation of Sita. If there was any one ill in the village, she was there beside the sick bed; if the seasons were bad, she was ready to help them, and watched over their happiness with the solicitude of a mother, and was abundantly rewarded by the affectionate regard of her people, who worshipped her as a goddess. Her life is crowned with happiness, the blessed fruit of a useful and unselfish life, which people seek in vain in barren selfishness and worthless lives, earning pain and misery as the wage of their life-long labour.

"Dearest," said Mazhar one day, as they were returning from their evening ride and the twilight shades had transformed the country into a wonderland, "I never thought I should have the good fortune to have you as my own."

"I became yours, heart and soul," said she, her eyes alight with a strange glow, "when I first saw you. The only thing which seemed to be in our way was your religion."

"You are my religion," said he, "love has opened my eyes: to me all religions are alike, and I can say with Abul Fazl, 'Faith to the faithful and scepticism to the sceptic, the dealer in perfumes desires only a spark of love's pain.'"

"There is only one religion," said she, "as only one sun illumines the earth. The light reflected by a thousand mediums comes from the sun and awakens everything that it touches into life and light. We see the light as it is reflected to us by our own limited minds and not being able to see it in its entire glory refuse to believe that others also have some light to live by."

"True wisdom," said Mazhar, "penetrates through coloured veils,

and sees that truth illumines all darkness in vestures of various hues. 'Tangle on tangle is the path of intellect,' says Saidi, 'but for those who have faith there exists nothing but God.'

"It is beautifully put," said Lilian, "your Persian poets are unsurpassed for the richness of their expression."

"They are," said Mazhar, as he jumped down from his horse on reaching home and helped his wife to dismount: hand in hand they walked into the house which their loving hearts had transformed into an earthly paradise.

* * *

Nawab Haidar Jung, after the death of his wife, had gone away from Lucknow in a state of anguish and travelled from India to Japan, America and Europe. He returned after a long sojourn in foreign countries, and one day as he was driving through Sikandar Bag his eyes met those of Nasrin who drove past him in a carriage: he followed her to her house and was admitted by the same old woman, and there they stood once again facing each other. For a moment they looked with dilated eyes, then with an impulsive movement Haidar Jung gathered her into his arms.

"I have been cruel," he murmured, with a half suppressed groan, looking up at her imploringly.

"O why, why did you ever forsake me?" she said feebly, meeting his upward look of sorrow with something like the return of consciousness after fainting.

"We shall never be parted," said he, "you have been very good to me, I have deserved nothing. I will try to make up. I ran away from this place in a state of agony after the death of my wife."

"You have suffered," said she, in a tone which had now acquired a depth which it had not before. "We are all made to suffer."

"You too have suffered," said he, his eyes full of tears. "We two were made to bring nothing but suffering to each other."

"Blame not yourself," she sobbed, "it was all my doing; had I but known I would never have asked you to come to me."

"Nasrin! do you still love me?" asked Haidar Jung eagerly, as if his very life depended on her reply.

"Do you love me?" enquired she in reply.

"God knows," said he, "I love you as intensely as I did the first day when I saw your lovely face."

"I have loved you always," said she, "without one day's interruption, just as I loved you when I saw you for the first time through my window."

"My life, my soul," said he, as he stooped to kiss her hand. "I will make it up now, and crowd it all into the years left to us."

The same day a Kazi was summoned and their nuptial knot was tied.

Haidar Jung and Nasrin are 'happy beyond all measure, passing their days in a state of bliss.

* * *

Azad, Ahmed, Chand and Hira Singh are passing their time in their usual aimless fashion, talking philosophy and leading weary lives, picturing a golden future without labouring to bring it about, and in the words of an Indian poet, "they have neither found God nor enjoyed the bliss of union with the beloved, but lost both the worlds of earthly bliss and celestial paradise."

THE END.

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THE MYSTIC SNOWFIELDS OF SCIENCE.

IT is a matter of general knowledge that the act of worship has a great effect on the intellectual and physical condition. In phrenological language, the organ of veneration is one of the three principal nerve-centres. Any powerful and systematic action of this nerve-centre may be described as a mystic act.

So far, we can all agree.

But, at this point, humanity forks into several divisions. We have to do, on the present occasion, with two main divisions. The difference between them is not one of opinion, but of nervous organisation. There are people who can best live the mystic life by thinking of some human Ideal; there are others to whom thinking of any human Ideal during the mystic act is dangerous to health and sanity. If I, for instance, attempt to engage in any seriously mystic contemplation, in a Christian Church, where I am being constantly reminded of "Christ," that is to say, a certain type of Humanity, I am attacked with a peculiar kind of brain-*nausea*, which I can only describe by saying that it is like a compound of several physical sensations, of which sea-sickness is one, and *not* the most unpleasant. All my real mystic life is spent either alone, or in Synagogue, where no Ideal is ever mentioned.

People say that the nature of the mystic life depends on early habit. That is, to some extent, true. One can sometimes divert a child from its normal mystic path, whichever that may be, to some other, if one begins early enough. I would add that there is probably no vicious habit more fatal to health, intellect, sanity, and purity, than that of getting into the mystic life on what is, for that individual, the wrong line.

All this has nothing to do with the question of Christian philanthropy. There are homes in which the Christ Ideal is the

accepted standard of the human life ; and in which the mystic life itself is held as necessary as food or sleep : but where the attempt to *mix the two* is held in utter horror as a vice.

The two kinds of mystic life may be described thus :—The Christian mystic takes for his motto “Look in the face of Jesus” ; the mystic on our side says to his child—“Look where I’m pointing, child ; *don’t look at me,*” and teaches his children to study the words of Jesus, as the guide to practical conduct ; but shelters them carefully from any suggestion that either personal love of Christ, or the desire to be like, or with Jesus, is to be the *motive* of conduct.

The relation between the different sets of mystics has been conducted for at least 4,000 years on a basis of mutual mis-representation and recrimination. Our side call the other side “Idolaters,” and the other side call us Atheists, Materialists, and a variety of other names. Hard names break no bones, it is true ; but a habit of reckless false statement does break human charity. When speaking in public about the use which modern Europeans have made of knowledge stored up in old Asiatic books, I have several times been contradicted about the contents—not the truth or value, but the contents and sources—of books which I had written, or helped to write, or studied with the authors, by persons who had not even read the modern books in question. I think we have had enough of

this line . . .

Much stress has been laid upon the spiritual experience of the Christian Mystic ; I propose to give here a slight sketch of some experiences of the scientific mystic.

The so-called Christian mystics have had the experience of finding themselves alone in space with God and give us descriptions of that experience. But when one comes to read what they say, one finds that what they really mean is that they have been alone in space *with Christ*.

A man who has seen information come to him down the scientific Jacob’s ladder has been alone in space *without Christ*. The Christian mystic seems to have had all along the companionship of an ideal of human goodness ; but the scientific mystic has had the experience of being without any such companionship.

He has felt alone on the top of a snow-range without any indication of any difference between good and evil ; not only without

present companionship, but without the trace of a footstep of anyone who has gone before ; alone among a waste of boundless, trackless snow. It is not altogether pleasant to be there, but it is very very good to have been there. When once it is over, one feels that it is, of all the experiences of one's life, the one we would not have missed.

The human being who has passed through the experience is never the same again. The change from Saul, the Persecutor to Paul, the Apostle, is not at all greater than the change from the condition of one who has hitherto only used scientific notations and methods revealed to other people, to the condition of him to whom has been revealed, at first hand, any new impartial or non-moral scientific method or notation.

Reading the great old records of the past, one knows that such men, as Moses the Liberator and the Electrician Elijah had passed through this experience ; and afterwards they wrote that they had seen God. The great Hebrew Geometrician, known in Europe as " Jesus," went through it and said that he had seen the devil. Everyone who has gone through it knows that both are true. God and devil are two faces of One Power. " I make peace and I create evil," says The One ; it depends on the state of the human See whether he sees *The One* as God or as devil.

A scientific man once said to me that there are some things that the world can never know unless some men will consent to be ill for the sake of knowing them.

The condition which he called being " ill," I call being up in the scientific snowfields " whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell." Those words just describe that condition. But there, I fear, ends its likeness to anything that St. Paul ever experienced, or wished to experience, or could understand anything about. It is at this point that the history of the mystic consciousness divides.

The man of whom I spoke just now used to say to me that to hold any opinion as to whether there is or is not a future life is presumption. To feel that one can trust God in either case is faith. On nearly the last day of his life he told me that the whole universe seemed spread out before him like a great black ocean, where there was nothing to see ; and nothing to hear, except at intervals a silver trumpet sounding the words, " For ever, O Lord, Thy word is settled in Heaven." After he had become speechless, I asked him

whether he now believed in a future life. He shook his head and pushed my hand away. I asked, "Are you still willing to trust God for the future as well as the present." He nodded and smiled.

That is the state of mind in which the religious world has been for a century or more calling Atheism, Pantheism, Materialism and Infidelity.

I myself, I may say, am fairly familiar with the scientific snowfields. I was taken up there several times as quite a little child, sometimes by one scientific man, sometimes by another. I was taken once by a French National Schoolmaster, in order that I might get a lesson, straight from the Unseen, about arithmetic. The particular Jacob's ladder that was let down for me was a rule of three sum; and a very solid affair it has proved. Scientific truths have come down it for me many a time since then.

Speaking figuratively, I might say that I have been up there in all states of the weather, and at all hours of the day and night. I have been up there when the sky seemed hollowed out of a glittering solid sapphire; I have been up there when everything was as black as pitch; I have been up there when everything was grey fog; and I have been up there when the whole atmosphere was a chaos of storm-spirals and flashes of lightning, against a background of lurid black clouds. But I have never come down without being very thankful that I was privileged to go up. One cannot always get up there at will. But when I am bodily ill, a visit to the snowfields, if I can get there, acts like magic on the bodily ailment, whatever it may be.

Whoever goes up to the snowfields finds that whatever meaning the ordinary language of religion and ethics had for him before he went up, has disappeared. He sheds his ethical shell; but presently grows a fresh one.

And here we come to the great danger and temptation of scientific mysticism. It is so difficult to explain ourselves to those who have not shared our experience that we too often give up the attempt as hopeless. We do not care how outsiders judge us. The scientific mystic fears only two kinds of misconception or misrepresentation, *viz.*, credit given to him which is due to his teachers, or homage mistakenly paid him by persons who would shrink from him if they understood what he really means. Any

other sort of misunderstanding than those we welcome, for we know it is the necessary preliminary, and sure presage, of ultimate success. The meek, not the noisy, ultimately control the world. The silenced dead rule posterity from their graves.

We have learned from Euclid that those who are in the right need never contradict opponents ; it is simpler to give them free scope to bring themselves to a *reductio ad absurdum*. And I fear we are tempted to indulge in the devil's darling vice, " the pride which apes humility."

Christian mystics have their own sacred mountain and are probably much the better for climbing it. Most likely it is as high as ours. All I know is that it must be a very different place. And what they say about it conveys to most of us no meaning whatsoever. When I am hearing or reading what they have to say, I feel, much as I suppose a winged ant might feel when looking through the peep-hole of a beehive. Here is a grand culture going on, conducted by creatures not of my species, and whose language does not reach my ears. I have every possible respect for their activity in their own region ; but the two things I am sure about are that if they attempted to mix up with anything I want to do, they would spoil the work ; and that, if I tried to live in their town, I should get my wings clogged with the honey.

Of our own snowfields I would say that it is a region where it is possible to feel utterly alone without feeling in the least lonely : and to be conscious of an absolute cessation of all vital warmth without the slightest sense of cold.

It has always been a great puzzle to me what is the relation between St. Paul's ideas of Christian piety and the example of Jesus of Nazareth. There seems to be no immediately discoverable connection. But perhaps I might express the difference thus :—

Christians such as St. Paul seem to be always looking for the foot-prints of Jesus on the sands of time. I have known one or two scientific mystics who took great pleasure in tracing his foot-steps on the snow. But if they do that, they only prove themselves so far not his truest disciples. There does not appear the smallest evidence that Jesus Himself followed constantly in the tracks of any particular teacher. At the beginning, He seems to have followed the leading of Gamaliel, the great Teacher of Universal

Brotherhood and Kindness. But later on He appears to have started to steer Himself ; to find His own way and follow no man. And what He has given to science is not footsteps on the snow, but the compass by means of which he succeeded in finding His own way, across a trackless and virgin waste, to wherever God wished Him to go. And yet He was not alone, because the Father was with him.

The compass that Jesus gave to Nicodemus was the storm spiral with calm at its centre. The tree of life for science is the tree of knowledge of good *and evil*. Its first commandment is a stern prohibition to acknowledge any God except the Deliverer from bondage to any one fixed Eidolon ; the second is the caution never to put any Ideal on the Altar of the Unknown. The world of science provides periodically the harmless scapegoat, who is banished into isolation, after the sins committed by ignorance and rapacity, by self-assertion and self-glorification, have been laid on its helpless head. Its own ritual is the perpetual " giving up of *our best*, * in order that God may give us His better." The ritual always concludes in the same way—by some blessing coming to the persecutors from the Misunderstood Ones.

Its ultimate outlook was summed up by Ernest Renan, who in his life-time was called, by all sections of the Christian world, " atheist " and " flippant scoffer."

This is the " atheist's " conclusion of the whole matter.

" God is always on the side of the persecuted, even when they are mistaken in their opinions." " And, in the Eternal World, the persecuted thanks the persecutor for helping him to his crown."

MARY EVEREST BOOLE.

London.

* Y. Hinton.

AN ENGLISH POET OF TO-DAY. WILLIAM WATSON : AN APPRECIATION.

ONE of the most interesting questions that must face every true lover of English Literature, is the future of English poetry. The despair of pessimistic critics has been exercising its baneful influence over a wide range of the reading public, and the fear is every day gaining ground that the glorious days of English poetry have passed away never to return. It gladdens one's heart to be able to escape from falling a prey to the gloomy pessimism of these critics and be convinced that the muse of English poesy is still able to inspire her faithful votaries with as much enthusiasm as ever.

Swinburne, Stephen Phillips, and William Watson may rightly be considered the three greatest English poets living at the present day, and the poetic genius of a nation that can boast of three such singers all simultaneously engaged in the field, does not surely exhibit signs of decay. It is the purpose of this article to justify that optimistic creed by the presentation of a critical appreciation of the work of one of them, William Watson.

Apart from the relation of Watson's work to the consideration of this question, he must be of more than passing interest to the student of English literature. An active interest in current *contemporary* English literature, as manifested in the best productions of the time, is absolutely essential for every earnest student of English. An appreciation of the classical masterpieces in the language—the work of its greatest poets, dramatists, prose-writers and novelists—must not satisfy his curiosity; he must also take a lively interest in the various developments which the literature has been undergoing before his very eyes. The student of *Hamlet* and *As you Like It* must condescend to notice Stephen Phillip's *Nero* and his *Paolo and Francesca*; while exhibiting a glowing admiration for the perennial beauties of *Paradise Lost*, he

must acquaint himself with Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads* and his *Atalanta in Calydon*; if he has read *Vanity Fair* and the *Vicar of Wakefield*, he must also be familiar with Meredith's *Egoist* and Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd*. Watson, as one of the best exponents of English poetry at the present day, must thus be of considerable interest to us.

Elegiac poetry seems to be Mr. Watson's special field, and his claim to a place in the history of English literature will largely rest on the fine series of elegies on Tennyson, Wordsworth, Burns, and Matthew Arnold. His *Lacrimæ Masarum*, *Tomb of Burns*, *Wordsworth's Grave* and *In Laleham Churchyard* entitle him to a very high place among elegiac poets in the English language. Their excellence approaches that of such masterpieces of English elegiac poetry as *Adonais*, *Lycidas*, *Thyrsis* or *In Memoriam*.

The exhibition of calm elegiac sentiment, coupled with a serious philosophic insight, invests these poems with a merit that will do credit to the best elegiac poet in English. He has caught the true spirit of elegiac poetry and his expression of sorrow in song is at once dignified and graceful. His vivid portrayal of the life and character of the heroes whom he has chosen as the subjects of his verse, fills us with admiration for his sympathetic appreciation of their greatness. His masterly and critical examination of their intellectual work heightens the value of his sentiments, and stimulates our interest in those departed souls whose memory he has so successfully attempted to consecrate in verse. The breadth of vision displayed in these poems is quite characteristic of his poetic genius.

His remarkable insight into the personages whose loss he mourns, can be illustrated by numerous passages from them, as when he says of Burns:—

“No mystic torch through Time he bore,
No virgin veil from life he tore;
His soul no bright insignia wore
Of starry birth.

“Singly he faced the bigot brood,
The meanly wise, the feebly good;
He pelted them with pearl, with mud;
He fought them well,—
But Oh, the stupid million stood,
And he—he fell!

"A dreamer of our common dreams,
 A fisher in familiar streams,
 He chased the transitory gleams
 That all pursue;
 But on his lips the eternal themes
 Again were new."

Or again, when he says of Wordsworth:—

"No word-mosaic artificer, he sang
 A lofty song of lowly weal and dole,
 Right from the heart, right to the heart it sprang,
 Or from the soul leapt instant to the soul.
 He felt the charm of childhood, grace of youth,
 Grandeur of age insisting to be sung;
 The impassioned argument was simple truth
 Half wondering at its own melodious tongue."

Watson's excellence in the expression of literary criticism in verse is a constant source of admiration to the readers of his poems. He has been able to interpret the art of true literary criticism through his poetry in an extraordinary manner. The poetic genius of a Shelley, a Wordsworth or a Milton is characterised very vividly in a short compass, and the reader is enabled to possess an accurate estimate of his poetic work. He is lost in admiration of lines such as these (addressed to Wordsworth):—

"Not Milton's keen translunar music thine,
 Not Shakespeare's cloudless, boundless human view,
 Not Shelley's flush of rose on peaks divine,
 Nor yet the wizard twilight Coleridge knew."

Or again:—

"From Shelley's dazzling glow or thunderous haze,
 From Byron's tempest anger, tempest mirth,
 Men turned to thee and found—not blast and blaze,
 Tumult of tottering heavens, but peace on earth."

Who can fail to appreciate these lines in his *Tomb of Burns*?

"Some Keats, to Grecian gods allied,
 Clasp all beauty as his bride?
 Some Shelley, soaring dim-described
 Above Time's throng,
 And heavenward hurling wild and wide
 His spear of song?"

A lonely Wordsworth, from the crowd
 Half hid in light, half veiled in cloud?
 A sphere-born Milton, cold and proud
 In hallowing hues
 Dipt and with gorgeous ritual vowed
 Unto the Muse?

It may well be asked whether all the numerous volumes of critical appreciation of the work of Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth and Milton, convey to the student of English literature, as vivid an idea of the peculiarities of their poetic genius as these last dozen lines. Though the poet presumes in these lines a sound knowledge of literature and literary history on the part of the reader, they are valuable as a lively expression of literary criticism in verse of an excellent quality. Every word and phrase is pregnant with meaning; the characterisation is accurate and the general estimate is at once critical and comprehensive.

A vivid idea is often conveyed to us by a slight touch of poetic skill as when the poet speaks of Collin's lonely *vesper-chime*" and of "the *frugal note* of Gray," or when he characterizes Goldsmith's poetry as "a cadence soft as summer rain." It is impossible to imagine the expression of literary criticism of such an intensely critical nature, in more exquisite language. There have been successful attempts at the expression of literary criticism in verse, in English literature, for instance the well-known lines of Ben Jonson on Shakespeare, Keats' sonnet on Chapman's Homer, Matthew Arnold's lines on Wordsworth—but to Watson belongs the unique distinction of having blended, in perfect harmony, *critical accuracy* with *poetic beauty*.

The poet's partiality for this species of poetry contributes to a slight disfigurement of his elegiac poems. Stanzas, which are in themselves beautiful specimens of literary criticism in verse, occur very often in his elegies, sometimes even to the detriment of the elegiac spirit.

The reader's sympathy with the poet's sorrow is asked for, and he is expected to put up with his critical remarks on various other poets in season and out of season. The unity of interest is very often sacrificed as the poet wishes to indulge in his favourite predilection of conveying literary criticism in poetry. All the extracts quoted above to illustrate his excellence in this particular kind of poetic art, occur in his *elegiac* poems, and are not, therefore, quite consistent with their main theme. They throw the subject of the elegy into the background for the time, and our interest is centred in personages other than the hero of the piece.

While appreciating their innate excellence, the reader is disposed to feel that such digressions are quite unsuited to the spirit of elegiac poetry.

In his *Wordsworth's Grave*, he enters upon a critical description of the decadence of poetry in England in what is known as the "Classical Age" and its gradual revival with the Romantic Movement in English Literature. He almost loses sight of the subject and forgets his sorrow, not in any reflections on the problems of life and death—that would be eminently appropriate in an elegy—but in an excursus into the fields of literary criticism describing the decay and growth of poetry in particular periods of literary history. His description of the artificiality and narrowness of poetry in the "Classical Age," is thoroughly faithful; his reference to the part played by Johnson, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith and Burns in the revival of poetry is intensely vivid; nevertheless, the reader exclaims with irritation, "Why all this in an elegy on Wordsworth?" An interesting parallel suggests itself in Shelley's *Adonais*. When Shelley introduces the "Mountain Shepherds" Byron, Moore, and himself, into the poem, it is not for the display of his powers of literary criticism, but for heightening the elegiac effect, by representing them as weeping for the loss of Keats, the subject of the elegy. The same exquisite skill is seen in his representation of Chatterton, Sydney and Lucan, "the inheritors of unfulfilled renown" as welcoming the spirit of Keats into their midst. On the other hand, in Watson's elegies, the elegiac spirit is very often violated by the introduction of ideas which are of no concern to the subject. Is it any wonder the reader suspects that the expression of sorrow is not genuine and does not proceed from the heart? Watson has won considerable success in reflective poetry. He surveys creation with the meditative eye of a Browning and his writings thus acquire a peculiar ethical and philosophic value. His chief merit lies in the fact that this is attained not by any injury to the *poetic spirit*, his philosophic meditations being always subordinated to the imperative requisites of poetic beauty. Melody, harmony and taste are not sacrificed at the altar of thought. The simple and the universal elements in human nature form the subject of his poems. His philosophic temperament does not lead him to an inordinate enthusiasm for the obscure and grotesque aspects of the human mind, which had, for instance, such a great fascination for a poet like Browning, resulting in the abstruseness of his verse. He displays a keen appreciation of the indisputable principle that all true poetry must appeal to the elementary and universal passions of humanity. He has not been led into an admiration for what Walter Bagehot calls, "the grotesque art in poetry." The reflective

nature of his poems does not mar the grace and simplicity of his verse. Throughout his work intensity of thought is co-existent with excellence in the poetic art, an achievement of which any poet might be proud.

A hoary yew-tree which is the Father of the Forest, makes him contemplate thus :—

“ The advent of that morn divine
When nations may as forests grow,
Wherein the oak hates not the pine,
Nor beeches wish the cedars woe,
But all in their unlikeness, blend,
Confederate to one golden end—
Beauty : the vision whereunto
In joy, with pantings from afar.

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Toils the indomitable world.”

This optimistic faith is ever present in his enunciation of the creed of the Universe, like Tennyson’s “far-off divine event, to which the whole creation moves.”

He asks :—

“ And what is Nature’s order, but the rhyme
Whereto in holiest unanimity,
All things with all things move unfalteringly.”

A feeling of cheery optimism sways all his poetry. Even when he strikes a note of complaint as in that short piece entitled “World-Strangeness,” it is—

“ In this house with starry dome,
Floored with gemlike plains and seas.”

The world is to him like a “Fairy Lamp” hung, “from the great branches of the solar scheme.”

His optimistic appreciation of the order of things in creation is well brought out in the clever caprice entitled, “Eloping Angels.” Faust is anxious to have a glimpse of heavenly bliss, and with the help of Mephistopheles actually visits Heaven; to their great surprise, they see two Angels who love each other, long to get back to the earth to settle down there as man and wife: Faust and Mephistopheles exchange their garments for that of the Angels, who descend to the earth and lead a happier life; the pilgrims from our world are also soon disgusted with the monotonous happiness of heaven, and themselves return to their

original home, which is by far more interesting. Heaven is to them but the mere "dulness of entire felicity," where there are not as in this world

"Objects new,
Tempting the soul for ever forth to press."

The poet expresses his whole-hearted appreciation of our existence here, its struggles and expectations, its triumphs and imperfections, when he says :—

"One goal obtained, another half in view,
One riddle solved, another still to guess,
Something subdued, and something to subdue,
Are the conditions of our happiness.
I know no harsher ordinance of thought,
Than the stagnation of your perfect state."

The imperfections of this world do not turn him a bitter misanthrope, but make him realise the happiness in that constant progress on earth towards perfection. He has put into practice with admirable effect his own exhortation to poets :—

"Since Life is rough.
Sing smoothly, O Bard."

He has the true poetic instinct which sees that Art keeps no record of Life's "travail and throes." "Enough, enough," he exclaims "to have *found* life hard."

His poems on public affairs are by no means a negligible feature of his work. Their merit must be acknowledged, though it cannot be asserted with confidence that they will take a permanent place in literature, on account of the transitory interest attached to such poetry. A variety of political topics is dealt with in them in a very warm and enthusiastic spirit. An appeal for some cause, the ethics of a certain war, the wisdom of a statesman, the glorification of national greatness—subjects like these engage his attention in this series of poems.

It is, however, unfortunate that all the poems of this class should have been clouded by the exhibition of a *narrow* and *insular* spirit of patriotism. It is always *England's* greatness that excites his muse, and he is ever ready to proclaim her greatness with a shrill blast of trumpets. He has no hesitation in

"Accounting her all living lands above,
In justice and in mercy and in love."

His sympathies can extend at best to the limits of the British Em-

pire, "whose broad roots coil beneath the sea" and "whose branches sweep the world." He resembles Rudyard Kipling in this exhibition of a haughty and exclusive spirit of national imperialism which is inconsistent with the breadth of sentiment that must characterise a true poet.

His voice is not raised in the cause of universal freedom and liberty. The struggles of fallen nations in their efforts for emancipation command no sympathy from him as they do from Byron or Shelley, nor do the triumphs and achievements of countries other than his own call forth his unstinted admiration.

He sneers, as Tennyson did, at the "froth and flotsam of the Seine," he gloats over England's possession of the Eastern Treasure, India in her "Constellated brow," but is not moved by any exalted ideas of England's mission in the country; he asks on behalf of his nation who are "Milton's kindred, Shakespeare's heirs"

"The prize of lyric victory who shall gain,
If ours be not the laurel, ours the palm."

Strangely enough, he goes to the length of justifying such outbursts of national vanity and exclusiveness in his poetry. "I own," he says with a glow of pride, "to insularity," and none will envy him the possession of that rare virtue.

No appreciation of Watson's work will be complete without a word of praise for his neatly turned epigrams. He has shown in them that breadth of poetic vision is not inconsistent with epigrammatic brevity of expression. They are not pieces of artificial poetry dull and colourless in their nature. They are, on the other hand, full of poetic life and possess a peculiar charm of their own. His epigram on the tragic episode of Shelley's relationship with Harriet Westbrook is an effective illustration of his success in the art :—

"A star look'd down from heaven and loved a flower,
Grown in earth's garden, loved it for an hour.
Let eyes that trace his orbit in the spheres
Refuse not, to a ruined rosebud, tears."

While appreciating the beauty of these lines, the reader will easily discover, beneath their euphemistic vesture, the cruel and barbarous nature of Shelley's ill-treatment of poor Harriet.

The merits of Watson as a poet are so clear that there is no difficulty in assigning him a secure place in English literature. The literary convention of estimating, at the conclusion of a critical sketch of a poet's work, his exact place in the ranks of the other poets of the language

might be dispensed with on an occasion like this when we are considering the production of a living poet whose work is not complete and of whom more can be expected in years to come. It may be too much to ask for him, at present, a place along with the *master-poets* of the English language, but even the morose hypercritic cannot deny that he has all the distinguishing features of a true poet.

Madras.

P. SESHADRI.

SELF-INTERROGATION.

Why is my heart so freshly young,
When eyes grow dim with the mist of years—
And then again—so quickly wrung
By thoughts that bring these idle tears ?
This yester-eve my self-vexed sigh!
For a song had made me strangely sad!
And now I ask myself for why
I am as reasonlessly glad ?
Do these quick moods foretell a stage
Of childish youth, and foolish age ?
Or do they this sweet truth unfold
That Life itself 's nor young nor old ?

France

MARGARET EAGLES SWAYNE.

A PLEA FOR AN INTERNATIONAL MOVEMENT TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM OF THE TOWN.

INDUSTRIAL progress is charged with having done us a great deal of harm ; and, indeed, looking at things on the surface, our improved means of production seem chiefly to have caused cut-throat competition and unemployment, together with excessive-wealth for a small number of people. Looking below the surface, however, we see that progress has done us good, by rendering the social question absolutely simple, so that, as soon as we free ourselves from party and class bias, truly beneficent changes will come. The party spirit alone blinds us to the fact that the cause of poverty is no longer that our powers of production are overtaxed ; but that they are undertaxed, and all the evil arises from this fact. We have, therefore, no need to think of taking anything from the rich in order to provide amply for the toiling masses, but merely to set to work idle machinery of production. If there were any occasion for differences of opinion as to what should be done in order to actuate our idle machinery of production, the social question might still have been made complicated in practice by differences of opinion ; for it is very human for people to see no way of salvation but their own special way. But no such difficulty arises : the fact of there being several problems to solve, and *only one solution effective for them all, which moreover is the only solution for the most urgent of them*, makes the course quite clear.

It has long been laid down as a principle by sanitarians that health is impossible when population is crowded together too densely for every house to have a fair-sized garden around it ; twenty-five inhabitants to the acre has been mentioned as the maximum density that should be allowed.

We have become a nation of town-dwellers ; we must, therefore, design our towns so as to put an end to the present crowding. A nation of town-dwellers must have healthy towns, whatever else it has or has not. Now the gardens round the dwellings, which we want primarily for health, would incidentally solve the economic problem.

It is, of course, well known that the supreme remedy for poverty, for the cut-throat competition which makes the workers accept starvation wages, is *freer access to the land*. Ardoven Dumazet shews, in his "*Voyage en France*," the well-being that exists everywhere when the people work at industry and at agriculture, and examples such as he gives are furnished in every country. Why is there a tremendous discrepancy between what industrial communities produce and what they might produce? Because, commercially speaking, demand is always slack. Why is demand always slack? Because people, competing desperately with each other for work, *cut down wages*, so that they have no purchasing power. We have great productive powers and we could enjoy abundance of everything with very little labour, only we make production depend on demand, and then compete with each other to demand as little remuneration as possible for our labour, and thus do not use our productive powers. The need is for the industrial worker to have access to the land, in order to diminish this fearful competition; then, with co-operation, they will become increasingly independent of the capitalist and so insist on a decent rate of remuneration.

In practically every branch of production sub-division of labour increases efficiency; there is nothing gained, however, but on the contrary, everything is lost, by entirely separating food-production from other crafts: there is a class of food-stuffs which for a variety of reasons can be better produced at home than anywhere else. The raw material used in its production is the household refuse, which, otherwise, is costly to remove; the cost of collecting, conveying and distributing perishable produce is so great that it is much cheaper for the working man to grow it at home.

If there is anything in the world to make us believe in a Providence it is this combination of circumstances demanding that man shall never entirely cut himself off from nature, for it is salvation in every way.

The evils of our economic system and of our civilisation may be classified under three heads: moral, economic and sanitary; and *gardens are the remedy for them all*. As regards the moral evils, gardens are the best way, first, to combat drink; for one thing because they give the working man an attractive home, and one demanding his attention and care; secondly, because fresh fruits and vegetables are the best antidote against a craving for alcohol; then gardens, with the numerous occupations they give people an opportunity for, are the best incentives to *industry and thrift*, and, therefore, the greatest remedy for the host of evils that have their root in idleness. Again, under our industrial system people are never working for themselves, always for another, and therefore *never learn*

to be truly industrious; obviously, gardens, a home industry, are the remedy. The great economic evils of our industrial system are that labour is subdivided until men and women are reduced to mere machines; they learn a speciality, then some new machinery is invented which does the work they have learnt to do; and they are cast aside to perish. What they want is a piece of land to cultivate, so as to have a second string to their bow, and to prevent them from being turned into mere machines. Finally, as to the sanitary evils of our present system, gardens are obviously the remedy.

Now what is wanted in order to give us the garden-cities which will change our industrial system from the evil thing it is now into good? Fortunately, we have to do no harm for good to come. It is evident that if it were made a rule that towns were to be gradually thinned out as houses were, for various reasons, demolished, the effect would be to enormously *increase* the value of the land. Where population is densely crowded together on certain spots, we have, on the one hand, towns where the land is very valuable, and outside the towns, country where the land is of relatively small value. But where population is decentralised, we have dwellings scattered over a greater area, the valuable building land in a number of little pieces, instead of a solid mass, and *all the area on which it is scattered valuable as gardens instead of being relatively valueless as mere rural land*. Thus for the salvation of the masses in Britain, indeed in Europe generally, what we have to do is not to make any heroic sacrifice—as Japan made to free herself of feudalism—but to increase enormously the value of our land by methodically decentralising population; at the same time increasing our national safety, by reviving our agriculture. Of course, land values in the present towns would suffer from decentralisation; but this is not a serious matter in a plan that would be highly profitable on the whole, as there would be ample means to compensate any interests adversely affected. It may be calculated that the increases of the value of cultivated land due to a better distribution of population might easily pay for, or more than pay for, rebuilding towns in such a way as to avoid all congestion and be perfectly healthy. Independently of this, if we capitalise the cost to the country of the different classes of the unfit and criminals, whom the town produces in such numbers, we see that the whole expenditure of rebuilding the towns would be covered *over and over again* by the saving of expenditure under this heading. We may calculate also that, if the value of the worker's output were increased by about three-halfpence a day under the healthier conditions of improved towns, this alone would cover the

whole cost. The only question, therefore, is by how many hundred per cent. re-building towns would be worth the money it cost even from the purely financial point of view. And, finally, we must not forget that it is now proposed to spend money on Old Age Pensions, the unemployed, and on improvements of the dwellings of the working class; the last-named expenditure would be saved us if we systematically rebuilt towns, and undoubtedly, decentralising industries would solve the first-named questions, better than anything else could. (For calculations, see *Administrative Efficiency*, Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; a copy will be supplied half price (5d.) to order accompanied by this review.) To render all this progress possible, no measure of reform is required more drastic than those which the Prime Minister proclaimed on the 20th of April, 1907, that "We are resolved, without haste and without rest, to press forward."

Why, then, it will be asked, do we not promptly remedy the state of affairs that disgraces us before the whole world, and makes our professed Christianity appear a mockery? The answer is: because we are blinded by party spirit. There is a doctrine called Socialism, a more or less warped understanding of which has become very popular; with the result that such questions as these are looked upon, not from the point of view of their merit, but from the point of view of whether or not they are socialistic. But the case is not hopeless, because, clearly, the reform we want to meet the present need would be the first step towards socialism and "land-reform;" on the other hand, however, as every reform whose effect is to improve the conditions under which the people dwell, produces a healthy public opinion, it will be the greatest set-back to socialism, if socialism is not really a good thing. The first step of reform would therefore, be supported by all, if they would think at all.

People will not take the trouble, however; therein lies the difficulty. Then, party-spirit makes things complicated that should be simple, and there is not the zeal to relieve the sufferings of the masses which would make people exert themselves to see what is the simple truth under the contradicting theories.

In such matters as this, *internationalism is of infinite value*. An Indian studying the social question of Europe would at once see its wonderful simplicity and how all social ills spring from one root, which root is in itself evil, because he would approach it free from party bias. The facts are so plain that a dispassionate study of the question is all that is required to see the way clearly. European civilisation has become an urbanised civilisation. Socialism and land-nationalisation may be very fine things, or they may not; but the pressing question *now* is not to,

carry out those revolutionary reforms, but to make such changes as will *render it possible to make towns healthy*, and in doing this to take the first great step towards every needed reform. It has been said that if twelve good men could be got to agree, they would carry the world with them. Nothing should be easier than to get the whole world to agree on something so simple as the social question in Europe; but, so strong is the party spirit created by the fanaticism of the socialists and anti-socialists, that it seems impossible to get two people to agree on those questions.

If a few Indian gentlemen of standing would study the question, and do what is so easy for lookers-on to do, but so difficult for those in the heat of strife, namely, take the plain facts of the case, and then set them down in a memorandum, they could approach European reformers with a convincing force, pleading in the name of humanity, and they would get the fair hearing no European would get, as he is always suspected of being a socialist, a land-reformer, or an anti-socialist or anti-land-reformer. They would find ready organised, in France, England, Germany and Holland, "garden city associations," supported by the best and most successful men of business; they would receive the most sympathetic hearing from eminent men; they would be certain that, as a result of their initiative, an international society would be formed, independent of parties, whose object would be simply to urge upon all nations the duty, now that they are rapidly becoming nations of town-dwellers, to put aside all other questions for the moment, and consider what can be done to make towns morally and physically healthy places to live in, and to stop the physical deterioration, which has been so noticeable in England that a Royal Commission was appointed to investigate the matter. Health is not everything; but, for health, space is necessary, and space is everything, because it means *access to the land*. That is our whole social question. But it must become the rule and not the exception for the working-classes to have a garden to their cottages, for the whole conditions of labour to be changed. There is an awakening in Asia, and that awakening is certainly not less conspicuous in India than elsewhere. May not this awakening prove itself in advance of previous awakenings in not being narrowly national, but broadly humanitarian? And surely, nothing could do India herself more good than if her leading men rendered Europe the service it so greatly needs to receive from without, because of the bitter party spirit. Socialism and socialistic ideas have given rise to paralysis. Europe, and especially England, stands hesitating before a great step *that will have to be taken*; for an urbanised civilisation will

certainly not continue with a defect in its system of land ownership which renders it impossible to make towns healthy; we stand hesitating because we are distracted by party strife; this is a unique opportunity for people of another race who wish to serve the cause of humanity, to urge us to forget party strife for a moment and take the necessary step quickly in the name of mercy to those who suffer.

J. W. PEFAVEL.

England.

THE TROUBLES OF A GAEKWAR.

“YOU have purchased goods, have requested money for their price and have written in detail that if it is not speedily sent the owners of the goods will change their minds, and the goods purchased will slip out of our hands. This has been understood. To-morrow a reply to it shall be sent, and now five *hundis* are enclosed, three of them on Ahmedabad (having sold, you will realise their amount), and two *hundis* are on Bombay The letters of my Sheth (master) you have delivered to *your* Sheth, upon which *the* Sheth became angry with his own *gumasta*, threw the blame on the Baroda *gumasta* and got himself out of the scrape, &c.”

Apparently, a business letter from one Hindu merchant to another, and yet it had the honour of being intercepted by a Resident and laid before the Governor-in-Council in 1827! The reason for such elevation lies deep. As our friends the Theosophist-esoterists would say, this letter requires a “key.” It is not for me to furnish the key. Suffice it here to say that the cryptic epistle quoted above is connected with an interesting episode in Baroda history.

Fattehsing, Gaekwar *de facto* (though the titular head was Anandrao, an imbecile) died in August, 1818, the news having been received by the Right Honourable the Governor in Council with “feelings of unfeigned regret.”

As a mark of respect for the character of a prince who had ever manifested the strongest attachment to the British Government, the Governor in Council is pleased to direct that the flag be hoisted half-mast high on the flag-staff in the garrison to-morrow at sunrise, and minute guns to the number of 26, the age of His late Highness, be at the same time fired from Hornby's battery.

Fattehsing was succeeded by Shayaji Kao, second of that name. His accession marked a new epoch in Baroda affairs. Till the death

of Anandrao in 1819, the management of the State was virtually in the hands of the Resident. But the death of Anandrao removed all pretexts for direct interference. It will be readily believed, however, that the withdrawal of the control was very reluctant, and that power long enjoyed was long remembered. But Shayaji was hardly a man to remain in leading strings. The young prince was reported to be of a different mettle from any of his predecessors. He possessed pre-eminently that quality which is firmness in yourself and obstinacy in your opponent. Lord Clare gives the following picture of Shayaji, in which the greyer colours decidedly preponderate.

Like all natives he does not pay much regard to truth, being little struck with the beauty and simplicity of the charm, but I cannot say that I found him insensible to a plain, honest, and frank line of conduct. He is very obstinate and full of suspicions. He is notoriously avaricious.

Given such a prince, with a will of his own on one side, and a zealous Resident on the other, calling to mind at the same time Macaulay's definition of the Resident as the man who under the name of advice gives commands which are not to be disobeyed, and we cannot wonder that trouble brewed.

The dispute originated mainly out of the curious system of *bānhya dharis*, guarantees, which was then prevalent at Baroda and elsewhere. Such was the general feeling of insecurity which then pervaded all classes of society that no important transaction between man and man, or even between a prince and his subjects, could be carried through without the assistance of a third party, who "guaranteed" that the stipulated terms would be carried out. The usual guarantors, as is well known, were *bhāts* and *chāraus*, bards, whose persons were held more sacred even than those of the Brahmins; and who could eventually, by threats of self-immolation, not infrequently carried out, enforce adherence to the agreement. In Baroda, as it happened, the Arab mercenaries, whose pay was heavily in arrears, had got the upper hand. They had at one time imprisoned the Gaekwar and were eventually ousted with the help of the British troops. The arrears were liquidated by borrowing from native bankers under the "guarantee" of the British Government, and as the Arabs had also during their days of supremacy given *their* "guarantees" to many important State transactions, it was agreed that the

"guarantee" of the British Government should be substituted for that of the Arab whenever it had been granted either to persons or property. Subsequently, the Government, and in some cases, the Residents of their own authority, gave their "guarantee" in some of the Baroda State transactions to merchants and officials, thus upholding a system which, in the words of Sir James Outram was a source of incalculable injury to both British and Gaekwar Governments of evils not confined merely to the bad-feeling on the part of the Baroda Darbar engendered by the vexatious interference between the Gaekwar and his subjects imposed upon us by these guarantees, and consequent obstruction to all our endeavours to benefit the State, but the chief source moreover of the shameful corruption which has for so many years prevailed at this Court.

In 1820 Mr. Elphinstone visited Baroda and prepared a scheme of debt settlement, the liabilities amounting to about Rs. 1,08,00,000. Loans were raised from the principal bankers of the State under the "guarantee" of the British Government, the Gaekwar agreeing that they should be paid off in annual instalments of 15 lakhs. The Gaekwar was at the same time warned that if he failed to pay according to the stipulations, Government would take the management of the State into their hands. In spite of this, however, the pressure of debt steadily increased, the army and the establishments became disorganised, in short, affairs went from bad to worse. The Resident, Mr. Williams, remonstrated and pressed Shayaji Rao hard to apply a portion of his private hordes, which were believed to be considerable, towards the liquidation of the loans, and insisted also on internal reform, retrenchment and such other "patent" remedies as Providence has designed for Residents to force down the throats of unwilling Eastern princes. The result, as might be expected, was not very encouraging. Mr. Williams complained that he was only met by "fair words and promises." The minister, Vithal Rao, was persuaded by the Resident to support the policy suggested by him, and Shayaji Rao, deserted by his minister, surrounded by intrigues and confronted by an uncompromising Resident, turned to Mr. Elphinstone for aid, declaring that "he was a tree planted by the hands of the Governor," and appealed to him to come and loose the Gordian Knot. In this connection was written the enigmatic letter quoted above, in the hope that gold might prove the "open

sesame" to the hearts of unbending autocrats. A golden cup, it seems, was actually sent at one time to Mr. Elphinstone by the Gaekwar's *factotum*, Veneeram, which the former was ungracious enough to return with a curt letter. The Resident and the diwan had between them devised a plan for farming out the districts in septennial instead of annual leases, principally to the holders of the guaranteed loans, to clear the State thereby from debt at the end of seven years. To this Shayaji Rao gave (or, as it was alleged was forced to give) a reluctant consent. The Resident was cajoled and abused in turn for his pains, and Vithal Rao became henceforth a *bête noir* to Shayaji Rao. With true oriental imagery he was likened to people "who, Honourable Sir, offer wheat for sale and give barley in its stead, and deceive mankind in the first instance by sweet words but in the end sting like scorpions." Mr. Elphinstone poured oil on troubled waters; he told the Gaekwar, who had bitterly complained of Vithal Rao, that he was free to dismiss the minister if he liked (adding, of course, the invariable "but," the "but" of a Governor) and since he distrusted the Resident, assured him that though generally all letters addressed to Government must necessarily pass through the Resident, other modes of communication were always open to him. The Resident was at the same time given plainly to understand that Government would not encourage expectations of the minister being supported against his master, and he was also asked not to give undue prominence to palace intrigues. Other causes of chagrin were not wanting. The contingent of troops, which the Gaekwar was bound to keep up, was ill-paid and insufficient. The Gaekwar had disputes with some of his collaterals, in which the Resident took sides against Shayaji Rao. The Resident in a huff would not attend *Dusseera* and *Ganpati* processions, and there were all the other usual concomitants which render the atmosphere of a native court stifling to a straightgoing man. Mr. Elphinstone left India before the whirlpool had subsided, and his departure precipitated an open breach with Shayaji Rao. The chief bone of contention was, of course, the paying off of the guaranteed loans. The Gaekwar, who was clever though obstinate, then made a masterly move. In a personal interview with the Resident, he quietly announced his intention of paying off the guaranteed debt *at once*. This carried consternation into the enemy's

camp, for this was the last thing that the wirepullers wished to be done. To the lay mind, uninitiated in *Darbari Khatpat*, it might appear inexplicable why objection should be taken to so laudable a measure as the paying off of debts. But herein lay the whole secret of the policy of how *not* to do it. The bankers who pulled the strings had managed matters so cleverly that the Gaekwar *could* not be free from their clutches. As long as the period of the "guaranteed" debt was prolonged, the Gaekwar was at their mercy. For the satisfaction of the debt they held some of the best districts of the Gaekwar's territory and the "guarantee" empowered them and the native officialdom at the Residency to exercise a degree of interference which otherwise could not have been tolerated and which, we may be sure, was found to be highly lucrative. Added to this was an obligation which had been imposed on the Gaekwar, under which the guaranteed bankers *had the monopoly of advancing money to the State for ever!* And as deficit was the normal state of things, it happened that what was paid with one hand was received back with the other, and the debt to the guaranteed bankers grew like a snowball, leaving the creditors and the Residency masters of the situation. Shayaji proposed to free himself from this thralldom by paying off the debt partly from his private hoardings and partly by borrowing from other bankers and making his own arrangements with the latter, severing thus at one stroke all connection with the "guaranteed" bankers. This, of course, would have dealt a deathblow to "vested interests," and he was accordingly informed that this he could not do without the consent of the creditors and that to deal with other bankers would also be an infringement of the "guarantee." Herein, as subsequent event showed, Government were wrong, for there was nothing in the existing obligations which prevented the Gaekwar from doing as he proposed. Still, however, the fiat had gone forth and the Gaekwar, foiled on all sides, became reckless, violated the "guarantee" in several respects, and was found aggravating and even insolent. Then the Lion's paw fell. The following Proclamation was issued :—

PROCLAMATION.

Bombay Castle, 28th March, 1828.

"Whereas His Highness Sayaji Rao Gaekwar, unmindful of the friendship which has so long existed between the British Government

and the State of Baroda, and disregarding the repeated solemn remonstrations which have been made to him by the British representatives at his court, has, under the influence of wicked and designing persons, openly and deliberately violated engagements which had been concluded for the sole benefit of his State with His Highness's full knowledge and concurrence, and sanctioned by the guarantee of the British Government; and whereas all endeavours to persuade His Highness of the danger to which he was exposing himself by persevering in such conduct have failed of producing the desired effect, the Governor in Council has at length been reluctantly compelled to adopt decisive measures for the vindication of its violated faith and insulted honour, and to take into its own hands the means of providing for the full and satisfactory repayment of all claims, for the liquidation of which the British Government are guarantee.

The conduct of His Highness Sayaji Rao Gaekwar would have fully justified the British Government in declaring existing treaties at an end, and in treating him as in a state of open hostility with the British Government; but having no views of aggrandisement or self-interest, and being solely desirous to uphold the integrity of its faith, it has determined to limit itself to the most moderate course it could adopt consistently with the claims of those it has guaranteed, not that the conduct of His Highness entitled him individually to consideration, but because the British Government is anxious to evince its regard and consideration for the Gaekwar family. Acting upon this principle, the Governor in Council limits himself to the measure of placing under temporary sequestration the following resources and territories of the Gaekwar State.

The British Government, notwithstanding the conduct of His Highness Sayaji Rao, has too great a regard for the family of the Gaekwar and the ties of friendship which have so long bound the two States, to contemplate the permanent alienations of one *bigha* of its dominions. The above Proclamation is, therefore, promulgated for general information in order that the motives and intentions of the British Government may be fully understood."

This *coup de grace* was delivered by Sir John Malcolm, who had succeeded Mr. Elphinstone. Having thus rapped the Gaekwar on his knuckles, Sir John at the same time gladdened Shayaji's heart by adopting a measure which may appear to the present enlightened successor to his name and *gadi* as a dream too pleasant and fantastic to be realised. Sir John, who knew his India, saw that the machinations of the underlings at the Residency were mainly responsible

for the *impasse* that had been created. He ; therefore, cut at the root of the evil and abolished the Residency ; Communications with the Gaekwar were transferred to an officer styled Political and Judicial Commissioner, residing at Ahmedabad, and this momentous change in administrative policy was made on the following grounds, some of which will not be found to have lost force even at the present day.

“ The location of an officer of Government at the capital of a province, the existence of a large native establishment attached to such officer, the employment of newsmongers and spies, though necessary in the progress of the British Government to supreme power in India, was pregnant with inconveniences and dangers, and had ceased to be necessary when the British Supremacy was established. The Gaekwar had never shown the least desire to contest or deny that supremacy. Gujarat was occupied by British troops, and those of the Baroda State were more ready to obey the former than the latter power . . . What call was there for a continual watch over his actions and wretched counsels ?

The position of the Resident at Baroda, and the affairs of the Gaekwar State, which were the natural result of the relations between it and the British Government, had called into being a *succession of native agents* to whose corrupt and interested motives were ascribed, and no doubt with justice, an ample share of those intrigues and misunderstandings which had so long embarrassed the alliance . . . Henceforth, there should be no native servant at the Residency of a grade sufficient to give him the appearance of any influence. None were required, but clerks and accountants, and all newsmongers and informers were to be discouraged. *The British Government had no designs which required concealment, secrecy, and a minute knowledge of the actions and sentiments of the Gaekwar, which might occasionally be useful, but never in a degree to counterbalance the evil effects of the system.*”

The third party whose fortunes had to be disposed of was the minister, Vithal Rao Divanji. This man was treated with undue liberality by Sir John Malcolm. In consideration of his “ eminent and faithful ” services, he was granted a *sanad* assigning him large hereditary emoluments and authorising the adoption of a son. This was bitterly resented by the Gaekwar who had ever called Vithal Rao a traitor, and throughout the succeeding years he strenuously refused to recognise the validity of the *sanad* which, by the way, trenchanted upon one of his undoubted prerogatives, the authorisation of an adoption. This grant was strongly condemned afterwards both by

the Bombay Government and the Court of Directors, and as the Gaekwar resolutely shut his ears against all persuasions on *this* score, the British Government had to take upon themselves in part the fulfilment of Sir John Malcolm's promises, though ultimately, in 1852, a compromise was arrived at between the Gaekwar and Vithal Rao's family. It is not easy to divine on what grounds Sir John Malcolm became so generous to Vithal Rao at the expense of the Gaekwar, and the only permissible conclusion is that he was "hypnotised" by Vithal Rao and his subordinates—a phenomenon which is not peculiar to those early days of the British rule. In order to give the Gaekwar every inducement to imitate the patience of Job, Vithal Rao, of all persons, was appointed manager of the sequestered districts, an arrangement which was rightly characterised as injudicious by the Court of Directors.

These extreme measures defeated their own purpose. It was estimated that by means of the sequestration the debt would be liquidated in five years. The "estimates" remained true to their character and did not, as is their wont, descend below the sphere of calculations. The severity with which the Gaekwar was treated recoiled on the heads of the bankers whom it was mainly intended to benefit. With the Residency removed and the Gaekwar exasperated, they were in the position of the man who, as the Indian wiseacre puts it, quarrels with the serpent while living in his hole, and had naturally to give Baroda a wide berth, complaining piteously afterwards to Lord Clare that they were ruined, living away from that city. How the *ryots* of the attached districts fared may be gathered from the words of one of them, who said that "they had a tank on one side, and a well on the other, and were sure to fall into one or the other." And so the *status quo* remained till Lord Clare took up the reins of Government in March 1831. It may interest partisans in the Lieutenant-Governor *vs.* the Governor-in-Council controversy to learn that a purely local problem which had baffled trained administrators was solved by an English nobleman, without "experience," but open-minded and sympathetic, which may be held to indicate, as has been said before, that experience is a hen that cackles oftener than it lays eggs.

Towards the end of 1831 Lord Clare visited Baroda at the urgent request of the Gaekwar. Though nothing definite was done in the

course of the first visit, the way was paved for a final settlement 'by a much-needed smoothing away of wrinkles. The Governor took pains to be kind and conciliatory, and the Gaekwar was treated not like a "naughty" boy, but like a prince, with the utmost distinction and consideration. The Governor took note of the fact that the Gaekwar State was the only one of the Maratha powers which had on the most trying occasions been invariably faithful to its alliance with the Company, and thought it wiser "not to attempt to carry matters with what is called a high hand . . . because being the stronger power, it was more becoming in me to begin the negotiation on terms of perfect reciprocity." As a result of this rational treatment the Governor found the Gaekwar "beyond all comparison better conducted, both as a man and as a ruler over his people, than the majority of native chiefs in India," and really believed that Shayaji Rao almost trusted him. The rest was comparatively easy. Having sounded his colleagues, Lord Clare visited Baroda a second time in March 1832. The most knotty question related to the "guaranteed" loan to the bankers. Government had insisted that the Gaekwar *could not pay* off the loans at once. The Governor was decidedly of opinion that there was nothing in the engagements which could be construed to mean that the debt could be paid off only by fixed annual instalments. The bankers on their part were but too willing to accept payments, and under the circumstances the Governor took the wisest course of leaving the parties to settle the matter as best they could by themselves, refraining from evincing any undue curiosity into the conduct of the negotiations. The Gaekwar produced fifteen lakhs from his private treasury, and when the arrangements were finally completed, Lord Clare summoned the bankers before him and asked them, in the absence of Shayaji, if they had received a fair and satisfactory payment of their dues. They all replied in the affirmative and willingly released the Government from their "guarantee," being but too glad to get back to Baroda.

As regards the upkeep of the contingent, the Gaekwar would not listen to any proposal for the cession of territory for its expenses, but finally proposed voluntarily an arrangement which was accepted by Government, *viz.*, that he should deposit ten lakhs with Government as a fund from which the troops could be paid on his failure to pay them regularly. The question about the grant made to

Vit'hal Rao was the rock on which the negotiations threatened to split. The Gaekwar was immovable on this point, and Lord Clare was of opinion that he was undeniably right. The Governor failed to understand how his predecessor could have involved them in such an engagement.

Being the stronger party, we can undoubtedly oblige the Gaekwar to obey our orders; but unless might can be called right, I cannot understand how we can with justice force him to pay the *nemnook* to this family.

And so the question had to lie over.

Having thus won his diplomatic laurels, Lord Clare, on his return to Bombay, was deservedly eulogised by his colleagues in terms which may perhaps raise a smile at the Secretariat to-day. Wrote the Hon. Mr. Sutherland :

It is to the able and talented nobleman at the head of this Presidency, who, in person, conducted at the Gaekwar's capital the anxious and laborious negotiations, that we are indebted for such signal success; a success in its results honourable to our national character, and highly promotive of the true interests of the two States as well as of the subjects. I beg to tender to his Lordship my very hearty gratulation in having so completely overcome every difficulty in his arduous undertaking. His Lordship must ever reflect on the event with pleasure, being fraught with benefits to all concerned; and I am sure the authorities at home, in the spirit of justice that guides them (*sic*), will feel deeply thankful for having brought the matter to so very just and honourable a close.

This courtly style is of course out of date with modern officialdom, which writes in a different vein, reflected in the following anecdote which will bear repetition. A young civilian, about to try his fortunes in the East and keenly aspiring to speedy honours and advancement, asked his relative, an East India Director, what style the Hon'ble Court best liked in the official reports. "My dear boy," replied the old gentleman, more familiar with warehouses than grammar schools, "the style as we likes is the humdrum." And to-day King Humdrum reigns supreme, as witnessed by the long array of bluebooks infested with the germs of the sleeping sickness.

As for Shayaji, his troubles thus ended, we wish we could say of him, like the hero of the typical novel, that he lived happily ever after. He enjoyed but an *interregnum* of peace, for being possessed of an over-developed bump of combativeness, he again quarrelled with

Government, was again made to undergo the penance of a sequestration, and amicable relations were restored only on his dismissing the obnoxious Veneeram, his minister and a Nagar Brahmin, who, with the genius peculiar to his race, had played the congenial part of Machiavelli throughout these tortuous transactions

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Ahmedabad.

M. HORA.

THE EDUCATION OF A GREAT KING.

(Concluded from our last number.)

FREDERICK, with his mother, sister and their party, were in despair ; and when at Mühlberg, the King's brutality reached an ungovernable height in an aggravated assault upon his son, Frederick matured his plans for an immediate flight. His vanity and love of display and notoriety rendered his intentions abortive. He was never happier than when figuring before sympathetic spectators as a long-suffering martyr. His delicate refined appearance, handsome features, slight make, and pathetic preternatural gravity, won him many staunch admirers, as he acted his semi-tragic part and related his woeful experiences. Flight would be robbed of half its charm if it were divested of the dramatic element. In his waking dreams, he enacted many stirring scenes, which would render the history of his escape from his thralldom to resemble a page culled from an old romance. He must have spirited horses, cracking of whips, jingling of bells, and a special toilette for the adventure ; he would not, moreover, travel without his musical instruments and his jewelry. His affections were divided between the conflicting attractions of a long flowing red cloak and a similar blue one to complete his attire, when he stepped out into the world to gain his freedom. Which colour was the more becoming ? The question involved long and anxious thought ; he decided eventually on the red, to his own undoing.

Katte and Keith were the Prince's chief accomplices and confederates in the various arrangements that had to be made, when at last, after serious consideration, he decided to run the risk of escape during the King's journey from Berlin to Potsdam, it having been arranged that the Prince was to accompany his father. A repulse occurred at the outset : Katte could not obtain the desired

leave to join his young master ; but Keith and a younger brother obtained horses at a small hamlet called Steinfurth, where the King and his retinue put up in some farm-houses for the night. Frederick's lodging was opposite his father's. At half-past two in the dull grey of the early dawn of an August morning, he attired himself in his grand red cloak. The unusual costume was remarked upon at once by his valet, a spy of Colonel Rochow, one of the three members of the King's staff who had the Prince in their charge at the peril of their heads. The horses were late ; undeterred, Frederick walked impatiently up and down in front of the farm, till Rochow had been roused by his faithful servitor. He arrived immediately on the scene, scenting danger, and expressing surprise at the early movements of the Prince. He at once suspected the true reason for such unusual activity, and alarmed by what he saw, was on the alert for any emergency. The Prince retired to the house, resenting the interruption. Three o'clock struck as Keith brought up the horses, which were sent to the right-about by the wary Colonel as soon as they appeared.

The watchful Seckendorff now made his appearance, cautious and suspicious. Peering round, he took in the situation at a glance.

The Prince came out again, and the daylight exposed his red cloak.

"Your Excellency," said Rochow to the Austrian, "what do you think of his Highness's attire ?"

The Prince took off his cloak, and in despair, went to his father's room. He was not yet up.

"Your carriage," observed the King, "is heavier than mine. You must go ahead, otherwise you will arrive late."

The Prince left the room, while his father dressed, went to drink his tea and loitered as much as possible, so that the King, thinking he had already started, departed before him. On reaching Heidelberg, he was surprised not to find the Prince, and enquired, "Where is my son ? He must travel terribly fast. But he cannot have been fool enough to enter Mannheim before my arrival !"

At eight o'clock the King reached Mannheim ; no sign of the Prince. The King became uneasy, he imagined that the Prince had succeeded in escaping. In order to tranquillise him, the Elector

Palatine sent his groom along the Heidelberg road. Eventually the loiterers arrived at half-past ten. *

Thus was frustrated this badly conceived attempt, paltry and comic in its commencement, but tragic in its far-reaching consequences.

Young Keith, disappointed and unnerved, fearful of the King's displeasure if from other lips he became cognisant of the intended flight, determined to confess unreservedly his part in the adventure, and throw himself on the King's tender mercies. Frederick William received the information with a suspicious calmness, which augured ill for the delinquents. He was reserving the fulness of his wrath for a more convenient season : he contented himself for the present by threatening the heads of all around him, if the Prince were not delivered dead or alive to him at Wesel.

Unconscious that there was a traitor in the camp, Frederick wrote to Katte announcing the failure of the scheme, and begging him to arrange another plan of escape. He, however, soon suspected that all had been discovered, and humbled himself to win his arch enemy, Seckendorff, over to his side to plead for the King's clemency.

On arriving at Wesel the King sent for his son, interrogated him on his intended flight, and on detecting the Prince in some barefaced lies, became so enraged that he would have struck him down with his sword then and there, if General von der Mosel had not thrown himself between the father and the son, crying, " Kill me, Sire, but spare the Prince ! " Frederick, throughout the trying ordeal, maintained a proud, cool, even insolent demeanour, was always suave, cunning and diplomatic.

His altered aspect excited the King's most sinister suspicions. The Prince, thus defiant, was probably only the chief tool of a widespread conspiracy, where the King's life and crown were in jeopardy. Frederick William knew he was not popular in the country ; though he had done great things for the people, they were not as grateful for the benefits vouchsafed them as they ought to have been. Discontent and treason were in the air.

The King ordered Frederick to be immured in the Fortress of

Cüstrin in solitary confinement ; had Katte arrested and thrust into a loathsome dungeon, and was enraged when he found Keith, by a timely flight, had escaped his clutches. Katte, on examination, admitted that if the Prince had started, he would have followed him, but added, he always trusted he would not go out of the country. Katte, therefore, by his own mouth, was convicted of a meditated desertion from his regiment.

At his second examination, Frederick pleaded the extenuating circumstance of his youth, and answered with surprising dignity, firmness and precision the numerous questions the King had dictated, ending with an acknowledgment of his errors, and submitting himself unreservedly to the King's will. To avenge himself for the skill and calmness of his son, the King redoubled the severities of Frederick's imprisonment. He was to be watched and guarded vigilantly ; only three times a day was his prison door to be opened to admit his meals ; he was not to speak to his jailors ; he was not allowed books, pen or ink, knife or fork ; and tallow candles were to be supplied instead of wax. His food was to be of the meagrest description. The King quite gloated over these small economies. Fritz in prison would at least cost him next to nothing. For a few days, it is certain, the Prince's life hung in the balance. The King's mind wavered between two alternatives, his son's renunciation of the crown, or death ; and he was only deterred from pronouncing the extreme sentence by the representations of those around him, who, horrified at his violence, dared to remonstrate with him, recalling to the furious autocrat the fate of Peter the Great and Philip II., who both died without heirs.

Partly shamed by these appeals, but by no means softened, the King sent the Commissioners back to Cüstrin, charged with vindictive messages to the prisoner, declaring that the whole family repudiated him, and that his sister Wilhelmina "his accomplice," was in confinement like himself. However, the Prince was acute enough to read between the lines : he gathered that his father would neither execute him nor disinherit him ; he, therefore, drew up an artful appeal to be presented to the King, flattering him on his most tender points. He asked for permission to wear his uniform, for religious and instructive books to improve his mind,^a and entreated

his father to reconcile him with his mother, knowing well the King's inherent jealousy of Frederick's affection for the Queen.

The King was not deceived by this exhibition of humility. There had been lately many revelations made that had increased his displeasure. The secret library was discovered, and sold at once for "the best price" obtainable; the librarian and Duhan were exiled with ignominy. The Prince's regiment was bestowed, on his brother, William, his horses and carriages sold, his servants dismissed. The King's state of mind at this period is vividly portrayed in the following passage :—

"It might be supposed that the succession was to be put up to auction. Every one who approached the King feared that such indeed was the case. The Dutch minister, Ginckel, who was in high favour with him, observed him during this crisis. One day, early in September, he was present with the King at a parade; it was the first time he had seen him since the event. The King first spoke to him about indifferent topics, then suddenly, with fury blazing in his eyes, exclaimed: 'You know what has happened?' and in a flood of curses and oaths mentioned by name the Prince's accomplices France, England, Sir Charles Hotham, and Guy Dickens. He invited Ginckel to come that evening to hear some more. The things that the Dutchman heard that night in the smoking-room he dared never repeat. He would not have believed that it was 'possible for any human being to form such impious and execrable designs,' as those that were told him in confidence. If the King of Prussia persists in these feelings, which we must hope God will not allow, we shall witness the most impious and bloody scenes that have ever been known since the beginning of the world.' That night Ginckel could not sleep, being haunted by the spectacle of the King uttering the most appalling threats against his whole family with wild eyes and foaming mouth."

The King condoned his anger and his severities to his own satisfaction; he felt conscientiously justified in the line of conduct he had laid out for himself. Had he not by his savings raised an army, the envy of Europe; consolidated a kingdom, amassed a large fortune in reserve for his successor? Had he not lived a moral, religious, honest, hardworking life, and prayed earnestly for

his own salvation? He was fain to admit, however, that it was very hard to get to Heaven, and according to his poor judgment the Almighty frequently frustrated, for no visible good, many of his dearest designs. In his heart of hearts he thought Providence had dealt hardly with him, and not rewarded him according to his deserts; above all had cursed him with unnatural, ungrateful, disobedient children, and a scribbling philosopher "in a laced coat, for an heir." No severity was too great to be dealt out to these recreant delinquents, who transgressed in nothing more than in daring to differ from him, and in possessing tastes and opinions of their own. Frederick William desired automaton, not thinkers. The glimpses the King now caught of his son's real character irritated him still further. He was jealous of the adroitness and impudence with which "this scoundrel and dandy" defended himself; he was chagrined at not catching him tripping; he was determined to grind to the dust the rising spirit of pride and independence he detected in the youth, and steeled his heart against any appeal for leniency and forgiveness. He loaded, on the other hand, with praise and esteem the worthy pair, Grumbkow and Seckendorff, who now triumphantly beheld the success of their shameful intrigues and subterfuges. The King made a clean sweep of all the suspected conspirators, leaving, as was natural to him, the chief offenders unmolested; the English marriages were as things of the past; the English envoy dismissed from court with a stinging message to his master, leaving the Queen of Prussia weeping inconsolably over the downfall of her ambitions, and trembling for the fate of her son.

On October the 25th, the "Colonel" Frederick was brought before the council of military authorities to answer to the charge of desertion from his regiment; but the "little rascal" ingeniously refused to admit that he intended to desert; he represented himself as a son fleeing from parental cruelty.

The members of the Court Martial, painfully conscious of their delicate and invidious task, after a close investigation of the charges brought against the Prince, and finding nothing could be satisfactorily proved beyond an unsuccessful attempt to leave the country in disobedience to his father's wish, declared themselves incompetent to pass judgment upon so august a personage as the heir to the Prussian throne for an offence that, after all, was more of a boyish

escapade than a premeditated crime. The onus of deciding Frederick's fate was thus cleverly thrown back upon the King. Katte was condemned to imprisonment for life. Keith, as he was not to be found in person, was to be hanged in effigy and his sword broken. Spaen and Ingersleben, two minor confederates, to three and six month's incarceration severally.

The King, on being informed of the judges' decision, accused them of dishonourable leniency. Storming and raving, he wrote to the presiding General a cutting and insulting reproof, who retorted by quoting pages of Scripture for the King's benefit and instruction ; and though the council of war met once more, the original judgment was not modified, much, be it said, to the credit of the honest and unprejudiced men who composed it.

The King, perforce, was left to his own resources. Above all was he irate that sentence of death had not been passed on Katte ; whom, when he found it inexpedient to mete out the full measure of law on his son, he had chosen for the scapegoat. He determined, on his own judgment, to pronounce the unfortunate lieutenant guilty of *l'esc majesté* and worthy of death. The criminal should, however, die as a soldier and a gentleman by the sword.

Appeals, supplications and prayers from all quarters could not move the implacable monarch from this determination ; like Moloch of old, he demanded a victim to be sacrificed to his wrath, and Katte was the one ready to hand ; he was moreover to serve as a terrible warning and example to the fluteplayer pining in the Cüstrin fortress, and forcibly to remind him of the fate he had so narrowly escaped himself.

“ On November 3rd, Frederick William informed General Lepell that Katte was to be brought to Cüstrin to be beheaded. The execution was to take place immediately under the windows of the Prince. ‘ Should there not be sufficient space there, you will select another place, but so that the Prince can see well.’ That same day Major Schack, of the bodyguard, appeared before the prison with an escort of thirty troopers. He entered Katte's room. ‘ I have his Majesty's commands,’ he said, ‘ to be present at your execution. Twice I have tried to refuse, but I must obey. God knows what it costs me ! May Heaven grant that the King's heart

may change, and that at the last moment I may have the joy of announcing to you your pardon.'

"'You are too good!' replied Katte. 'I am content with my fate. I die for a lord whom I love, and I have the consolation of giving him, by my death, the greatest proof of my attachment.'"

. With refined cruelty, the journey to the place of execution was, by the King's orders, spun out into three stages; and when, late in the evening, the melancholy cortege arrived at Cüstrin, Katte was informed that seven o'clock the next morning was chosen for the fatal hour.

In the last days of his life Katte's best qualities came nobly into play. He was calm, dignified, resigned and magnanimous. No word of reproach towards the King or the Prince passed his lips. By no sign did he evince displeasure against or contempt for the royal youth, who had used him as a tool, and left him to die without showing either regret or contrition. His behaviour during these supreme moments contrasts favourably with that of Frederick.

The Prince was asleep when he was roused to hear the sentence that had been passed on his unfortunate companion. The blow for the time was sufficiently severe. He groaned and wept hysterically, one moment promising wildly to renounce the crown if the King would grant a reprieve, at another offering to die in Katte's stead. He implored on his knees for Katte's pardon; but, with grief for his friend, was mingled a much greater fear for himself. Was Katte's execution a precursor of his own? Though very ready to offer his own life, on the spur of the moment, he trembled exceedingly at the mere thought that the offer might be accepted by his impulsive and inexorable parent. If he shed one tear for the condemned man, he shed a dozen for himself. The servant awaiting execution passed a much more tranquil night than the master, for whom he was paying so dear a penalty.

Picture to yourself, reader, the weird and frightful scene enacted on that cold dark autumnal morning of the 6th of November, 1730. Frederick's window looked into a long courtyard, bounded by the ramparts facing the black, sullen-flowing waters of the Oder. To this window two officers led the Prince at the appointed hour, as

the dim misty light fell on the dreary prison walls. A little heap of sand had been raised in the centre of the enclosure ; its appearance was suggestive and sinister, and at once attracted Frederick's gaze. Turning a corner of the main building he then beheld, with painful excitement, a small body of men, composed of troopers, officers, two pastors and the condemned man, a handsome erect figure, who looked up with calm unflinching eyes at the personage who had brought him to these straits. The Prince kissed his hand, and volubly implored Katte's forgiveness ; Katte answered with dignity there was nothing to pardon, and marched resolutely to the mound of sand. With composure he made his final preparations, bade adieu to the officers around him, received with devotion the clergyman's last benediction, and then, calmly, with a prayer to his Saviour, submitted to the fatal blow, his blood dyeing with crimson the porous soil of the prison yard. The watcher at the window fainted as the sword fell.

For two whole days Frederick was subdued, dispirited and unnerved, listening without impatience to the homilies and exhortations the pastor Muller poured into his ears. He received with tears poor Katte's last will and testament ; and promised with many fervent protestations to amend his ways, and be obedient to the King's will on all points. At the end of that time, his spirits revived. By skilful questions, he discovered the prayers and admonitions of the good divine were not intended to prepare him for a like fate to that of Katte. He took heart of grace, and ceased to mourn for the dead ; the living Frederick was of much greater importance.

The King intended honestly to awaken the slumbering conscience of his son, to make him commune with his own heart, and realise how deeply he had sinned against God and man. He therefore desired to impress upon him, how his foolish escapade had already cost a life ; and how it behoved one in his position to weigh well his words and his actions, as any, and each, carried great responsibilities and might have terrible and unforeseen results. It is doubtful if Frederick had any heart left to be affected by these representations. He was profoundly shocked by Katte's fate, because it touched himself so nearly and augured ill for his future ; but finding himself secure, he ended by pronouncing Katte a blunderer, who had wrecked the adventure by his clumsiness. He was

in truth a Prince of expediency. He saw his only way out of prison lay in unfaltering obedience to his father, to be subservient to every detail, and outwardly, if not inwardly, to conform to all his restrictions, rules and theories. From first to last he was deceitful, hypocritical, and time-serving. His greatest delight was to dupe his fellow-men, to dissimulate and conceal his real character under a sarcastic, cynical demeanour. We trace through the vicissitudes of his early days how all that was bad in his disposition was brought out and matured through the insane brutality and narrow-mindedness of the father, and the baneful examples of intrigue and deceit surrounding him; how the pleasing traits of his character were stifled and warped in their growth; his affections stunted, and natural tastes disregarded and neglected.

We cannot excuse Frederick's conduct at this critical period of his life, but his early education explains it. At the same time, the King's method, rough, coarse and cruel as it was, of making a man of his son, had the desired effect, and answered far beyond his hopes. From the fortress of Cüstrin issued forth no more the flute-playing dilettante, devoted only to philosophy, science, sophistries and the fine arts, but the future hero of the Seven Years' War, of the victories of Rosbach, Leuthen, Lignitz, and Torgau; the conqueror, who won Silesia and Polish Prussia for his kingdom; the monarch, who, through defeat, danger and misfortune, possessed the courage that "mounteth with occasion," and the iron heart that never quails. The discipline was stern and relentless; but in that crucible of tribulation the Frederick of world-wide repute was moulded into being. Not a man to imitate or to commend on moral, social or political grounds, yet one who made a distinctive mark on the page of history, consolidated a mighty kingdom, and united a strong, capable and industrious people.

Time and space do not permit us to follow Frederick's career further. How he was liberated from his prison, how his loveless marriage with the unfortunate Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick-Bevern, "a wife only in name," was decided upon by his arbitrary father, and ultimately carried out—a wonderful and romantic episode—are events which belong rather to the period of manhood than of youth, for when Frederick found himself once more a free

man, he had all but completed his twenty-first year ; his education was accomplished, and he stepped out into the world, that soon would be staggered by its effects, matured by suffering and adversity, and moulded for good or evil by the inexorable law of consequences.

FRANCES SWINEY.

England.

DIARY OF A DERELICT.

(Continued from our last number.)

23-8-05.

ELIMINATE the sense of mystery from the love of a man for a woman and such love becomes tame, monotonous and prosaic. So if there were not the sense of mystery in the love of a lover of God—his love would be equally tame, monotonous and prosaic. But the true Adwait Bhakt penetrates one mystery only to find another, and the Beloved tests the souls of all *Bhakts* by making very great calls indeed upon their faith. Evil in this world is such a great call. It gives that sense of mystery indispensable to love.

* *

Marriage, in part, ends one mystery : motherhood, in part, ends another. "In part," because if there were no residuum of mystery left, sexual love—nay, even lust—would cease to be.

* *

Dress itself is resorted to to keep up the mystery. The philosophy of clothes is thus a real philosophy.

* *

Etiquette and conventions connected with women are enforced also—unconsciously with the same end.

* *

Mystery is the mother of Science, Art and Poetry. Mystery is the mother of Love. No Law was ever discovered by any one who had not a sense of mystery.

* *

We see the heavens every day. But their mystery still remains in spite of all the efforts of all the astronomers of the world. He from whom the heavens emanate, similarly remains a mystery to even the highest Bhakts—the highest Yogis. They fathom one

mystery only to encounter another, and so their love never ends. They have their circle of apparition, and their circle of occultation, and the circle which is neither.

24-8-05.

What is truth? "Agreement of knowledge with the object"—says Kant. "Identity of the two extremes," subject and object in thought, though not in expression, says Condillac. "Harmony with the facts of consciousness," says Sir William Hamilton. All these are but poor definitions. If the agreement of our judgments with the objects of our knowledge is truth—whence come our judgments? "The world is neither an optimism nor a pessimism, but a gnosticism" is a judgment. If it agrees with the objects of our knowledge—if it is truth—whence came the optimistic judgments and the pessimistic judgments? Hegel would say that "being constantly negates itself; that whatever *is* by the same act *is not* and gets undone and swept away"—and hence the mutability of the real world. Is it, however, "being" that becomes non-being? Aristotle said truth was being and falsity non-being. The lawyers say a thing is proved when a prudent judge believes it to exist or believes in the probability of its existence. The Rishis said, Satya (Truth) is "Sat" (Being) and "Asatya" is "Asat." But Prakriti is neither Sat nor Asat. How comes such a fickle creature to be the bride of Purush, who is always Sat and Satya (Being and Truth)? It is she that puzzles the philosophers! It is she that is the Riddle of the Universe. It is she that made Shakespeare cry: "Truth may seem but cannot be."

* * *

Schopenhauer has said, "The uneasiness which keeps the never-resting clock of metaphysics in motion is the consciousness that the non-existence of this world is just as possible as its existence"—in other words that Prakriti is Sat and Asat. And James tells us: "There is a deep truth in what the school of Schopenhauer insists on—the illusoriness of the notion of moral progress. The more brutal forms of evil that go are replaced by other: more subtle and more poisonous. Our moral horizon moves with us as we move, and never do we draw nearer to the far-off line where the black waves and the azure meet." If that is Truth, what becomes of Professor James' own pragmatism,

and the subjective and objective philosophies which he would replace by it? But thought can be piled by thought "till some great truth is loosened" Most assuredly this is done in the world of science. Why not then in the realm of the higher thought? Why not believe with the Yoga Sutras and Leibnitz that "all knowledge is implicit in the soul," and "its perfection depends on the efficiency of the instrument by which it is developed?" Why not experiment on the lines laid down in the Science of Meditation, and, by the flashes of the "world-surrounding ether," in the dim caves of human thought awaken the legioned powers of the soul, and with their aid "pass the eyes of the starry skies" and realise at last the only Truth—the Truth that is imageless, and exempt from the limitations of Time and Space and Causation—the Truth which is the Life of Life—the Truth which makes us free.

3-9-05.

Even a little prism enables us to establish relations between the metals of the earth and the metals of the stars. Buddhi is something higher than a prism. Why not improve this wonderful instrument?

4-9-05.

The planets are opaque bodies : so are we. The planets shine by reflecting the sun's light. We shine by reflecting the light of the Spiritual Sun. They have their axial rotations: we have our little lives rounded with a sleep—lives which we can surround with splendid lights if we will.

: * *

What is the genesis of the Milky Way, and what is it? Why are there more stars in the Galaxy in some places than in others? What is a variable star? What are the laws under which stars aggregate in clusters? What are the nebulae which have not yet been resolved into stars? There are "swarms of stars, clusters and nebulae." What determines them? No one yet knows.

* * *

What should be the standard for comparing star colours? The solar spectrum. But how "to reproduce the prismatic colours in such a way that they can be rendered practically available in the darkness of night, side by side with the image of a star produced at the eye-end of a telescope"? The yellow artificial light, used at

night, injures the neutrality of the eye. Secchi, therefore, proposes the use of an electric spark, "which if derived from different substances would give for each of them a different hue." But up to date, astronomers have been baffled in their attempts to reproduce the prismatic colours in this way. The spiritual prismatic colours of the great luminaries of holiness ought to be far more difficult to reproduce.

* * *

Mädler says there exists a central point in the universe around which the sun with its planets and comets revolves in the course of millions of years. Is it situate in the direction of Alcyone, as he supposes? If even this is unknown, where am I to locate my God? He is the All; and All is Love, and yet All is Law, as Browning says.

* * *

Stars burst into view where no stars had ever been visible before. These are the Novæ of Astronomy. So saints and sages appear where none had appeared before.

* * *

There are stars which have their periodical maxima and minima of light. A planet also moves more quickly in perihelion than in aphelion. The human world, likewise, has its periodical maxima and minima of light—called the cycles of Yugas—and it moves more quickly when in the perihelion of the Spiritual Sun than when in its aphelion.

* * *

Our eyes are not strong enough to see the Sun. We place dark coloured glass in front of the eye-piece of a telescope when we wish to see the Sun. That glass preserves our sight, and thus darkness has its uses for creatures like us—with weak sight. Similarly, all evil is like darkness. It has its uses: for we learn to stand by falling; and we are gradually moving on to the goal where darkness will not be needed.

17-9-05.

Professor Thomson's model of an atom "consists of a single globe, charged with positive electricity, inside which there are some thousand or thousands of corpuscles of negative electricity, revolving in regular orbits with great velocities. Since two

electrical charges repel one another if they are of the same kind, and attract one another if they are of opposite kinds, the corpuscles mutually repel one another, but all are attracted by the globe containing them. The forces called into play by these electrical interactions are clearly very complicated." Well may it be said of the atom:

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together,
To themselves yet either-neither,
Simple were so well compounded,
That it cried, How true a twain,
Seemeth this concordant one."

Are we quite sure that there is no love in an atom? May not Shakespeare's Phoenix and Turtle prove apt images of even positive and negative electricity? He said of the birds:

So they lov'd, as love in twain,
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.
Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen,
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder:
So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right,
Flaming in the phoenix' sight;
Either was the other's mine.
Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name,
Neither two nor one was called.

That in love, number is slain is taught also by Shelley. Does he not say?

True love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away.

.
If you divide suffering or dross, you may
Diminish till it is consumed away;
If you divide pleasure and love and thought,
Each part exceeds the whole."

It is this mystic mathematics that may explain the inexplicable atom—the atom in which Udalaka saw even the Self, the All, the Truth, with the twain Prakriti and Purush, united in a single essence. Can the two-in-one be absent from electricity? Are they not all-pervasive? And is not love always present where they are present? The ponderable and the numerable are merely the outer plumage of the two beautiful birds.

20-9-05.

Has not every atom its Karma—its “automatic Providence,” to use the phrase of the author of the “Thumbnail Essays” sent to me recently by a dear friend. If “beauty, truth, and rarity” and “grace in all simplicity,” can “enclosed in cinders lie” and rise again therefrom—what warrant have we for denying the existence of such Providence in atoms? We admit its existence in aggregations and conglomerations of atoms. Is it not more logical, then, to say that no atom is without it? The atoms thus bring us “a thousand loves,”

A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear.

Each is a “jarring concord”—each is a “discord dulcet,” each has its lunes—its ebbs and flows, and each has its “automatic Providence” and automatic Nemesis.

The “Thumbnail Essays” say truly that by education is meant ability to talk with everything—I should say ability to talk with even an atom—ability to find tongues not only in trees but even in electrons.

“The fragile blade of grass,” sings Shelley, “is an unbounded world,” so is an electron. He tells us that those viewless beings,

Whose mansion is the smallest particle,
Of the impassive atmosphere
Think, feel, and live, like man;
That their affections and antipathies,
Like his, produce the laws,
Ruling their moral state;
And the minutest throb
That through their frame diffuses
The slightest faintest motion,

Is fixed and indispensable
 As the majestic laws
 That rule yon rolling orbs.

Is not this equivalent to saying that a Yogi can find Him even in an atom—and that even an atom has its Atma and its Karma ?

Throughout the varied and eternal world
 Soul is the only element ; the block
 That for uncounted ages has remained.
 The moveless pillar of a mountain's weight
 Is active living spirit. Every grain
 Is sentient both in unity and part,
 And the minutest atom comprehends
 A world of loves and hatreds
 Soul is not more polluted than the beams
 Of heaven's pure orb ere round their rapid lines
 The taint of earth-born atmospheres arise.

* * *

The Essays mention the "luxuries of the poor," and the list is a consoling one. I could appreciate also what they say about the happiness one feels when pain is gone—for I had toothache on Tuesday last and had to work all the while. What complex ledgers, mathematical and mystic, must be kept by the atoms ! How many thousands of spokes are there in each of their little wheels, and how many thousands of annexments and consequences are girt to each little spoke. How stands my own audit, I wonder. Whatever it may be, I am sure it must be just, and "justice is the light of love." 9-10-05.

Infinite is the potentiality of each atom. That horticultural Wizard, Luther Burbank, of Massachusetts, has shown that "the cactus, if transplanted in a sheltered place, and kept guarded from its old enemies, will gradually lose its attitude of hostility towards all the world, and give up its thorns." So our prison population can be made wholly innocuous. The Wizard has made "the miserable little wayside daisy . . . bloom into something worth while" by giving it a place where it is free from the struggle for existence. So the poor who are always with us can be made into men of a different stuff by kindness and sympathy. The botanical prophet says : "Science sees better grains, nuts, fruits and vegetables, all in new forms, sizes, colours and flavours, with more nutrients and less

waste, and with every injurious and poisonous quality eliminated, and with power to resist sun, wind, rain, frost, and destructive fungus, and insect pests. It sees better fruits, without stones, seeds or spines, better fibre, coffee, tea, spice, rubber, oil, paper, and timber trees, and better sugar, starch, colour and perfume plants. Every one of these and ten thousand more are within the reach of the most ordinary skill in plant-breeding." He has produced an unfading flower—which he calls the Australian starflower—and he has produced a stoneless prune and a white blackberry and a crimson poppy ! He knows all about the loves of the plants—and the loves of the atoms in them, and the first recorded instance of the production of a fixed species by man was the result of this knowledge. The Siberian raspberry at a touch from the Wizard crossed and recrossed the native California dewberry and produced the primus berry—a new fixed species. The plum and the apricot have by crossing produced a new fruit called the plumcot, and walnuts can now be raised as easily as currants or raspberries. Such are the wonders of breeding and selection ! "All living things a common nature own"—and what is possible in the vegetable kingdom is possible in the animal.

2-11-05

Take to spiritual gardening, O my soul.

There is no lasting happiness except in becoming God's Beloved.

I cannot become His Beloved unless I devote my *tan, man* and *dhan* to Him.

The best way of denoting my *tan, man* and *dhan* to Him is to serve the least of His creatures, and to humble myself to serve them. All who lack opportunities, or the will, or the means to serve Him are the least of His creatures.

15-11-05

Love attracts love, and love brings about its own consummation. The love of the transitory and the superficial attracts to us what is transitory and superficial : the love of the permanent and the eternal attracts to us God Himself. We have our happiest moments when we love and are loved. Therefore, there is no lasting happiness, if we do not love and are not loved by Him—the never-changing in this ever-changing world.

23-11-05

He has brought me to a new place. A noble river is running past my house to the sea, and the starry scenery is beautiful. May they help me to "the peace and knowledge that pass all the argument of the earth."

(To be continued.)

MAYA.

READERS of *East & West* will be grateful to Pundit Prabhu Dutt Shastri for his suggestive article on "The Vedantic Theory of Maya" in the June number. The subject is one of perennial interest and the last word on it has not yet been spoken.

The Pundit's method of treatment is exceedingly helpful, appealing not only to Sanskritists, but to all who are capable of giving a thoughtful consideration to the problem of which the doctrine of Maya is an attempted explanation. We are furnished with quotations from original texts, translations are given and expositions offered, and likewise some general conclusions are formulated.

The article well illustrates how possible it is to discuss a deeply philosophical subject without a super-abundance of technicalities. This is as it should be. The subject of God's relations with man and the universe is not merely one for specialists, but is one of practical import to all who seriously ponder the meaning of human life and its destiny. Philosophy and Religion are vitally related. Men are not built in water-tight compartments; recent psychology makes more and more clear the fact that the various elements which constitute life are very closely related and mutually dependent, that man's life is one whole. It has occasionally been said, "Never mind what a man *thinks*, what does he *do*?" But the *doing* of every sane and sober man should be the outcome of what he thinks; thought and action, creed and life should be of a piece. Thus it comes to pass that Maya is not merely a subject for academic disquisition and discussion, but has distinct bearings on the daily life of the ordinary man.

If the doctrine of Maya as generally taught by severe Vedantists is to be accepted and *consistently maintained in practical life*, it is inevitable that many of the modern movements in India

must be stamped as "vanity and vexation of spirit," which to very many gave promise of a richer life and great developments in the domains of domestic, social, and national life in the near future.

To the present writer the most interesting point about Pundit Prabhu Dutt's article is the conclusion which he reaches, approximating as it does in many important and essential particulars to the position generally taken by the Christian Theist. The conclusion is stated as follows :—

Perhaps, would urge here that the doctrine of Maya is the weakest point in the Vedanta, that what the Vedantin cannot explain is shoved aside by being declared as "Maya," and that God's omnipotence is destroyed by postulating a *tertium quid*, the cause of the world. To all this we answer :—God's omnipotence is not affected by the doctrine, because Maya is only a power of God, inherent in Him, through which, though One without a second, Indivisible, Unqualified, He appears many and qualified : Maya is not to be considered as standing in opposition to God, or as making art a constant dualism, as the *Prakriti* of the Sankhya school is supposed to do. But it is a power dependent upon God, or constituted in the likeness of God, or of the same nature with God, or the omnipotence of God, His overruling of the creation, preservation and destruction of the world.

If all Vedantists would accept this position, would regard Maya not as a "*tertium quid*," but as a "power of God," Christian Monists would find themselves in far more substantial agreement with them on this much debated question as to the origin of the Universe.

There is one sentence, however, to which serious objection would be taken, *viz* :—"He appears many and qualified." Here we seem to be face to face with a Pantheistic rather than a Vedantic explanation of the Universe. The Vedantic, Pantheistic and Theistic teaching on this question seems to be : 1. The Universe does not exist. 2. The Universe is God. 3. The Universe proceeds from God. The above quoted sentence seems to savour more of 2 than of 1.

Possibly, many of our disagreements owe their origin and maintenance to the misunderstandings under which we labour with reference to each other's uses of certain words. Is it quite certain that we all mean the same conceptions when we use the words "Monism" and "Dualism"? Certainly, the Dualism of the

Sankhya system is quite as alien to the Christian position as it is to that of the Vedanta.

The object of this paper is not to criticise that of Pundit Prabhu Dutt Shastri, whom we are disposed heartily to welcome as one who is adopting the Theistic position. We rather desire to further consider some of the main issues which distinguish the positions occupied by the severe Vedantist of the Shankaracharya School and by the Christian Monist.

Two main questions invite our consideration. 1. Has the Universe a monistic or dualistic origin? Is the Universe real?

1. On the first point the Christian Theist is far and away a more thoroughgoing Monist than the ordinary Vedantist. The latter is so concerned about God's "absoluteness," His separateness from every relation, that he dare not attribute creation to God lest the absolute should be conceived as being guilty of any form of mental movement and activity. And yet, compelled to accept the fact that there is a Universe to be accounted for, he is driven to hand over the creatorship to something or somebody. Maya is invested with this office; one aspect of Brahman's supposed dignity is saved, but Monism is wrecked.

The Vedantist may contend that the Universe has no reality, and that as the *being* of Maya only belongs to the Vyāvahārik and not the Pāramarthik state, no real Dualism has been introduced into the root and basis of all. But the statement about the Universe not *really existing* is an utterly idle one. Apart from the Universe existing (be it matter or thought, solid stuff, or a dream or an illusion), where lies the problem? What is there to discuss? It would be as reasonable to try and trace the lineage of an imaginary person, a character in a work of fiction. Apart from *something* existing, why formulate a doctrine of Maya to account for it?

It should be recognised that even if subjective Idealism be accepted, if the world be assumed to have no objective or material basis, but to be thought's creation, yet that does not do away with the fact that there is a reality to be accounted for. The Vedantist is about the last man in the world to take up the position that a thing cannot be real unless it be material.

Now the Christian Monist in the simplicity of his heart starts with the assumption that he himself is real, that his fellow-men

are real, that the world is real, and regards God as the Creator of the world, the Heavenly Father of men. The Vedantist says :— No! the world is not real, it is an illusion, men are but dream-children. So be it, but an illusion must have a cause, and even dream-children must have a parentage of some sort, and so the Vedantist takes the position that these all spring from Maya. We believe that this is not an unfair or perverse statement of the whole position. If so, it is quite evident that the Christian philosopher is far less dualistic than the Vedantist. The former accepts the One as the source of all, the latter must assume God *and* Maya. It is true that when they have thrown all the responsibility of the creation on Maya and made her do all the work, they turn round and say that she has no *real* existence, only a *Vyāvahārik being*, which is no true being at all. We can understand the desire to ascertain the parentage of even an illegitimate child, but to spend strength and thought in seeking the mother of a child who does not exist and having “fixed” the mother, to turn round and say that she also does not exist, does seem to be a superfluity of labour in such a busy world as this is.

Very much of this, however, does not apply to Pundit Prabhu Dutt's paper. He evidently regards Maya as possessed of real existence, but at the same time not of *independent* existence. We thankfully accept this new interpretation of Maya, no longer a “*tertium quid*,” but “a power of God,” “a power dependent on God.” If Maya thus mean the creative power of the One living and eternal God, our only difficulty in accepting the *name* is the associations which have gathered round it.

2. The second point, “Is the world real?” has necessarily been touched on in considering the first. In this matter, again, probably nine-tenths of the disagreements arise through the absence of a clear understanding of the use of words. What do we mean by “reality?” The Vedantist largely means *permanence, unchangeableness*; we mean the actual existence, *at the time*, of what is said to exist. Let us take the stock illustration. The Vedantist says that the snake exists only *Pratibhasikally*, the rope only *Vyavaharikally*, but that both have no *real* existence, and that Brahman alone *is*, and has *Paramathik* existence. We say these are three real things. 1. It is true that there is no snake in the case, but there is the *thought*

of a snake, and this is a real though a mistaken thought. 2. The rope is real ; it is true that it may be a bit of old rope, and in a short time may be reduced to pulp and converted into brown paper, but at the time referred to it is rope. 3. There is an immanent God, by whom alone "we live and move and have our being." Apart from his creative and sustaining work, thought (of a snake or anything else) would not be, neither would rope, or the substance from which it was made, ever have come into existence. On the one hand, we see no ground whatever for saying that these things *are* God, nor, on the other hand, for concluding that they are not *real*, that they are actually nothing. God, of course, is the permanent and unchanging reality, but the impermanency of the thought of the snake, and of the rope, by no means indicates that they were not *real* at the time that they actually *were*.

What exactly the Universe is in its ultimate analysis is a matter for the investigation of science, and does not *so* greatly concern philosophy. Philosophy is concerned rather with the "Whence?" and the "Why?" Science more especially with the "How?" Let the Universe be what it may, material or spiritual, an agglomeration of atoms, or a series of states of mind and feeling, here it is and we are related to it, and the experience in which the world plays such an important part is intensely real to us. Science and Revelation are at one in prophesying that the Universe, *in its present form*, will cease to be, but to imagine a state in which it shall be said that "it never was," is impossible for us. Man is an integral part of the Universe, but is more closely akin to God than is the material world ; he also is subject to change, capable of spiritual development, and also of spiritual degeneration, but the hope of immortality appears to be a part of his spiritual birthright, and there seems far more reason to conclude that we are the children of God, than that we are shadowy hallucinations begotten of Maya.

Why it should be thought more credible, and more creditable to God, that He should allow Maya to delude men, who do not really exist, to believe that they do, and that they have experience of a real Universe, than that He Himself should create men living in a real though temporary world, but capable of eternal fellowship with Himself, it is not easy to see.

It is to be regretted that the learned Pundit has not dealt particularly with the doctrine of man as related to God.

That Kant and Hegel take up some positions not altogether inconsistent with some aspects of the Vedantic doctrine of Maya, may be true, but this is by no means conclusive as to the essential value of the doctrine.

Kant wrote much about *noumenon* and *phenomena* and the "thing in itself," it is true, and much that he wrote on this subject has been severely and disastrously criticised. Of course we don't know the "thing in itself." Why should we? Or how could we? We know the thing *as related*. Knowledge implies a relation, the relation between the thing known and the mind that knows. It is inconceivable that we should know a thing *as it is not known*. But while Kant insisted on the important fact that phenomenon is not the "thing in itself," but a mental concept, in which it is impossible to separate the subjective contribution from the objective element, it cannot be contended that he regarded the noumenon either as non-existent or as Maya or as Brahman. The illustration about time and space as a pair of spectacles is a suggestive one, but a pair of spectacles can hardly be of service unless there be something to look at.

Probably the sanest and soundest position to take is this:—God as the supreme Mind, *through the material universe*, communicates with the human mind, enabling us in our measure "to think his thoughts after Him." The *means* of communication is less important than the communication itself, and is only of a temporary nature, but is real as long as it lasts, and is of distinct service. Not less real and far more permanent is man as *mind*, or rather *minds*; God is not communicating *with Himself* through the Universe, but with those whom He has created for fellowship with Himself. As language is the medium by which man communicates his thought to man, and may even in another mind convert the possibility of thought into actuality, so God through the Universe and the experience which is connected with it, is working out a gracious purpose. This universe is not Maya, nor the offspring of Maya, but God's agency for effecting man's spiritual good; the scaffolding by the aid of which the temple of a renewed humanity is to be built.

It is strange how widely this simile of thought and expression has been used, all things as *expressing* the otherwise unknown God. What an important part has "Shabd" played in religious movements in India! The highest form that this has taken is the doctrine about Jesus Christ as the "*Logos*" the Reason and the Word of God. "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared (or revealed) Him."

In concluding, we feel constrained to give one more quotation from Pundit Prabhu Dutt Shastri's article. It occurs in his introduction of the subject; he writes: "But then the question was—could there be any other independent existence than that of God?" Could we claim any reality for the material world? If any reality was to be conceded to the world, the dualism remained unsolved. To solve this riddle we have, therefore, to explain, if possible, the relation between God and the world, and to determine whether the latter can have any real existence or not." We believe that is has been by putting the question in some such form as this that the Vedantist doctrine of Maya (as commonly held by Vedantists) has been developed. Why should the reality of the material world involve "any other independent existence than that of God?" Accept the monistic origin of all that is, posit God as the One, possessed of intellect, emotion and will, and what stands in the way of a real universe created by God and dependent on God? Doubtless, there are mysteries, many and great, but this is as simple for the intellect, and far more satisfying to the heart, than all the theories that cluster around the doctrine of Maya.

Our hope is that if others will work along the lines which Pundit Prabhu Dutt has opened out in his paper, real progress will be made to a clearer understanding on this long-discussed question of the relation of the Universe to God.

EDWIN GREAVES.

Benares.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The Jubilee of the Queen's Proclamation, Next to the establishment of the British Government, no event in the history of this country has marked a more momentous era than the transfer the Government from the East India Company to the British Crown. Not a few writers have dwelt upon that great theme as an evolutionist might expatiate on the development of the ourang-outang into our first human ancestor. An Indian revenue-officer might compare the old Government by the Company to the zamindari system of land-tenure, and the Government under the Crown to the rayatwari tenure. The Company's charter had to be renewed from time to time, while the zamindar's sanad is to last as long as the sun and the moon endure. With that difference, the Company's stewardship was liable to be overseen by the British nation, and its management or mismanagement of the huge estate committed to its care was subjected to periodical inquiries, even as the zamindar's treatment of his tenants is from time to time corrected and regulated by tenancy legislation. The generation which hailed or regretted the transfer has well nigh passed away: only a few yellow leaves bespangle the mass of green foliage. The great Queen herself, who was the first direct Sovereign of India, has passed away. The new epoch has brought an Oriental people with a hoary civilisation, and not altogether devoid of ambitions—as some people hastily imagine—into immediate vivifying contact with a pushing, restless, second incarnation of Rome. There is no longer any buffer between the British democracy and Indian conservatism. India responds with a thrill to every operation on the electric battery at the head-quarters of the Empire. The intellectual spinal column of the Indian community may as yet be very slender—a delicate filament imbedded in a vast mass of ignorance, conser-

vatism, and old-world conceptions. Yet it is alive and responsive, and as promising as it is pervasive. The seed of New India began to germinate in that period of history which is associated with the name of Lord William Bentinck : the plant dropped its cotyledons in the tempestuous days of Canning, the first Viceroy. It now seeks more light, a freer atmosphere, and absorbs its nutrition from the soil below and the air above with a vigour and avidity which have surprised the believers in the destined decadence of the East.

The birth of New India was heralded by a convulsion, as great births, celebrated in story, so often have been. The military eruption of 1857 casts a lurid glare upon the pages of history, which makes so many people ask, whenever there is some unrest or a seditious movement, whether the crater may not be again active. Arithmetical reasons and a prepossession towards some vaguely enunciated theory of periodicity gave rise to a suspicion last year that India might be approaching another crisis. That theory has been somewhat strengthened by the recent discoveries of plots, not indeed to overthrow the British Government—which would be a project entering only the mind of a real and medically certified lunatic—but to terrorise the Government and the European community—a plan which also bespeaks minds, unsettled not, however, in the same manner and in the same degree. There is no comparison whatsoever between the armed sepoys of 1857 and the students of chemistry of 1908. If their aims have a mutual affinity, their opportunities are vastly different. Now, as fifty years ago, the social mind of the multitudinous communities is enveloped in a mystery which the European cannot successfully penetrate. But the press and the police, the platform and the personal contact of European and Native in office and in mart, have multiplied the avenues of discovery. Now, as fifty years ago, the vast majority of the people, being uneducated, are indifferent whether Rama or Ravana rules, provided that they can drive their plough and grind their corn unmolested. But the educated portion of the population, aware of the strength and appreciative of the blessings of British rule, has diffused to an extent which makes a substantial difference in the prospects of peace. Now, as then, society contains elements which are captivated by the fortunes of disorder, but the promises of trade

and industry, of peaceful pursuits and of prosperous leisure, are so thoroughly assured that even those classes whose traditions would incline them towards plunder and turmoil seem generally to prefer the even and pacific tenour of a life of honest labour, and of more or less certain profit. The Moghul Emperor is extinct beyond possibility of resuscitation. The armies of the Native States are not equal to the task even of annihilating one another ; much less can they dispute the supremacy of the British army. The bomb kills, but it cannot be easily made : it is the weapon of the undetected individual, not of an open foe. Terrorism is no mutiny, ambition is not war.

In the place of mutineers we have now writers of sedition, the manufacturers of weapons of destruction being too few and too obscure to deserve mention. In the place of the cry for vengeance we hear a cry for prosecutions—vengeance in the forensic battlefield. As the Mutiny was quelled, so will sedition be stamped out, at least for a time. The year 1858, however, is noted in history not merely because the star of England emerged gloriously in that year from behind the clouds which had temporarily hidden it, and the last breath of the storm died down on an atmosphere of serenity and light, but even more because, in the words of an eloquent writer, “from amidst the noise and confusion emerged the figure of a Royal Woman, cool, collected, pitiful, who of her regal bounty spontaneously showered upon India, cowed and trembling, the sacrament of forgiveness and the promise of a new life.” The Queen’s Proclamation of 1858 has often been described by Indians from political platforms as the Great Charter of their liberties, because it declared the royal will that, “so far as may be, Our subjects, of whatever race or creed, be freely and impartially admitted to offices in Our service.” To place the Proclamation on the level of a charter of candidates for employment in the public service is really to degrade one of the most noble and inspiring documents ever conceived by the Sovereign and statesmen of an imperial race. Historically, the charter of the public service has to be referred to an earlier period, when it was enacted that “no native of the said territories, nor any natural-born subject of His Majesty resident therein shall, by reason only of his religion, place of birth, descent, colour, or any of them, be disabled

from holding any place, office or employment under the Company." The happiest as well as the most valuable sentiment breathed by that memorable edict of 1858 is contained in the words : " In their prosperity will be Our strength, in their contentment Our security, and in their gratitude Our best reward. And may the God of all Power grant to Us, and to those in authority under Us, strength to carry out these Our wishes for the good of Our people." It is not in the precise and carefully weighed promises of diplomatic draftsmanship, but in the outgoing of a noble heart towards a distant and alien people in gracious love and devout trust, that the true and perennial inspiration of that document lies. No Government ever gave expression to a more admirable sentiment than that its greatest pride would consist in promoting the prosperity of the people, its statesmanship would all be directed towards the spread of contentment, and the object of its constant pursuit would be the gratitude of the subject races. The moment when the pen precipitated those words on paper was a sacred moment in the history of an Empire. The Queen's Proclamation made a conquest—the only real and the most lasting conquest ever made in India.

Reasons contemporary as well as historical have directed men's minds towards some of the deepest and fundamental truths underlying the maintenance of British rule among Orientals. Three half-centuries ago Clive won the battle of Plassey and laid the foundation of the British Empire in India. That event was too important and unique to escape the attention of an imperialist of Lord Curzon's type, and the ex-Viceroy has succeeded in raising a fund by subscription for a new memorial to Lord Clive. The law of periodicity in politics is not as complete as the famous law of chemical science discovered by Mendelief, and nothing of an epoch-making nature occurred in this country exactly a century ago. A century after Clive has laid the foundation of the British rule in India, however, the new structure that had been gradually erected by his successors was shaken to its foundations—with the result that the edifice was all the more firmly established. The weak points in the foundation were removed and the superstructure was somewhat modified. The Mutiny veterans have not been forgotten, and every honour, short of a proposal to embalm and preserve their bodies in Egyptian fashion, has been bestowed upon them. Lord Curzon

began to evince his interest in them from at least the time of the Delhi Durbar, if not earlier, and recently their exploits were proudly remembered and gratefully praised by eminent imperialists. Some may even be as sorry that the days of conquests and annexations are past as they are thankful that such days existed when their puissant ancestors planted the Union Jack over a large portion of the habitable globe. A mischievous proposal was anonymously made last year in India to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Sepoy Mutiny. There was a flutter in military circles: the outcome of the "unrest" to which the seditious proposal gave rise was that two civil inhabitants of the Punjab were deported. In Bengal, the home of oratory, some amount of eloquence was lavished upon the so-called "attempt of the natives of India to regain their country;" and curiously enough, the highest court of law in the province was of opinion that there was no sedition in saying that "the present year is very auspicious as it is the fiftieth anniversary of the Indian Mutiny." In the court of public opinion, however, that amazing sentiment was unequivocally condemned. The fiftieth anniversary of the Mutiny is past: that of the Queen's Proclamation is within sight. It is time to light the lamps, as the bridegroom is coming. There is no good bemoaning mutinies and sedition. If we are determined that they shall disappear, they must disappear:

For there is neither East nor west, Border nor Breed, no Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from
the ends of the earth.

A movement to celebrate the Jubilee of the Queen's Proclamation will be welcomed most heartily by loyal citizens in every part of India. The official way of referring to the event may be to call it the assumption of the Government of India by the Crown. But this legal phraseology does not appeal to the imagination of men: it is the Queen's Proclamation—that noble declaration of unity of interests, of fraternity of relationship, and of a common heritage of freedom, between all races and creeds—which hallows the year 1858 in the memory of Indians, and not the mere change of direct overlordship. Next to those laws of righteousness which are binding on all Sovereigns and all subjects in every age and clime, the Queen's Proclamation is the authority to which every critic of the actual administration by His Majesty's servants appeals. It sets the ideal towards which the Government is expected to move. Its

promises are said to be broken, its language attempted to be explained away. The quarrel may be with the undutiful violation and the ingenious interpretation, but not with the document itself. Celebrations of joyous events by the people generally leave no permanent and visible effects behind. Illuminations and decorations, oratory and pyrotechnics, special activity in newspaper offices and abstention from work in others—all these are ephemeral phenomena. Several educational institutions in various parts of India, and a few devoted to the industrial advancement of the country, testify to the loyal enthusiasm which was stirred up by Queen's Victoria's name on festive occasions in the past. In some cases they are known as Jubilee schools or institutes, and in others they bear the name of the Queen. Though charity has rather frequently been drawn upon in recent years, for the means which the people of India command, neither the charity nor the resources of the wealthy can be said to have rendered themselves incapable of responding to the call of an occasion so unique and so joyous, for reasons not only personal, but also political and historical. There are many ideas suspended in the mind of the nation in solution—ambitions to do good to the country and promote the material and moral welfare of the people, ambitions which may be sometimes too vague and vaulting, but are always earnest and sincere and worthy of a people feeling the strength of new wings and instinctively perceiving the scope that must exist for flight. Some of these ideas might precipitate themselves into concrete institutions. But the occasion must be memorable, not because of celebrations and rejoicing by the people, but by reason of a second proclamation or announcement, worthy of the first, by the Government of Queen Victoria's august and worthy Successor, or His Majesty's Secretary of State, or Viceroy.

In the eloquent lines quoted above, the Proclamation is said to have showered upon India "the sacrament of forgiveness and the promise of a new life." Forgiveness and promise are the two characteristics which we should like to see reproduced in any form of the celebration on which the Government may decide. What is the forgiveness for? In 1858 there were offences connected with an insurrection to be condoned. There has been no insurrection in our day. But there has been sedition, for which some are suffering incarceration, and others are undergoing trial. It is usual on great

and auspicious State occasions for the Government to release deserving prisoners. Though waging war against the King and sedition are technically described as "offences against the State," all offences are punished by the State as directly or indirectly causing an injury to itself. Some offences tend directly to endanger the stability of the State, while others tend to provoke a breach of peace, and thus in an indirect manner to cause a public sense of insecurity, which must ultimately affect the security of the Government itself. In the case of the British Government in India the danger to the State from sedition, unless it is preached among Native soldiers, is not very serious. It is serious to individual Europeans, who are scattered about in a vast mass of population differing from them in almost everything that makes for sympathy, except that human nature which is the strongest tie of kinship between men drawn from the farthest ends of the earth. To adopt an oriental simile, the sun is in as little danger of being extinguished by a man spitting at it from the surface of the earth, as the Government is in danger of being shaken by a newspaper article punishable under section 124A of the Penal Code for exciting hatred or contempt against Government. The Government and the European community are intimately bound up with each other. Still, a discrimination between the different tendencies of sedition on the one hand, and the promotion of hatred against Europeans on the other, is generally possible. Of the two the latter is in practice a more serious offence in India, though the courts following English ideals of criminal jurisprudence, treat the former as a crime of deeper dye. The lives of individual Europeans are in incomparably greater danger than is the stability of the British Government from unarmed malcontents. We would bespeak no mercy for a crime, actually perpetrated, against individual lives. But where an indefinable and comparatively harmless offence like that of writing a seditious article or making a seditious speech is committed, we would recommend mercy ; for

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
 The thronèd monarch better than his crown . . .
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice.

The government of India by a Company was not a political dispensation deliberately designed by the people of Great Britain :

it was a fortuitous offspring of circumstances. It had many critics, and when the government was transferred to the Crown, the "promise of a new life" vouchsafed by the Queen's Proclamation was not felt as involving a slur upon the shareholders of the Company, or upon the servants of the Company who had up till then been responsible for the administration of the country. What promise of a new life remains to be conveyed to the people in the year 1908 under the Crown? The philosopher at the India Office does not flinch from answering that question. The present Liberal Government has made it a part of its mission to bestow the privileges of self-government wherever possible in the Empire. India is not prepared for national self-government, but the Secretary of State, the Viceroy and the heads of Local Governments in India are all alike prepared to extend the privileges of local self-government and are favourably inclined towards schemes of allowing a more effective voice to the representatives of the people in the management of the provincial and even the imperial affairs of their country. While the Queen's Proclamation promised equality of opportunities to all in the public service, her successor the King-Emperor is in a position to proclaim a transfer to the people of a share, not merely in the right of serving the Government of their country, but in the right of directing the affairs of their country. Thus Viscount Morley's contemplated reforms may be received as the starting point of a new era, however cautious they may be at their inception. They would, therefore, be worthy of an occasion like the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Queen's Proclamation if they could be announced on that day. We have every reason to hope that the Secretary of State and the Viceroy--representing the two great political parties of their land--will make the scheme worthy of their Sovereign, who may possibly take care to see that it is in keeping with his august Mother's noble Proclamation. And what are King Edward's own inclinations? Ireland believes that His Majesty is at heart favourably inclined towards Home Rule for Ireland, and if a separate legislative assembly at Dublin has not become an accomplished fact, the fault is not that of His Majesty's present Ministers. Edison, the inventor, who is no respecter of persons, was nevertheless greatly desirous of seeing and speaking to King Edward. "He is a great man," said the American to a friend, "and perhaps the best and wisest King that ever sat on the British throne. There are no 'frills'

about King Edward : he is just as democratic as you or I, though of course there are certain ceremonies which he must keep up in order to safeguard the dignity of the Monarchy." Viscount Morley's reforms are, indeed, not intended to fill the streets of India with uncrowned kings, the all-powerful voters whose hands on election days conceal—

The moulds of fate
That shape the State,
And make or mar the common weal.

That day is not yet within the Secretary of State's ken. Viscount Morley has been advised to suspend all his reforms until the visionaries who have been tugging at the pillars of the edifice to bring it down, if they can, are brought to their senses, and until it is proved to demonstration that England will not yield to displays of temper and threats of violence. The Secretary of State and the Viceroy, however, know the real strength of England too well to fear the consequences of making concessions at a time of unrest. It would be a sign of timidity, rather than of courage, to exhibit any symptoms of anxiety concerning such consequences. To our own countrymen we would say, in the words which an English poetess has addressed to her countrymen :—

Wisely think, and boldly utter
What ye think, in Wisdom's speech ;
But ye must not even mutter
Words that madmen only teach !
Ask for all that should be granted !
Show the fester of neglect ;
If a People's love is wanted,
People's Rights must have respect.
Let the great ones, high in station,
Lift their eyes, and see at length,
Ye are pillars in the nation
That alone insure its strength !
League in firm, unflinching quiet ;
Use your presses, print and read !
If you ope the gate of Riot,
Wives and little ones must bleed !

While such is the advice which all moderate thinkers would give to their impatient and unreasonable countrymen, they would

equally deprecate treating the people of a continent as mere children who can be told to stop crying before they are given the sweetmeats they cry for. Release of prisoners who have been guilty of no bloodshed, actual or attempted ; the appointment of a Native member to the Viceroy's Executive Council, as carrying out the promise of equality contained in the Queen's Proclamation ; the establishment of Advisory Councils, and enlargement of the Legislative Councils ; an extension of privileges in local self-government—these would constitute an imposing array of concessions and reforms worthy of the occasion. Let them not be deferred, and every loyal lip will cry "Long live the King-Emperor !"

CURRENT EVENTS.

Lancashire does not enjoy a reputation for philanthropy, and when Viscount Morley was induced to inquire into the condition of factory labourers in India, it was suspected in this country that in the name of a virtue which is not a twin-sister of commercial enterprise, a blow would be aimed at the textile industry of this country, which has already felt the consequences of Lancashire's loyalty to free trade. The Secretary of State must have felt that if the Government undertook any restrictive legislation on the recommendations on Sir Hamilton Freer-Smith's Committee, he would place himself in a false position. A Commission was subsequently appointed to examine the whole subject of factory labour comprehensively, and the Commission's report has been published. The majority of the Commissioners strongly deprecate any attempt to apply the laws and regulations governing factory labour in the United Kingdom, as such, to India, inasmuch as the labour conditions of the one country are in no way comparable with those of the other. One of the reasons why a direct restriction on the hours of adult male labour is deprecated is that such restriction would be repugnant to the great majority of capitalists, both in India and abroad, who have invested money in India. It is a significant indication of the growing sympathy with the labourer—a spirit akin to that of democracy—even in India is that a Native member of the Commission—a physician, journalist and municipal councillor—has dissented from the conclusion of the majority and asked for restrictive legislation even to protect the adult male labourer from his supposed unequal struggle with the capitalist. A staunch friend and well-wisher of local enterprise, he yet thinks that the result of Lancashire's interference has, on some occasions at least, been of considerable benefit to the Indian industries, and that the protection which factory women and children at present enjoy is to a large extent due to Lancashire. Evidence has shown that the existing regulations are often systematically broken, and the health of children, especially, has suffered in consequence of the neglect. The majority of the Commissioners are of opinion that the health of the adult labourers continues good

when they are still working in the factories ; but they constantly withdraw themselves to other and healthier professions—there being no permanent factory population in India—and the subsequent life-history of the labourers is unknown. It is the general opinion that if the present practice of working long hours, with the aid of electric light, is continued for any length of time, it is likely to tell injuriously on the health of a large section of the labouring class. The majority of the Commissioners consider that a direct limitation of the working hours of adult males is both unnecessary and inexpedient, and they would rely on an indirect limitation by the formation of a class of "young persons," to comprise all young adults between the ages of 14 and 17, with working hours limited to 12 in any one day ; by the limitation of the working hours of children to 6 ; by the prohibition of the employment of young persons, women and children before 5-30 a.m. or after 7 p.m.; by the enforcement of a compulsory interval after six hours' continuous work ; and by the assimilation of the restrictions placed upon the employment of women to those proposed for the class of young persons. The dissentient member and some of the experts who had given evidence before the Commission are of opinion that the indirect measures may be efficacious in a certain class of mills, but not in all, and that their object may be defeated by a readjustment of the proportion of the different classes of workers. Perhaps the Government will first try the plan recommended by the majority, and then, if it fails, resort to more drastic measures. The Commission have also made certain suggestions with regard to the sanitation of the factories and the education of the children of the operatives.



The Factory Labour Commission have, by a majority, found that the Indian operative is not at the mercy of the capitalist. It is the operative and not the capitalist that is master of the situation in their mutual disputes. This economic independence of the operative has not been without its influence on his conduct as a citizen. He is not much of a politician : his education, both in quality and in quantity, is very indifferent. Yet he has his own sympathies with leading publicists, and he has also his own way of showing them. The trial and punishment of Mr. Tilak for sedition caused a stir among the mill-hands of Bombay City. There might have been some "wire-pullers" working upon their simple faith, but they had a faith of some sort in the condemned Poona Brahman. It is sometimes stated that India is a museum of communities, and if left to themselves, they would fly at each other's throats. A superficial acquaintance with the history of India will convince any one of the truth of that statement, but at the same time it is a fact which should not be forgotten or belittled that communities sometimes unexpectedly combine themselves. The Poona Brahmans and the

Mahrattas are, in certain political circles, believed to be hereditary rivals, and even enemies. The feelings between the two communities were for some time, not long ago, strained in certain localities in consequence of a social and religious dispute. The Maharaja of Kolhapur claimed the right of performing Vedic ceremonies by virtue of his Kshatriya birth, while his Brahman family priest disputed that right, and the bitterness of the dispute spread itself over a somewhat large area. Yet, when the champion of Poona orthodoxy—a reformed sort of orthodoxy is his—was sent to jail, the Mahratta was ready to show his sympathy with him. The mill-hands of Bombay include other castes also, a considerable number being immigrants from other provinces: in any case they are not of Mr. Tilak's community. And to what lengths did they carry their sympathy for him? Some of them wanted to desist from work for about a week, until the ensuing New-Moon day, and they had their own way. They tried to prevent others from working and the movement spread with the rapidity with which such movements generally spread in India. They smashed the windows of their mills to interrupt the work going on inside; they paraded themselves in the streets; and unarmed as they were, they bared their bosoms to volleys of shot from the protectors of the peace. The exact number of the killed and injured cannot be known, as some of the wounded were removed to their homes by their comrades. The disasters of one or two days had little effect upon the operatives: they wanted to be on strike till the New-Moon day, and till that day they persisted in their conduct, the military, the police and the magistracy notwithstanding. Their politics are of a rudimentary character. They know Mr. Tilak more as a leader of Ganapati Mela, a champion of the religion of the masses, than as a Bruce or Wallace. They were, indeed, not masters of the situation as against the police and the military, but they were such as against their own employers. H. E. the Governor did all he could to show his sympathy with the sufferers. A happily worded Proclamation was issued by Government, assuring the people that it had no intention of interfering with their right of abstaining from work, if they chose to do so for any reason, but firmly declaring that disturbances of the public tranquillity could not be tolerated. The memory of such occasions cannot be very pleasant. Yet the Arjun-like attitude of punishing for duty's sake, and sympathising from human motives, maintained by the popular and compassionate head of the Government, will no doubt be remembered as truly as the more painful incidents of the riots.



Full reports on the debate in the House of Commons on the Indian budget were received in India after the Editorial Note on the Jubilee of the Queen's Proclamation was in type. It appears from

the speech of the Under-Secretary of State that it is Viscount Morley's intention to "take a real step forward" on the fiftieth anniversary of the assumption of the Government of India by the Crown. This is welcome news, and particularly so because it appears that the step forward will not be a small one, grudgingly taken. Mr. Buchanan declares that the Government is "most anxious for speedy progress," and it has in view constitutional and administrative reform in "all its grades," the guiding principle being "to endeavour to associate Indians more and more with the practical work of Government." Thus Viscount Morley's connection with the India Office and Lord Minto's with the Government of India will be memorable and epoch-making in the annals of this country. One of the most remarkable phenomena of the time is the advance made in the most conservative of countries towards popular government. Even Turkey has come under the sway of the Spirit of Reform, and enlightened Islam is to-day pulsating with joy and hope because the Sick Man is no longer carried in a closed palanquin, but has seated himself on horseback to command the forces of progress. In Persia the march forward has commenced in confusion and disorder. In India the contemplated reforms, considerable as they will be, do not threaten to be revolutionary. When Mr. Ken Hardie himself recognises that the Government must have a "small official majority" in the Legislative Councils, British statesmanship will show itself to be incapable of driving the coach at a break-neck speed. The debate in the Commons was preceded in the House of Lords by another, which will be long remembered chiefly because it came out in the course of that debate that the partition of Bengal into two provinces, each under a Lieutenant-Governor, was not the deliberate measure of any Viceroy, carried out in pursuance of any policy, but a fortuitous result of the way in which administrative measures take their shape in Government Secretariats. Mr. Buchanan's refusal to share the view that all will be well with a reversal of the partition of Bengal drives almost the last nail in the coffin of that controversy. Assuming that the partition was an ill-conceived measure, it is not a politician, but a high priest of science, who has said that "for the welfare of society, as for that of individual men, there should be a statute of limitations in respect of the consequences of wrong-doing."

